Business and the Urban Crisis, by Jeanne R. Lowe

Saturday Review

January 11, 1969 35¢

EDUCATION IN THE GHETTO

Exclusive report and analysis presented with the Committee for Economic Development

SR's BUSINESSMAN OF TH

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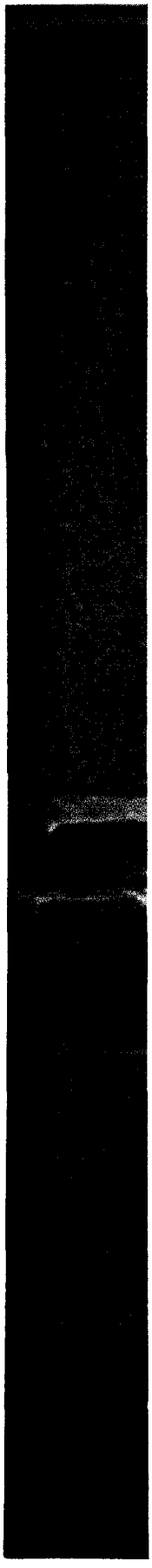

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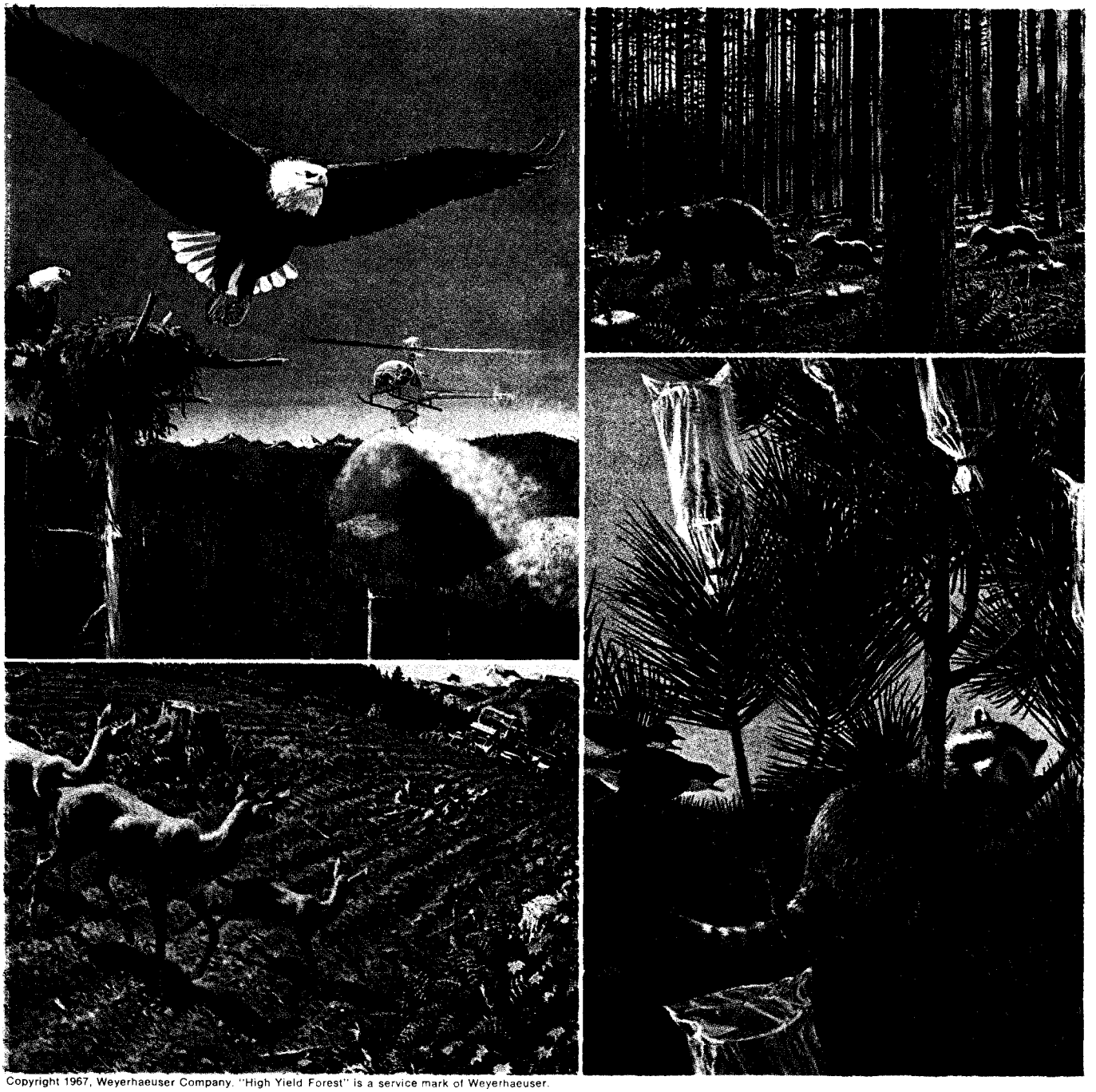

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Mark Lowenthal; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LII, No. 2, January 11, 1969. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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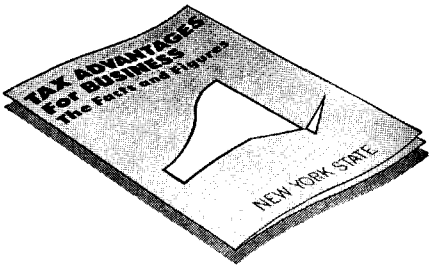

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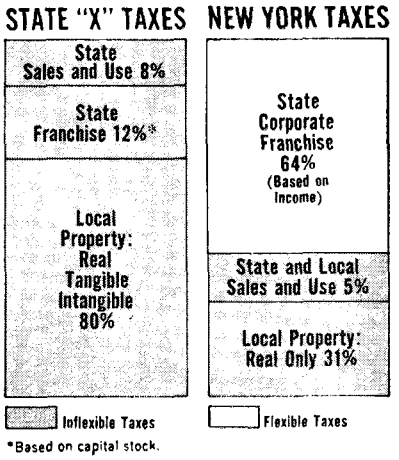
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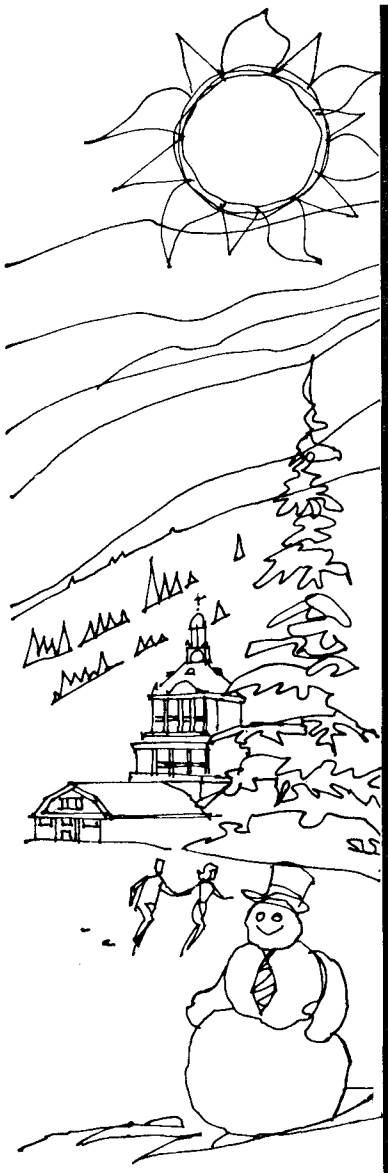

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—Ogden Nash.

Return Trip

(Being an extract from the journal of a hippy)

I made my decision to venture back into the square world during one of those inconclusive discussions about the subculture that absorb so much of our attention these days. A group of us were joined in argument at my place, or under a bench in St. Mark's Churchyard, or possibly in an old Rambler American on the Jericho or New Jersey Turnpike.

Instant cries of alarm were sounded by my friends or me: I would do myself physical or psychological damage beyond repair; I would obscure my life goals, etc. My reply, scratched by my middle finger in either the polar white side wall of my refrigerator, the Manhattan schist beneath the churchyard bench, or the soybean knob of the Rambler's shift lever, was to the effect that it is the duty of some of the more perceptive among us to get down there occasionally and bring back the kind of detailed, objective reports that can be studied by those without the courage to make the trip themselves.

All the considerable reading I had done on the subject cautioned against making the trip in a hostile environment, and so I cozied up in a favorite corner of my pad, settling on, or slightly above, a foam-rubber mattress. My notes indicate that I officially began coming down at 9:15 a.m. in September. Oddly enough, not until near sunup in November did I experience my first symptom. Let me see if I can convey the sense of this. I was reclining on an upper shelf of the linen closet, stroking my cat, when I became aware that something was out of joint. After a moment I perceived with a weird feeling what this was: although the cat was still purring, snapdragons and delphiniums were no longer issuing from its throat. Somewhat giddily, I then observed that the illuminations radiating from the cat's back where I stroked him, which usually remind me of the marquee of Loew's Sheridan, had now dimmed to the point where they seemed nothing more than the aurora borealis through a heavy overcast. When I examined the hand that was doing the stroking, I found myself looking at a palmful of short hairs.

Several minutes or days went by before the next definite sign that I was coming in for a landing. This was a weirdy. It happened while I was lying on the dining table, thoroughly absorbed in an examination of the design on the kitchen floor, which has always been a source of deep satisfaction to me. Gradually, but at an accelerating pace, the central picture on the vinyl, a representation of Laocoön festooned with Russian Easter eggs and wreathed in vapor trails, took on the appearance of a tomato juice stain. No matter how intently I stared, the image persisted. It was now 2:23 p.m. I put on a zippered windbreaker, stuffed pencil and notebook in a pocket, and climbed down three flights of stairs to the street level.

I opened the door on the world at 2:26, almost 2:27 p.m. Immediately, I was assailed by a combination of sights and sounds that lifted me out of myself with a kind of rushing excitement that was almost religious in the way it charged me with a sense of oneness with eternity, a peacefulness as of fulfillment. To hope to convey in words what I experienced would be like trying to put Ravi Shankar in words. But anyway let me set down each sensation as it came to me. As I stepped into the street my ear was struck by the sound of roller skates against sidewalk, a long, rolling rumble broken by the sharp click of skate crossing sidewalk crack and overlaid by the second skate being dragged up even, a sound that went: ro-o-o-ll, click, dra-ag, click, click, ro-o-o-ll, etc. The clicks of course came at random intervals in the rhythm. Looking back over what I have just written, I see that it makes little sense, but there is no question of the sound's profoundly disturbing effect on me—an effect not unlike that of Forster's Malabar Caves on Mrs. Moore.

While I was still ingesting the sound, my eye was being slapped by one coruscating image after another: a sign that hung like a pennant from a storefront and swung the odd message HAND LAUNDRY my way; a motorized refrigerator, marked THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL—FUDGMALLOW RIPPLE, that sounded tiny temple bells as it rolled by; two gnome-like children hopping in and out of cabalistic chalk boxes on the street; a pair of cerise Day-Glo slacks as wide as a sidecar, cradling a woman on a stoop; two

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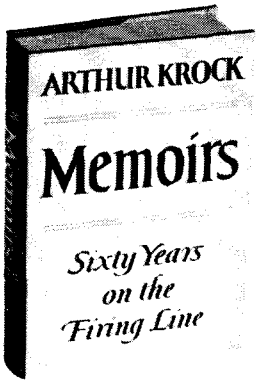

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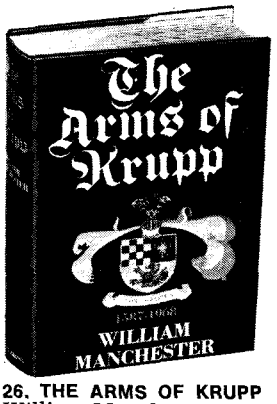

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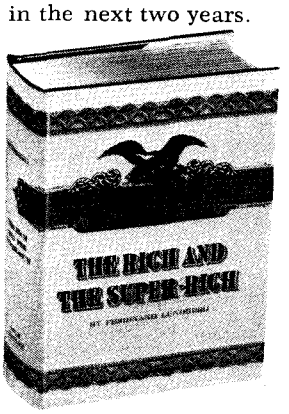

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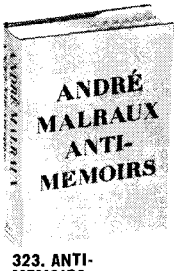

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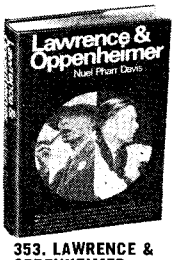

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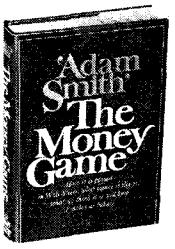

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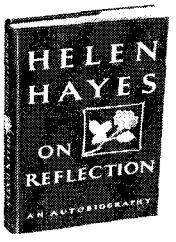

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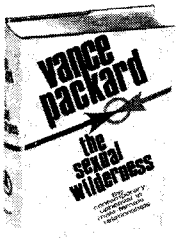

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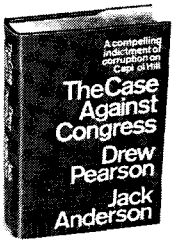

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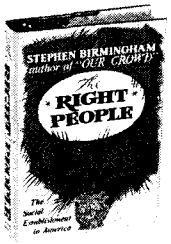

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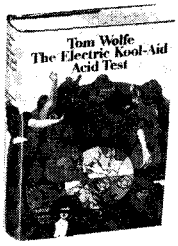

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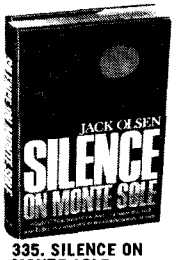

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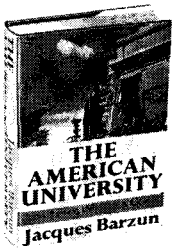

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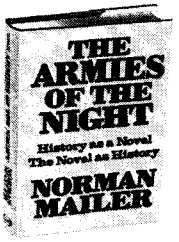

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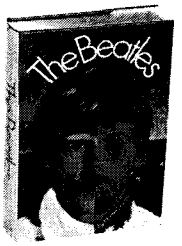

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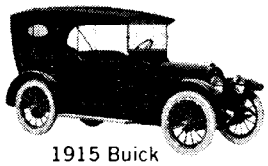
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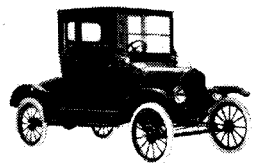
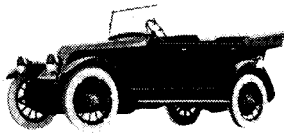
1916 Oldsmobile

1917 Oakland

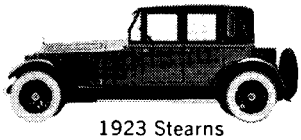

1918 Ford Model "T"

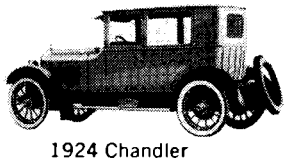

1919 Franklin

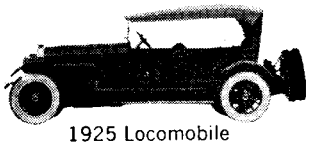
1920 Chevrolet

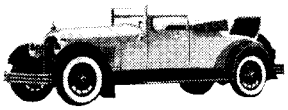
1921 Case

1922 Mercer


1923 Stearns

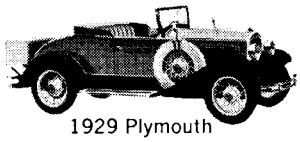

1924 Chandler

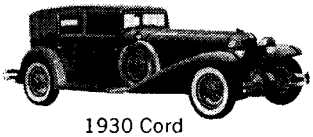

1925 Locomobile

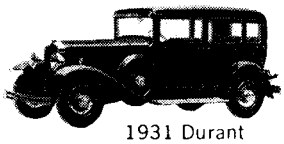

1926 Kissel

1927 Jordan

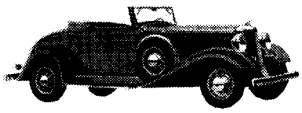
1928 Ford Model "A"


1929 Plymouth

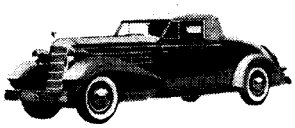

1930 Cord

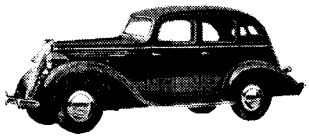

1931 Durant

1932 Essex


1933 Dodge

1934 Chrysler Airflow

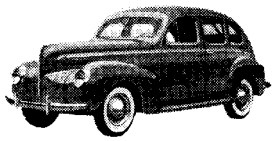

1935 Cadillac


1936 Terraplane

1937 LaSalle

1938 Ford

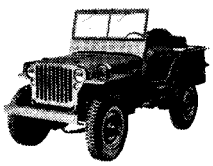
1939 Packard


1940 Mercury

1941 Plymouth

1942 Lincoln

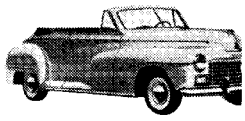
1943 Military Amphibian


1944 Willys Jeep

1945 Staff Car (Ford)

1946 DeSoto

1947 Kaiser

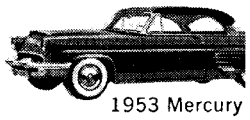

1948 Dodge

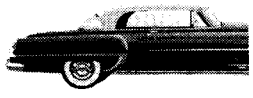
1949 Ford

1950 Pontiac

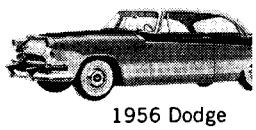
1951 Nash Rambler

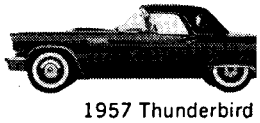
1952 Plymouth


1953 Mercury


1954 Chrysler

1955 Chevrolet


1956 Dodge


1957 Thunderbird

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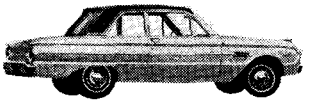
tires than on any other kind, 54 consecutive years

1958 DeSoto

1959 Rambler

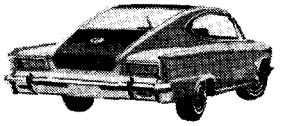
1960 Valiant

1961 Willys


1962 Falcon

1963 Dodge

1964 Chevrolet

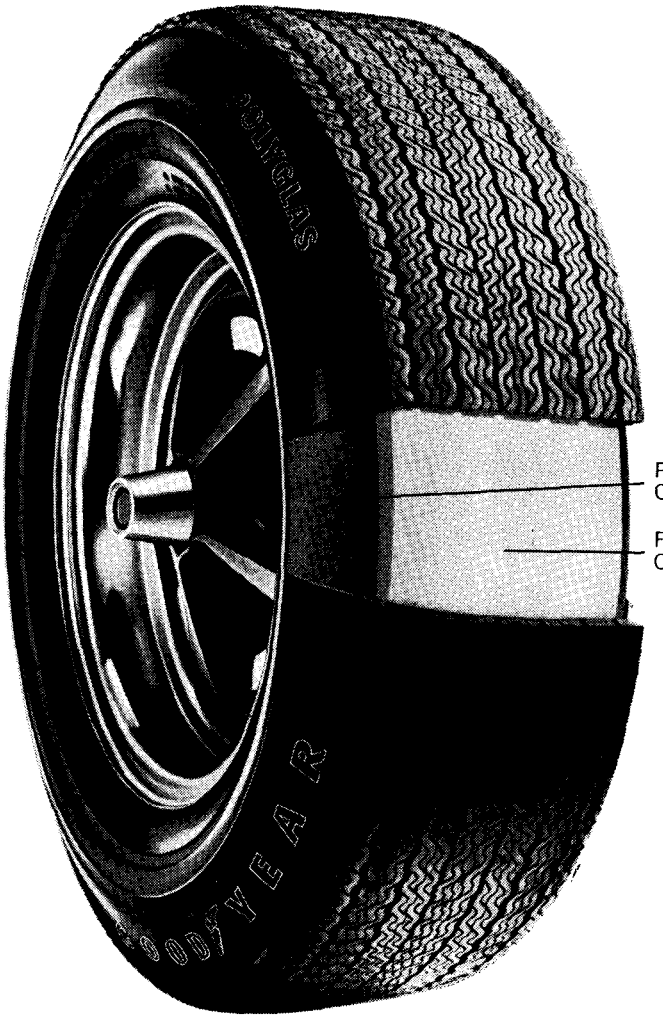

1965 Marlin

1966 Mustang

1967 Plymouth VIP

1968 Pontiac Firebird

Today's reason why... the Polyglas® tire.



All American auto manufacturers have approved Goodyear Polyglas tires for 1969— either as standard or optional equipment.

GOODYEAR

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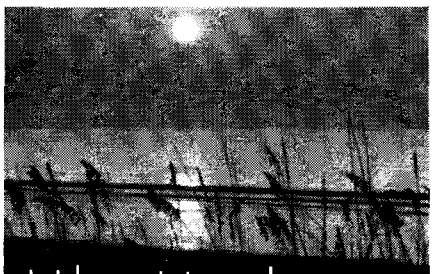

Hilton Head.
Spells woven here.

Once there was an island so rare, so beautiful, so rich in history, so washed in mystery, so blessed with sun, sea and sorcery that an island Obeah cast a Gullah spell on it—so that it would never change. And it hasn't.* It's Hilton Head.
Waiting now to be your island.

*Only championship golf, tennis, boating, fishing, hunting, swimming, stables, the elegant William Hilton Inn, the superb Plantation Club, and utopian homesites have been added. All within Sea Pines Plantation. For information, write us at Box 52, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, or contact the Robert F. Warner, Inc., office in your area.

WILLIAM HILTON INN
SEA PINES PLANTATION

RELY...
on professional investment management for your portfolio of $10,000 or more

Hundreds of investors throughout the United States and around the world have turned to Roger E. Spear's Decision Management Plan to direct their capital gains program. And no wonder . . .

With more than 40 years of investment experience, coupled with advanced computer technology and a large, expert research staff, the Decision Management Plan represents the *complete* investment service for your portfolio.

Whether your goal be retirement, travel, education, or protection from inflation, the Decision Management Plan can give you professional assistance.

Roger E. Spear's Decision Management Plan to date has proved particularly helpful in achieving conservative capital growth for investors with capital ranging from $10,000 up — men and women who appreciate the risks and seek the rewards of a professionally-managed common stock portfolio.

With our compliments: "Declare Your Own Dividends"—a 32-page fact-filled booklet describing how the Decision Management Plan can help you.

SPEAR & STAFF, INC.
Dept. MH-111
Investment Management Division
Babson Park, Mass. 02157

boys combing their hair; a jam-packed taxi with a sign on its roof that glowed OFF-DUTY; a man at the corner in a raincoat who took money from passersby and scribbled on scraps of paper that he shoved in his pocket; three girls combing their hair; half a jelly apple clinging to the side of the curbstone. The scene seemed oddly alive and real.

At 2:31 I was walking. I crossed streets, stepped on and off curbs, dodged trucks—vividly aware every instant of the pull and play of muscle, of lungs sucking in air heavy with suspended chemical particles, of a persistent message in my brain that a tightness in my right shoe was developing a dull ache in my little toe. Gloriously sensitive to the stimuli of the "real" world in a way I had never thought possible, I stepped along briskly under a burning sun, my senses sharpening with every step. Music! It had never occurred to me how my sensitivity to, and appreciation of, music might be heightened by "turning off." I passed a music store that chanced to be piping through a loudspeaker the latest album of my favorite San Francisco quintet. The music poured into my very ears, as through a funnel, and I heard the group with a new clarity. The impact was of twelve high school dropouts practicing in a garage. A fresh perspective, and most exciting.

Shop windows flashed by, alive with color and texture. An "Appetizing" store, brilliant concept. The window was of apricots and anchovy cans framed in prunes, the whole sprinkled with hopjes. A window of sneakers came up, softly, and then a window of gypsies. I was buoyed up, and at the same time more than a little apprehensive. Down the avenue eight balls of red in the traffic fixtures popped to green, and the dread was gone.

A great deal has been written, most of it nonsense, about sex among the "turned off." In point of fact, it *is* a different order of experience. It opens surprising new vistas that can profoundly unsettle one's accepted standards of behavior if there are chinks in one's armor of personal security. Let me attempt to explain this in terms of an incident that occurred during my trip. At 2:36 I was fortunate in being hailed in the street by a girl I shall call Joyce, who seemed to know me from some place she called "school." Joyce was a smooth-faced and pleasant-looking girl with brushed hair tied back on her neck and a smile quite impossible to describe to someone with a normal frame of reference. My notes call it "a quick, sunny smile." In the strange, other-worldly state I was in, it seemed quite reasonable for this girl to be asking where I'd been keeping myself and then go on to tell about a position she held in a bio-chemical laboratory while she finished her work on what she called a "doctoral thesis." When I started walking again at 2:47, she said she was going in the same direction and fell in by my side. Now she was rambling on about "the old neighborhood," which hadn't changed except that the elms were "just about gone," and a Mr. Collins had "left to live with his daughter in Illinois" and some people called Perry had bought his house.

The sexual part followed. At 2:51 we arrived at a wide intersection, heavy with rumbling traffic. Crossing, we reached for each other. Joyce's fingertips touched mine. Let me try to describe exactly what I experienced in that instant. An electric, tingly sensation originating under the fleshy pads at the ends of my fingers moved rapidly up my arm and caused a stirring among the short hairs at the back of my neck. There is more. A moment later a swerving taxi caused Joyce to lean her body toward me. Almost as a motor response, my near arm circled her waist. The small neat firmness of it under her coat pervaded my consciousness; the feeling was distinctly pleasurable in a way almost impossible to convey.

On the opposite curb bodily contact between us ceased. Our paths were to diverge here. Joyce prepared to board a bus for home. I found myself nodding agreement to her parting words, a low throaty suggestion—most attractive to listen to—that I call her on the phone one evening. Her eyes were curiously luminescent. At 2:55 she was gone. It would be difficult to explain why, but the encounter is one I would not mind repeating.

At 2:57 I was walking again, taking in sights and sounds, unaccountably buoyed up. I will frankly state that I might still be down there among the "alkali-heads" if not for what happened next. At 3:03 I found myself staring in fascination and terror at a storefront sign: EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. A sense of disorientation began building in me with a frightening roar as I read the smaller signs posted in the window: DISHWASHER WANTED, COMPUTER PROGRAMMER, SPOT WELDER, EXPERIENCED SPACE SALESMAN. I watched men shuffling in and out with briefcases or lunch pails. My heart pounded straight up into my head, and I feared for my sanity. OFFICE MANAGER, STOCK CLERK, COPYING MACHINE REPAIR MAN—the little signs leaped at me, hammering at my face. I felt myself coming apart, body and mind, in the most terrifying few moments I have ever known.

At 3:11 p.m. I was back in my pad, stroking either my cat, my guitar, or this friend of mine, well on my way up. I am not in the least sorry I took my trip. It was in many ways a beautiful and enriching experience. But once is enough.

—GORDON COTLER.

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Watch out for these changes in 1969

■ Washington, D. C. – New President, new Administration, new attitudes in Congress . . . and new approaches toward many national issues, new ideas and solutions to be tested. Mr. Nixon's first 100 days promise to bring a full quota of changes, which will have quick and strong impact in every corner of the nation.

As the editors of U.S. News & World Report, the news magazine published here, point out – a new President coming to the White House is the signal for an eventful period just ahead. The Nixon Administration is expected to move fast against the problems which await them, and the approach is expected to be far different from Lyndon Johnson's. In the beginning, at least, Congress is likely to go along with much of what the White House wants – a lukewarm "honeymoon," perhaps, but hospitable enough to produce a series of significant changes.

For business people, investors, family managers – it will be a time to follow the news closely, and to estimate carefully its consequences.

Here is more on the outlook – in more detail:

THE WAR IN VIETNAM: Vietnam is the ingredient upon which just about everything else in the new year depends. End the war – and funds become available for programs in many other areas. But a settlement won't be quick or easy. Mr. Nixon believes that Moscow holds the key to a solution. He has no sure-fire plan to bring peace to Vietnam, but will work hard to find one. He is aware that truce in Vietnam would do more than anything else to unite the nation behind a "minority" President.

BUSINESS – BIG YEAR AHEAD: The 8-year-old boom, history's longest, will slow a bit early in 1969, but then will pick up fresh momentum. Home building should lead the way. Total spending, personal incomes, retail sales, construction outlays – all will be up next year. Solution in Vietnam could set off an extra surge of business expansion and prosperity.

THE NIXON STYLE OF GOVERNMENT: The new Administration, only the second Republican regime in 36 years, has promised to "tidy-up" the complex federal machinery. Mr. Nixon will be a forceful President – fixing attainable goals, and wary of hard-to-keep promises. It'll be a new style of Government – a sharp change in White House methods and attitudes.

CRIME AND LAW ENFORCEMENT: The White House will press for new laws, new judges, new attitudes toward crime and violence. It will be a crucial time in coming months, when rising Black militancy encounters the new federal Administration which is committed to preserving "law and order."

NIXON AND THE 91st CONGRESS: Most of the familiar faces will be back in the new Congress, Democrats still in control, and the hierarchy largely intact. Mr. Nixon will have trouble with everything that comes to a party-line vote. On money matters, the 91st is likely to be more "conservative," and go along with ideas to control spending. Tax revisions will probably be harder to come by.

INFLATION – PRICES – WAGES: Businessmen and housewives will have plenty of price hikes to complain about in 1969. Automatic wage increases, built into contracts, will keep wages climbing. Cost of living will continue to rise, but not as fast. It will be hard to restrain inflation, but Nixon people intend to slow it.

INVESTMENTS IN 1969: Market analysts say that coming months will be crucial for the stock market. Nixon's economic programs will have sharp impact on stock prices, but progress toward Vietnam truce would be an even greater influence. A side light on the "Nixon market"–sophisticated European investors stepped up their purchases of U.S. stocks in the days following the Election.

BIG-CITY-PROBLEMS: The new Administration will look to private enterprise for initiative and funds to attack chaotic conditions in the big cities. You can expect legislative proposals adding up to at least 7 billion dollars-worth of tax credits and other incentives for that purpose.

U.S. AND THE WORLD: President-elect Nixon is determined to get West Europe to carry a bigger share of the defense burden. Look for Russia to keep "rattling the saber," at the restless satellite countries, particularly. Mideast war is a constant threat for '69. In Red China, Mao's dictatorship may fall, with military leaders taking over.

This is the right time to start a trial subscription to U. S. News & World Report – and the changes coming in the new year are not the only reason. You can try the magazine right now at a great saving, under the terms of a special Introductory Offer. It is 23 weekly issues for only $3.00, which works out to 13¢ a copy.

U.S. News & World Report is the news magazine you'll profit most from reading this year. It is a personal and practical magazine. Every issue brings you reliable information about prices, taxes, business, investments, education, income, health . . . news you can use to good advantage.

Please look over this list of headlines from U.S. News & World Report – just a few of the news articles which have appeared in recent issues:

1. Preview, The Nixon Years: People, Plans, Programs
2. When Truce Comes In Vietnam – Big Changes To Expect
3. Business In 1969: What Is Certain, What Is Not
4. What Black America Wants From Nixon – 3 Negro Leaders
5. Which Way Now For The Stock Market? Experts Advise
6. Slowing Inflation: What Nixon Will Try, What May Result
7. Faculty Participation In The College Uprisings
8. More College Graduates Into The Army? Draft Outlook
9. Big Labor's Leverage In The 91st Congress
10. Stocks The Mutual Funds Are Buying And Selling
11. Chaos In New York: How Europe Handles Similar Problems
12. U.S. Industries Which Will Grow Fastest In The 1970's
13. West Germany's Emergence As Dominant Power In Europe
14. What You Should Know About Planning Your Estate
15. Aircraft Highjackers – What Happens To Them In Cuba
16. Black Militants vs. "Law And Order": The Coming Encounter
17. The Changes Coming In Welfare And Social Security
18. Race Troubles Outside The U.S. – In 27 Other Countries
19. End Of Mao Dynasty: Who Is Next To Run Red China
20. "Spies In Space" – How Peeping-Tom Satellites Operate
21. Supreme Court, '69: New Appointments, New Direction?
22. The Outlook Now For Jobs, Incomes, Living Costs
23. Nixon And The 91st Congress . . . How Long A Honeymoon?

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Darling Is Hushed

IT IS PAINFULLY difficult to imagine Tallulah at rest. In the two years I wrote for her in radio when she hosted *The Big Show*, rehearsal halls echoed to her raucous laughter, her effusive breathless greetings to her guests when she first met them, and her barbed baritone asides that deflated pomposity wherever she found it.

She was one of those rare stars who brought her own magic to a comedy writer's script. There was no need to build a character. She was it. And her electric style made every line written for her spark and crackle with an added dimension no typewriter could spell out.

Our first meeting was less than auspicious. The ninety-minute script had been written without the writers' having met Miss Bankhead. All we had to go by was the legend she had become over the years in theater and movies. She arrived as advertised—black sweater and slacks, dragging a white caracul coat in one hand and waving the script in the other.

"Arrived" is not the word. She descended upon the three writers huddled in a little office at NBC, and without introduction or any other amenity asked: "Are you gentlemen the authors?" We were gag writers, but we accepted the promotion. We accepted uneasily. There was something ominous in the way she held our script at arm's length.

She put on her glasses and took it from somewhere near the top. Like page one, line one. "What does this line mean here," she asked threateningly, "where I say about Jimmy Durante, 'No shmo, he'? What is a 'shmo'?"

"Shmo," I replied, "means a fool. No fool he."

"Then why don't I say 'no fool he'?" she demanded.

"We thought," I explained, "that the incongruity of Tallulah Bankhead's saying 'shmo' would get a laugh."

"I don't think it will," she said.

I offered to bet her a dollar.

"Naturally," she said, "with you and your little claque here in the audience laughing it up."

"Not me," I replied with some bravado, since I had only a moment ago become an author. "I'll be at home listening to *Our Miss Brooks*."

"And what is an *Our Miss Brooks*?" she asked in her lowest register.

"That's a radio show on CBS opposite *The Big Show*. It stars Eve Arden, who is your competition and a very funny comedienne."

She removed her glasses and stared at us. Then she went on. And on. And forever. It was a session wrought with doubt and distrust. But after the first program was aired, and for the two years that followed, she always introduced us lovingly to guests who came to visit her at rehearsals as "my darling authors."

That first script set the tone of the program. Ethel Merman was one of the guests. She had opened the night before on Broadway in the musical *Call Me Madam*. It was the scoop of *The Big Show* that Miss Merman would sing the score with Russel Nype. She was onstage doing it for a full ten minutes. The ovation was tremendous.

So it was only natural that Tallulah, seething with envy, should say: "Thank you Ethel, and better luck next time."

Envy and bitterness and suspicion were not emotions that Tallulah was apt to hide. But she took as well as she gave and patched it all up with one little word—"Darling."

Much has been written about Tallulah's having been a baseball fan. True. But we soon discovered she understood little about the game's refinements—sacrifice bunts, double plays. As in every department of her life, a hit was a hit, a run was a run, and it was only that you won the game that mattered.

The only baseball joke she enjoyed was one she did when Frank Sinatra was a guest. He commented on a flag that was at half mast in her apartment. He asked what it was for.

"It's for my darling Giants," she replied. "They lost the pennant."

"Oh," said Mr. Sinatra, "I didn't know you were interested in the national pastime."

"Darling," she breathed, "I *am* the national pastime."

Someone once said of her, "A day away from Tallulah is like a week in the country." But now this—this is much, much too far, and for much, much too long. Tallulah has finally come to rest. And if I know Tallulah she was softly bathed in a spotlight of pale blue, as befits a great actress playing her final scene with all the reality at her artistic command.

After he shows you his Monets, ask to see his Marie Brizards.

If he has taste enough to own Marie Brizard liqueurs, consider him eligible. And if he's rich enough to own all 18 Marie Brizard liqueurs, marry him.

Marie Brizard liqueurs

Crème de Menthe, Crème de Cacao, Anisette, Apry (Apricot), Blackberry, Curaçao, Banane, Café Brizard, Crème de Cassis, Cherry, Kirsch, Kummel, Mandarine, Marasquin, Parfait Amour, Peach, Prunelle, Triple Sec.

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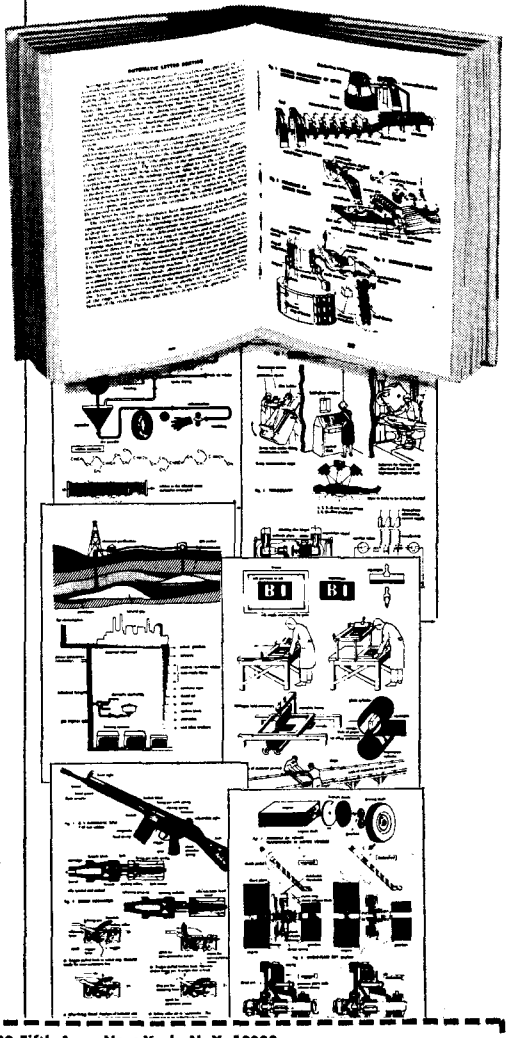

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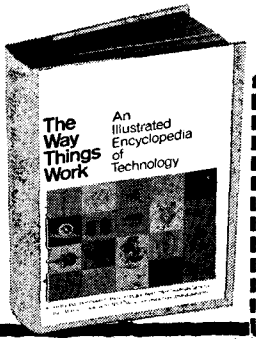

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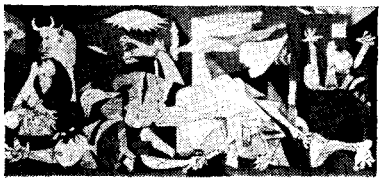

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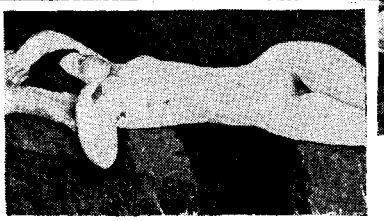

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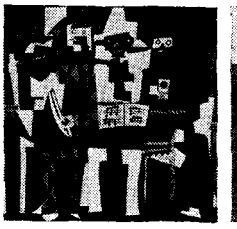

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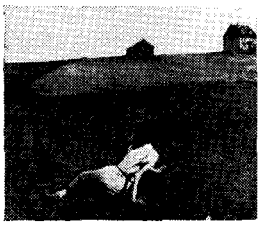

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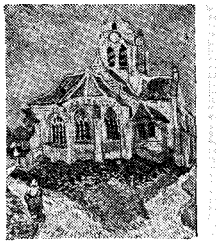

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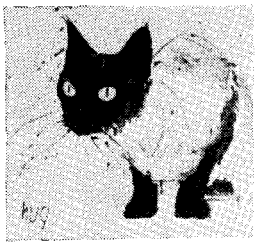

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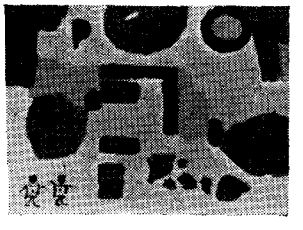

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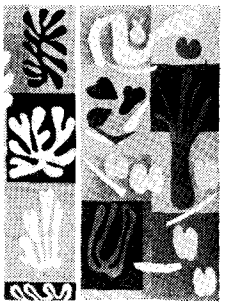

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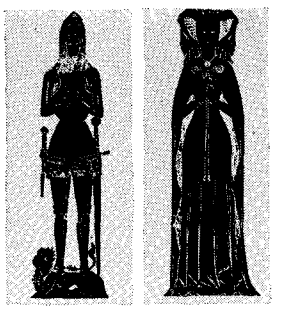

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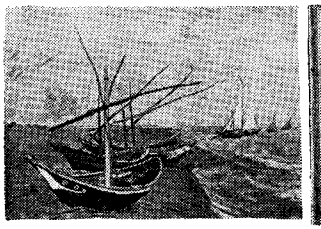

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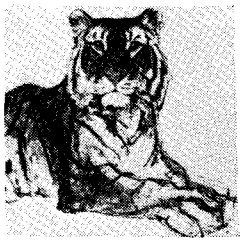

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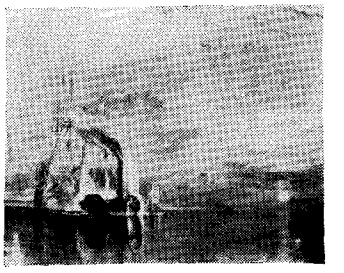

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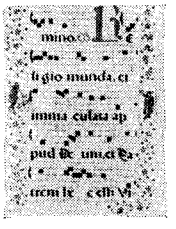

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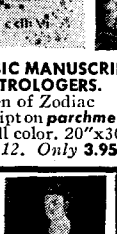

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

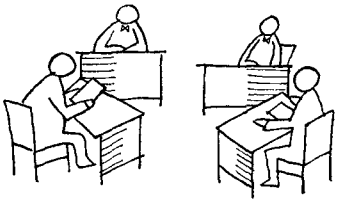
Princeton's Intellectual Jamboree

INTELLECTUALS seem to have become news. This may be bad for intellectuals, but could be reassuring and useful for those who are not. At least that's what it seemed to me on seeing the press coverage of a recent jamboree of intellectuals at Princeton organized by the Congress of Cultural Freedom on the quiet, demonstration-safe, conservative campus of Princeton University. The objective of the exercise was to debate "The United States: Its Problems, Impact, and Image in the World," and even if the debate led nowhere in particular, it nevertheless made one think. For four days the participants watched a mild psychodrama of the deep divisions that afflict American society today, whether between Old and New Left, black and white, the passionate and the rational, those wanting freedom and those fearing responsibility.

The debaters found themselves rarely in the clinches, except perhaps when the United States' future role as a superpower came up. The more the Americans were trying to tell their European confrères that this role must increasingly be curtailed, the more the European intellectuals wanted reassurance that the pre-World War II isolationism among some influential American intellectuals was not rearing its head again. It was Alastair Buchan of London's Institute of Strategic Studies, one of the most effective trans-Atlantic interpreters, who put it bluntly. He asked whether the Americans "had the staying power." Carl Kaysen, president of the Institute of Advanced Studies in Princeton, tried to reassure him that the American commitment to the defense of Europe is basic, and not only because the "American political elite believes in it."

But the belief in the power and influence of the American "political elite" among Europeans is obviously no longer what it used to be. They were prepared to accept the idea of America's orderly withdrawal from its overcommitments—especially in Vietnam—but they clearly felt uncomfortable about any drastic changes in Europe. "And what if the Russians persisted in only limited coexistence and refused peaceful disengagement?" the Countess Doenhof, editor of the influential German weekly *Die Welt*, asked, reflecting the prevailing German worries. But Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the French publisher, sounded an isolated discordant note when he suggested that American troops be distributed around the world "as little as possible." Stanley Hoffmann, the combative Harvard professor, and others, however, made it clear that the United States had to redefine her priorities in the light of the changing national interests. A search for a new middle ground between the "cosmic Metternich" (Professor Hoffmann's phrase) and neo-isolationism is now in progress, and it will be for the next President, Mr. Nixon, to define what it will be.

And what about Europe? Can it find a new identity? The Americans wondered, and the Europeans had nothing very reassuring to offer. "What sort of



Europe is there?" asked the German professor Karl Kaiser, who cited Britain's not knowing where to go, General de Gaulle's having failed in his herculean efforts to raise France to a great power, and the possibility of a strong Germany threatening the stability of Europe.

Most disappointing was the debate about the United States' social problems. What clearly troubled the Americans and Europeans alike was the internal social disarray in this country. Could the United States maintain her internal freedom and order? George Kennan, in his brilliant, masochistic way, drew and overdrew a picture of the excesses of American subculture and welcomed the election of Mr. Nixon as one who could possibly display "the right spirit and quality of leadership" to cure the diseases of American society. Professor Arthur Schlesinger offered a warning that if reason is rejected, then, instead of the New Left, George Wallace may be the ultimate winner. The Norwegian Lars Roar Langslet, from the Oslo Institute of Ideas, blamed shallow optimism for inspiring a disregard for American culture and also the American ideology of pragmatism for the failure of Americans to understand their own deeper conflicts.

These deeper conflicts, however, were

(*Continued on page 92*)

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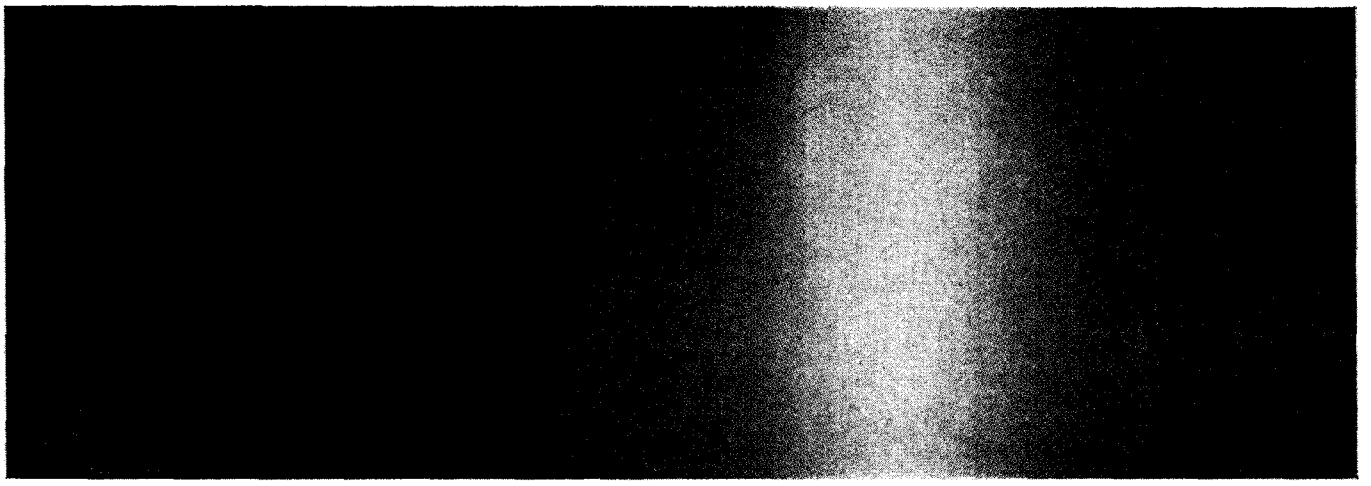

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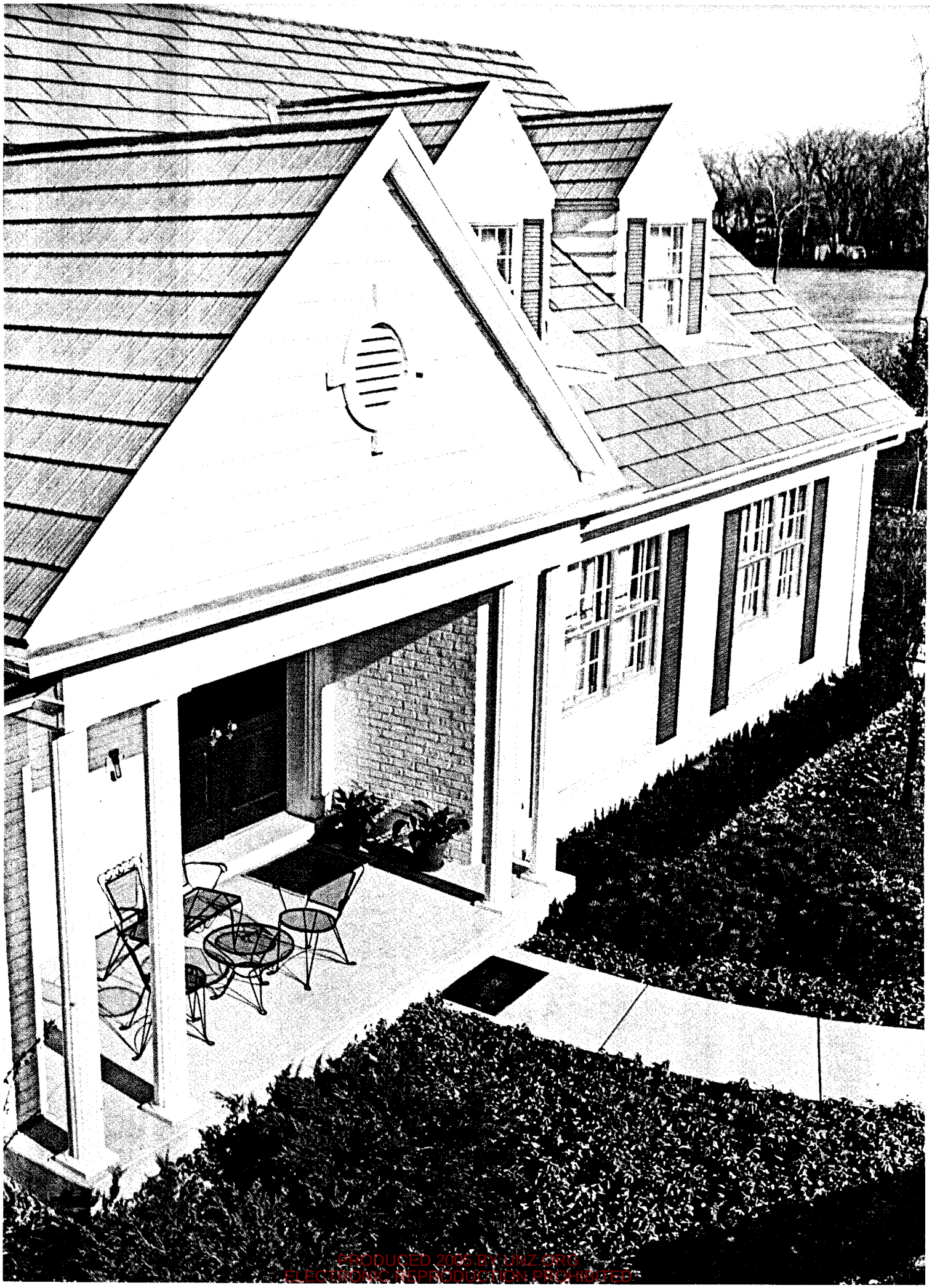

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When they said, "Give us a home that takes care of itself"... the men at Reynolds had one built with aluminum in 49 places.

There's a house out in Wilmette, Illinois that's a lazy man's dream. It uses 49 different aluminum building products. Over four tons of aluminum, and just about every pound will save the owner work. It was built by the men at Reynolds to show just how many ways this metal can be used to make a homeowner's life easier.

The four handsome, classic columns in front, for example—extruded Reynolds Aluminum with a tough, baked-on enamel finish that will look new for years without repainting. Same goes for the siding and shutters made of Reynolds Aluminum; they will never rust, rot, chip, or peel.

The men at Reynolds developed prepainted aluminum, Colorweld®, back in 1955, and homeowners have had good reason to be grateful ever since.

Those good-looking charcoal gray aluminum roof shingles and the easy-to-install roll soffit under the eaves are also products of the design engineering group at Reynolds.

Other aluminum work-savers in the house include the ceilings, screens, storm doors and windows, ductwork, sliding doors, electrical conduit, gutters, garage door, foundation vents, even closet rods, screws and nails.

The men at Reynolds are old hands at using aluminum to save work and trouble —at home or away. They can show you a houseful of ideas to help you build a better house, or factory, or product with aluminum. Call your local Reynolds office or write *Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box 2346-LO, Richmond, Virginia 23218.*

Write for free booklet,
"Homeowner's Guide to Exterior Design
with Aluminum Siding."

REYNOLDS
where new ideas take shape in
ALUMINUM

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

Why is everyone so surprised at the problems the delegates to the Vietnam peace talks have been having with the shape of their table? After all, isn't it just that sort of thing that takes up most of the time in nearly all human enterprises? Imagine the anguished political maneuvering that must have gone into King Arthur's choice of a table that was round. Think of what must lie behind the fact that at the Chase Manhattan Bank, where there are some 200 vice presidents, more than half of them occupy offices of identical size (15 feet by 15). And I know of one corporate executive who has never quite recovered from a visitor who came to his office one day. The visitor was no less a personage than a top aide of the corporation's president, and he made his visit while a large meeting was in progress. Not bothering to excuse himself, he got down on his hands and knees, took a tape measure from his pocket, and proceeded to measure the room. The executive who occupied the office tells me that somehow he could never bring himself to ask why, and no one ever volunteered to tell him. To this day he still wakes up in the middle of the night puzzling over it.

But let us think constructively. The Paris diplomats need help, and is it not our duty to come to their aid? Others have tried, but somehow their suggestions have all fallen short. (The most ingenious proposal so far: a maze-shaped table that would allow all delegates to turn their backs on each other.) This department is, therefore, hereby inviting readers to submit their own designs for an all-purpose conference table, suitable for use not only at the Paris talks but at other delicate diplomatic discussions. The best sent to me will be suitably publicized in a later issue.

Even as you read this, the P&O Lines cruise ship *Oriana* is steaming through the Caribbean with 1,500 passengers aboard. A calypso group, The Mighty Panther & The Jungle Cats, plays and sings. The Gas Company, a rock combo, does its thing. And overhead, let us hope, the friendly Caribbean sun is shining down on languorous January days.

But who cares about all that? Certainly not the 150 passengers who are on the cruise for only one purpose: to play bridge, lots of it. Eleven bridge sessions are held every morning and fourteen every afternoon, and because the cruise has the sanction of the American Contract Bridge League, it all counts toward master points.

I have not had any direct communication from the *Oriana* since it set sail from Vancouver, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, but a rumor has reached my ears suggesting that this new wrinkle in winter cruises may be proving unexpectedly popular: The mysterious stranger at a certain table the other day is said to have been none other than The Mighty Panther himself.

"Once I walk out of that door, I leave the universe behind me."

Tip of the Week. One of the most sprightly and readable publications available anywhere these days is England's weekly magazine *The Economist* (2s.6d per copy in the United Kingdom, 75 cents here). It not only deals with economics, but also covers politics, social phenomena, and the doings of people the world over. Here's a sampling from the latest issue to reach my desk:

On Biafra: "The Archbishop of Canterbury is just being pious if he thinks that it is in Britain's power to end the war in Nigeria by the force of good intentions."

On student unrest in England: "Most university authorities reacted to the initial rumblings . . . with a visible lack of ingenuity—sometimes with such asininity as to put them on a par with their pupils."

On Nixon's Cabinet choices: "This is a cabinet of the best Republicans of the late 1950s—but they have to deal with the world of the late 1960s."

Breathes there a soul today who doesn't belong to at least one book club? Very few, certainly. But most, I think, would be surprised to know just how many book clubs there actually are. One authoritative source puts the figure at 124 adult book clubs, nineteen for children. They include the Accountants' Book Club, the Circuit Design Book Club, the Gambler's Book Club, the Horsemen's Book Society, and the Laff Book Club. I notice that there is, so far, no Anti-Book Club Book Club, but at the rate things are going that may not be too far off.

Department of fast, fast results: Moments after the November 30 issue of *SR* appeared, with its mention in TRADE WINDS of Paul Engel's writing program for foreign students at the University of Iowa, Professor Engel got a call from an enterprising publishing house. As a result, he is currently busy compiling an anthology of his students' works for publication later this year.

I see that *Eye*, that mod, mod magazine for young people, includes General Hershey, head of the Selective Service, among its "unsung givers of 1968." His citation reads:

> General Hershey . . . whose ignorance is our bliss. By earnestly decrying rock music and using as supportive evidence medical statements that rock's aural battering causes many a young man to fail a draft physical, he gave us all the more reason to listen to our favorite musical idiom . . . with the added happy knowledge of its virtuous side-effects.

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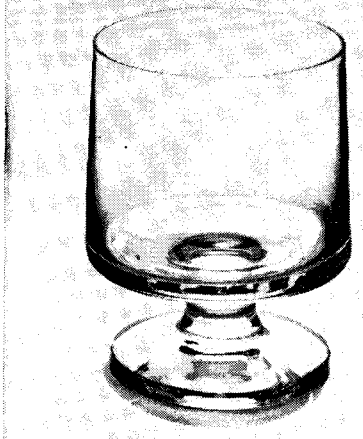
Osez



le verre

...vert!

First Lesson About Man

By Thomas Merton

MAN begins in zoology
He is the saddest animal

He drives a big red car
Called anxiety
He dreams at night
Of riding all the elevators
Lost in the halls
He never finds the right door

He draws his sin on the wall
On all the ads in all the subways
He draws mustaches on all the women
Because he cannot find his joy
Except in zoology

Whenever he goes to the phone
To call joy
He gets the wrong number

Therefore he likes weapons
He knows all guns
By their right names
He drives a big black Cadillac
Called death

Now he is putting his anxiety
Into space
He flies his worries
All around Venus
But it does him no good

In space where for a long time
There was only emptiness
He drives a big white globe
Called death

Now dear children you have learned
The first lesson about man
Answer your test

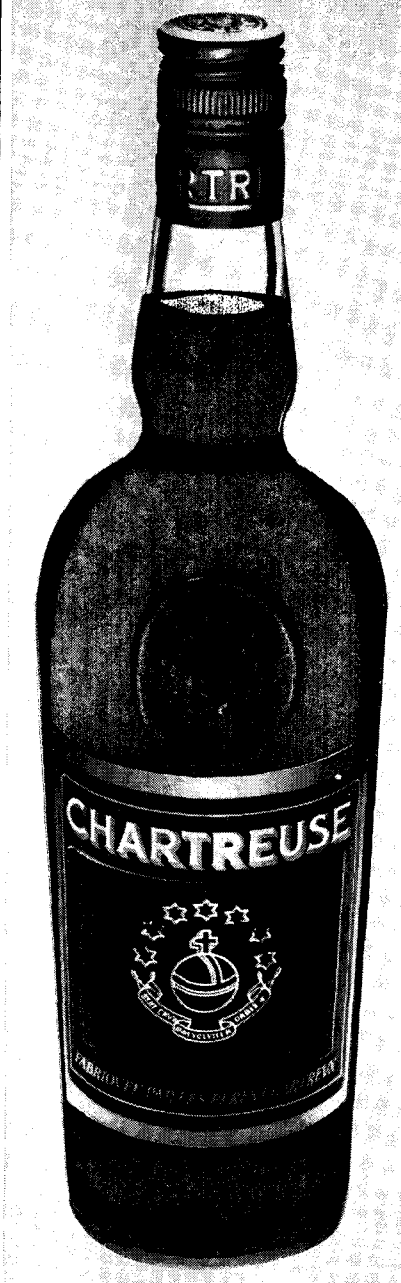
"Man is the saddest animal
He begins in zoology
And gets lost
In his own bad news."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1813)

MAX BEERBOHM:
HOSTS AND GUESTS

I expect* that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be-off-hand tone, "I am dining with the Borgias to-night," no Roman was able to say "I dined last night with the Borgias."

*Changed from "maintain" to get the "x."



Chartreuse
le drink
glacé.

CHARTREUSE

110 Proof © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

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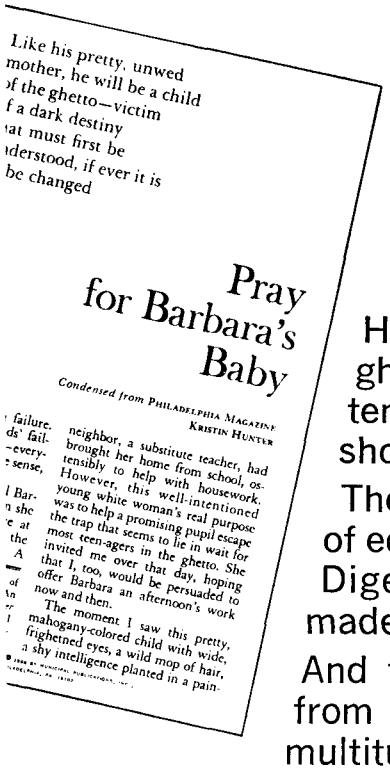
Needed: answers for searching questions of education in the

We're doing a lot of



Like his pretty, unwed
mother, he will be a child
of the ghetto—victim
of a dark destiny
that must first be
understood, if ever it is
be changed

Pray for Barbara's Baby

Condensed from PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE
KRISTIN HUNTER

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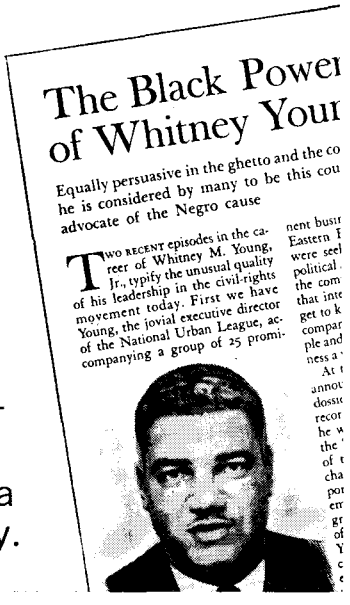
neighbor, a substitute teacher, had brought her home from school, ostensibly to help with housework. However, this well-intentioned young white woman's real purpose was to help a promising pupil escape the trap that seems to lie in wait for most teen-agers in the ghetto. She invited me over that day, hoping that I, too, would be persuaded to offer Barbara an afternoon's work now and then.

The moment I saw this pretty, mahogany-colored child with wide, frightened eyes, a wild mop of hair, a shy intelligence planted in a pain-

How do you teach illiterates to read—in 90 days? How can we bring ghetto children up to educational parity with their middle-class contemporaries? How do you solve the teacher shortage? The school shortage? The money shortage?

These problems, and a host of others directly relating to the dilemma of education in the ghetto, are constantly being probed in Reader's Digest. But before dramatic changes can be made we *first must develop the will to make them.*

And that can only come from enlightenment—from an understanding and an appreciation of a multitude of problems and points of view.



The Black Power of Whitney Your

Equally persuasive in the ghetto and the co
he is considered by many to be this cou
advocate of the Negro cause

TWO RECENT episodes in the career of Whitney M. Young, Jr., typify the unusual quality of his leadership in the civil-rights movement today. First we have Young, the jovial executive director of the National Urban League, accompanying a group of 25 promi-

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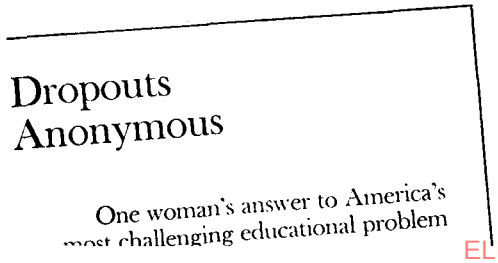
In spreading the word, Reader's Digest is a unique instrument—the largest town meeting there is, anywhere in the world.

No other publication in America reaches so many people in all walks of life. 40 million adult readers, every month of the year . . . 42% of all college-educated men and women.

And no other publication in America takes its responsibilities more seriously.



Dropouts Anonymous

One woman's answer to America's most challenging educational problem

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the ghetto. the searching.

"Worst Bunch in School"

—often lay speech student in English and graduate student in Arts and Industries, taught last year in a Texas school. Of the youngsters are the children of migrant crop-pickers. Here are excerpts from her compassionate final report.

IT is eight o'clock. There is a roaring in the corridor and a sudden flood of children into the classroom. The small brown boy who approaches my desk eyes me eagerly. "Mees, you goin' to be real teacher now, don'cha?"

"Yes, I'm the regular teacher, and I hope to stay for the rest of the year. You've had three teachers already, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mees, dey all leavin' because we fightin'. For you we not goin' to fight." He flings himself into a seat. "What's your name?" I ask.

Condensed from American E... Ann Sadler

By John Kord Lagem

Can We Make Human Beings More Intelligent?

Is closing down our schools for three months every summer anything more than a wasteful habit? There are strong arguments for changing the system

The Case for Year-Round Schools

Proudly presented as the Office of Economic ... tunity's "model project," this Texas city is, in ... demonstration of how to shatter high expectat...

Laredo Learns About the War on Poverty

DETROIT'S REALISTIC RESPONSE TO RIOT

The Teacher Gap— And How to Close It

The big question: Can the quality of the new institutions that are sprouting at such an astonishing rate match that of established campuses?

A New College a Week

Condensed from Newsweek

The mayor of the nation's largest city speaks out on the causes of our most explosive domestic problem—and the steps that must be taken to control and cure it

We Can Lick the Problems of the Ghetto, If We Care

By John V. Lindsay

Interviewed by James Nathan Miller

When Congressman John V. Lindsay ... to run for ... York ... sputtered northward from the Deep South, most people felt that, of all the northern ghettos, New York's "Harlem" ... tan's Harlem ... rate Negro are ... the Bronx) wo... explos...

Make Way for the Real Great Society

...story of a group of New York ghetto ... decided to make a better tomorrow for ... borhood

...hard core of ... 's Lower East ... the toughest ... gets, burglars, ... Joseph P. Blank

... ghetto organization that strives to convince the poor that a better future lies ahead if they determinedly reach for it. They call themselves the ...

A noted commentator makes the case for what he considers the only common-sense formula to reduce discrimination

Joseph Alsop

Syndicated columnist

Can Negro Children Make the Grade?

IT IS TIME to stop talking nonsense about Negro education. It is time to start dealing with the cruel facts of the problem of ghetto schools—which is in turn ... of the race problem in ... States. School desegrega... always remain a central ... experience has proved ... aggressively pursued. ... an instant, magi... incapable truth ... must be mainly ... *ghetto schools*, at ... time to come. ... circumstances in ... parties: society ... Negro chil... the first grade ... children. ... and ... further ... they stay ...

Condensed from The New Republic

... in school. On average, those who stay through high school are by then 3½ years below grade level—which means only slightly better than an eighth-grade education. Add the vast numbers of Negro boys and girls who drop out *before* finishing, and you have a frightening result. Briefly, 400,000-plus 18-year-old Negroes are annually injected into this country's socio-economic bloodstream; but hardly ten percent of these have the true equivalent of a normal high-school education. In other words, we annually add to the American body politic no fewer than 360,000 Negroes who are unequipped to get or hold any job in which grossly deficient schooling is a handicap—and that means, increasingly, just about any job at all! If a malevolent and astute racier

No nation has ever before put such a huge ... earnings into developing its citizens through ... The investment may well be the most importa... rewarding—we have ever made

The Biggest Gamble in History: Our Investment in People

By George C. Keller

World War II America has ... more and more in... in an astounding new ... estment gamble: pour... of billions of dollars ... *people* as our main ... The investment ... of training their ... their imagina... their ... thereby acquire a higher level of national prosperity. No nation has ever tried this strategy before. Almost 200 years ago Adam Smith, the Scottish political economist, thought that a nation should take pains to have ... smart, ingeni...

A Head Start for America's Youngsters

HEAD START

No campaign in the War on Poverty has shown greater promise than this inspiring attempt to break the cyclical chain of poverty and ignorance at its most vulnerable link—the very young

Condensed from The PTA Magazine

Irwin Ross

LAST SUMMER, when most American preschool children were playing at home, more than half a million youngsters from poverty-stricken families were congregating in schoolhouses in such widely varying places as Indian reservations, Harlem slums, the backwoods hollows of Appalachia, and the Delta country of Mississippi. The sign and signal of their meeting ... community was a flag ... ing blocks ... ing new program for uninformed preschool youngsters all over the country. One of the smallest projects, involving ten children, was in an Eskimo village; the largest, in New York City, had 26,000. For such children everywhere, Head Start performed an amazing transformation.

• When a five-year-old Kickapoo Indian girl first entered her Head Start class in Oklahoma, she could not speak a word of English. Two ... later, swinging around on a ... ks ... out, "By-by, ...

Reader's Digest

WORLD'S BEST SELLER

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Architecture

New Directions in British Architecture. By Royston Landau. Braziller. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

New Directions in German Architecture. By Gunther Feuerstein. Braziller. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

New Directions in Italian Architecture. By Vittorio Gregotti. Braziller. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

New Directions in Japanese Architecture. By Robin Boyd. Braziller. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

Crime, Suspense

After the First Death. By Lawrence Block. Macmillan. $4.50.

Sight Unseen. By Audrey Erskine Lindop. Doubleday. $5.95.

This Is the Castle. By Nicholas Freeling. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Current Affairs

Collective Bargaining: The Power To Destroy—New and Better Ways To Industrial Peace. By Merryle Stanley Rukeyser. Delacorte. $7.50.

Explorations in Social Policy. By Alvin L. Schorr. Basic Books. $6.95.

Foreign Policy and International Law. By Charles G. Fenwick. Oceana. $6.

India Independent. By Charles Bettelheim. Monthly Review Press. $11.50.

Military Occupation and National Security. By Martin and Joan Kyre. Public Affairs Press. $6.

The New French Revolution. By John Ardagh. Harper & Row. $8.95.

Nuclear Proliferation. By Walter B. Wentz. Public Affairs Press. $6.

The President and Public Opinion: Leadership in Foreign Affairs. By Manfred Landecker. Public Affairs Press. $4.50.

The United Nations: A View From Within. By Ralph Townley. Scribners. $6.95.

Fiction

The Hill of Life. By Roman Freulich. Yoseloff. $6.

The Husband. By Sol Stein. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

The Last Days. By William Rayner. $5.95.

The London Novels of Colin MacInnes. By Colin MacInnes. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $7.50.

The Malediction. By Julian Claman. Dutton. $5.95.

The Pride and the Anguish. By Douglas Reeman. Putnam. $5.95.

Snow Country and Thousand Cranes. By Yasunari Kawabata. Knopf. $5.95.

Uranium. By Bernard Brunner. Frederick Fell. $6.95.

History

The Center of the World: Communism and the Mind of China. By Robert S. Elegant. Funk & Wagnalls. $6.95.

The History of the Incas. By Alfred Metraux. Pantheon. $5.95.

A Hundred Years of Sociology. By G. Duncan Mitchell. Aldine. $6.95.

Okinawa: A Tiger by the Tail. By M. D. Morris. Hawthorn. $6.95.

The Radical Republicans: Lincoln's Vanguard for Racial Justice. By Hans L. Trefousse. Knopf. $10.

The Southern Tradition at Bay. By Richard M. Weaver. Edited by George Core and M. E. Bradford. Arlington House. $7.

Systematic Theology: A Historicist Perspective. By Gordon D. Kaufman. Scribners. $8.95.

The White Conscience. By Frank H. Tucker. Frederick Ungar. $7.50.

Literary History, Criticism

Clifford Odets: The Thirties and After. By Edward Murray. Frederick Ungar. $5.50.

End of an Illusion. By James Avery Joyce. Bobbs-Merrill. $8.95.

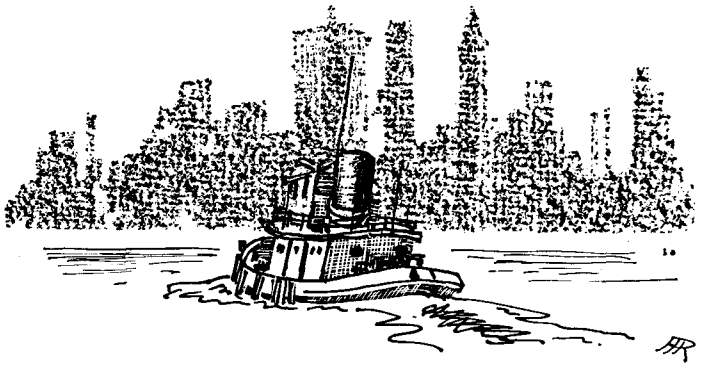
Fiery Dust: Byron's Poetic Development. By Jerome J. McGann. Univ. of Chicago. $11.50.

George Eliot's Early Novels: The Limits of Realism. By U. C. Knoepflmacher. Univ. of California. $7.

Giraudoux: Three Faces of Destiny. By Robert Cohen. Univ. of Chicago. $8.

The Notebooks for "The Possessed." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Edited by Edward Wasiolek. Univ. of Chicago. $12.95.

Quest for the Necessary: W. H. Auden and the Dilemma of Divided Consciousness. By Herbert Greenberg. Harvard. $5.95.



Religious Trends in English Poetry. By Hoxie Neale Fairchild. Columbia. $12.50.

The Tragic Engagement: A Study of Shakespeare's Classical Tragedies. By Judah Stampfer. Funk & Wagnalls. $6.95.

Miscellany

English in a Decade of Change. By Michael F. Shugrue. Pegasus. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95.

Hermann Cohen's Philosophy of Judaism. By Jehuda Melber. Jonathan David. $7.95.

How to Do Your Own Painting and Wallpapering. By Jackson Hand. Harper & Row. $3.95.

How to Work with Concrete and Masonry. By Darrell Huff. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Man: The Next 30 Years. By Henry Still. Hawthorn. $5.95.

New Writing of East Europe. Edited by George Gömöri and Charles Newman. Quadrangle. $6.95.

The Prometheus Project. By Gerald Feinberg. Doubleday. $4.95.

Schools Without Failure. By William Glasser, M.D. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Soccer the International Way 1969. Edited by Gordon Jeffery. Barnes. $4.95.

Vanishing Wild Animals of the World. By Richard Fitter. Franklin Watts. $7.95.

Personal History

Fair Rosalind: The American Career of Helena Modjeska. By Marion Moore Coleman. Cherry Hill Books. $20.

Herman Boerhaave: The Man and His Work. By G. A. Lindeboom, M.D. Barnes & Noble. $22.50.

Office Hours: Day and Night. By Janet Travell, M.D. NAL/World. $7.95.

The Varied Airs of Spring. By Ilka Chase. Doubleday. $5.95.

Year of Fear: A Jewish Prisoner Waits for Auschwitz. By Philip Mechanicus. Hawthorn. $5.95.

Poetry

Love in the Environs of Voronezh: And Other Poems. By Alan Sillitoe. Doubleday. $3.95.

Lucretius: The Way Things Are. Translated by Rolfe Humphries. Indiana. $6.50.

Memoranda for Tomorrow. By Charles Angoff. Yoseloff. $6.

The Wild Party—The Set-up—A Certain Wilderness. By Joseph Moncure March. Bond Wheelwright. $10.

Psychology, Sociology

Dreams and Symbols: Man's Unconscious Language. By Leopold Caligor and Rollo May. Basic Books. $7.50.

The Epidemiology of Depression. By Charlotte Silverman, M.D. Johns Hopkins. $7.50.

The Human Predicament: Dissolution and Wholeness. By George W. Morgan. Brown. $7.50.

The Pattern of New Zealand Culture. Edited by A. A. McLeod. Cornell. $10.

—Compiled by Sheila Canning.

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This important Gauguin sculpture cannot be purchased at any price...

yours as a gift with membership in
The Sculpture Collectors Limited
and no obligation
to buy anything now or ever

PAUL GAUGUIN, *Tête du Sculpteur.* Stands 12 inches on a removable black base. Special bracket for wall-mounting, if preferred.

For more than half a century after Gauguin's death in 1903 this magnificent life mask was not publicly exhibited and not even known to exist except by a few experts—until it emerged from a private collection and was auctioned at a New York gallery as the head of a "tattooed male Tahitian."

Now recognized by scholars as a self-portrait, the head was recently acquired by The Sculpture Collectors Limited and for the first time a number of castings have been pulled from Gauguin's original terra cotta. This work of art is not available except with membership in The Sculpture Collectors. It is not for sale, and no more will be cast after these are spoken for.

Now, the Gauguin mask can be yours as a gift—with a new kind of membership that never obligates you but privileges you to acquire fine original sculpture by outstanding living artists, at prices far below those commanded by dealers and galleries.

You become an art collector and patron

The Sculpture Collectors Limited makes all this possible by commissioning original works from the artists themselves. In much the way the Medicis collected their Michelangelos and Raphaels, your membership admits you to a community of patrons of contemporary sculptors—and makes you an immediate beneficiary of their talents.

All commissions are awarded by the Curator guided by a distinguished Board of Advisors. Their selections are based on both artistic merit and potential market value.

Every work offered a signed original

Every work is individually signed, then hand-cast in a new material —Foundry-Stone. Each piece will be cast in an edition strictly to meet the needs of the membership. These originals will not be offered for sale outside the membership—however, members may resell to other collectors with no restrictions of any kind.

Four times a year you will be advised of new offerings. If any of the works appeals to you and you would like to see it in your home, you are invited to live with it for 30 days and you still retain the option to decline it.

Each quarterly offering features three exclusive, signed originals by outstanding American and European sculptors such as Salvador Dali, André Minaux, Lebadang, and others—all important artists whose works have been appreciating in value. Yet, prices to you are as low as $25 and *never* more than $40.

Lifetime membership just $10

Only $10 makes you a lifetime member of The Sculpture Collectors. Immediately upon joining you receive your free gift of the Gauguin mask. And membership brings still another benefit: a complimentary subscription to an authoritative, full-color sculpture journal—*The Foundry Mark*. To enjoy the adventure of owning original sculptures by contemporary masters, simply mail the coupon. Send no money; we'll bill you for your $10 lifetime membership dues after your gift arrives.

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Jeanne R. Lowe

Race, Jobs, and Cities: What Business Can Do

Business can use its influence to open up housing and job markets outside central cities and thereby encourage the movement of ghetto residents into promising economic and social environments.

THE new Republican Administration will be asking business to lend a bigger hand than ever in initiating and carrying out private-sector, community-level "solutions" to America's urban-racial crisis. During the past year, two sets of private-sector approaches have already gained currency. One, now fashionable with some corporation executives and Black Power leaders, focuses on strengthening the ghetto: building up its fragile economic power through private training and employment of residents, locating new plants there, assisting businesses that will be owned by new "black capitalists," and, most recently, forming local development corporations.

The other solution, advocated principally by some builders and real estate developers, calls for decentralizing the ghetto into freshly minted, privately built New Towns: systematically encouraging much of its population to move to new, carefully integrated communities—complete with industry, variously priced housing, and white families—to be built mostly beyond existing metropolitan areas.

Both tacks are worthwhile and should be pursued. Indeed, almost any effort is better than allowing what now exists to continue. Nonetheless, these currently popular courses will produce only limited results in the immediate future. New Towns won't take shape in significant numbers before the 1980s, and not even then unless the Government begins an unprecedented kind of land-use planning right now. In fact, both solutions lean heavily on government assistance, be it to people, property, or corporation. And the former, an agonizingly slow process, is of questionable long-range worth.

Another approach, an intermediate or metropolitan strategy, which has been curiously overlooked by most urban-crisis solvers, appears far more practical and should receive the private sector's most serious consideration. Its objective is to encourage a substantial movement of Negroes into the metropolitan community and the economic mainstream, in the belief that the basic economic, educational, and environmental disadvantages of the Negro can be altered significantly only beyond the ghetto, where economic opportunity lies and where industrial job formation is taking place—in metropolis.

The metropolitan approach is uniquely dependent upon business and industrial initiative; it should appeal to those concerned with business-like methods and sound economic development. It requires minimal cash outlay, little subsidy or risk. Unlike most urban crisis schemes now being considered, it goes with and not against the basic, new technological and economic trends in the country. It appears to have the best chance of benefiting both the Negro and the businessman.

Since most population growth, economic activity, and construction during the next decade will take place in our metropolitan regions—though generally outside the old central cities—we must work within this framework. If this development is to be generally beneficial, instead of intensifying the present artificially maintained and ominous socio-economic-racial divisions, we shall have to put an end to the harmful, omnipresent, and now (under the 1968 Civil Rights Act) illegal discriminatory real estate practices which prevent black people from moving into the residential and economic mainstream, and which keep them isolated, underemployed, or unemployed in inner-city ghettos, far from where the jobs are going.

Manufacturers are uniquely capable of doing this: severing the suburban "white noose" around our core cities, making the metropolitan housing-real estate market work the same for the Negro as for the white, and forcing exclusionist suburbs, exurbs, and smaller cities to accept non-white and lower-income families in significant volume and in a harmonious manner.

THIS is not to ignore the importance of the new federal open-housing statute, which is just now being put into effect. The force of law has had relatively little effect, however, in stemming the ever deepening racial divisions that have grown in cities and states which have had strong laws against housing discrimination on their books for years. What the community wants and is willing to do will make the final difference. Here, business and industrial leadership can be decisive.

For, if industry comes, the home builders won't be far behind. The tract-

Jeanne R. Lowe, author of *Cities in a Race with Time,* is *SR*'s consultant on urban affairs.

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developers depend on industrial locations, as do realtors, merchants, and other local businessmen in the chambers of commerce. Politicians seek out new industry; planning commissions offer zoning concessions. Bankers, public officials, and other powerful local business and interest groups look to industry for its payroll and tax base, as well as its community leadership. Industry can read them the law—if it wants. Also, of course, industry recruits and hires workers.

But industry, the major force in new urban development, commonly has been a too-willing, if perhaps unwitting, partner to the discriminatory and exclusionist practices which have divided our metropolitan areas and nation into the unequal "two societies" described by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. It has been spending billions of dollars on new plants in communities that not only welcome but seek out its newly landscaped, non-obnoxious factories and laboratories, with their large tax base and bank deposits and loans. These communities even change zoning laws or provide new facilities to accommodate industry, but too often exclude workers, not to mention the black and the poor.

Most manufacturers have not stopped to question the development of these extreme trends—with the accompanying high rate of unemployment or underemployment in ghettos and unfilled jobs in exurbia—or to ask whether it is natural and inevitable, and what might be done to alter it. The more public-spirited among those who have recently discovered the ghetto are concentrating on the ghetto (and its hard-core unemployed) as if all the answers lay there, rather than on looking at the situation closer to home. But it is high time they took a hard look at how the housing market in their area works and at its effect. For the irrational, uneconomic disjuncture we have developed as a result of it is playing havoc with both our metropolitan tax base and labor supply, and is making it necessary for Washington to tax industry nationally to pay for remedies that might be at least partially mitigated locally through private or community-level correctives.

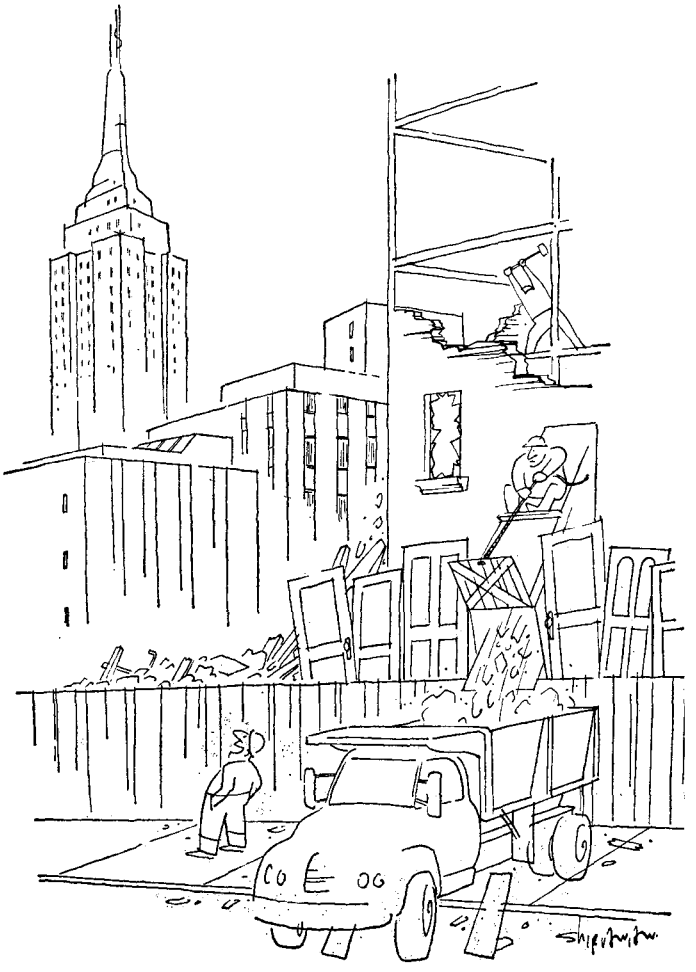
MANUFACTURERS, like other leadership forces in our country, must face up to the causes of the growing concentration of black people in the core cities and their absence in the suburbs, and industry's own responsibility and ability to change the situation. Obviously, many black people face residential problems arising from poverty, different cultures, large families, and lack of education; many want to live with other black people or fear rejection and white hostility. But we do not sufficiently recognize how much of the ghetto problem has been created by the systematic practice of discrimination and denial of residence by realtors, home builders, mortgage bankers, and suburban communities—and is reinforced by unfounded, hard-dying fears of white homeowners over the supposedly adverse effect on property values of racial intrusion. Moreover, under our present crazy-quilt metropolitan system—with free-wheeling fiscal zoning by every tiny suburb, land speculation by private owners, excessive reliance on the property tax, and use of government housing subsidies in effect restricted to older cities—it is extremely difficult to build lower-priced housing in the suburbs.

The fact is that the Negro's housing dollar cannot buy what a white man's can buy. As a rule, realtors simply will not show him a house or apartment in a white neighborhood; owners there are unwilling to sell or rent to him. Those neighborhoods that turn rapidly from white to black do so not for "natural" reasons, but because mortgage-lending and real estate practices encourage it. Bankers believe that only a homogeneous neighborhood offers an economically sound investment, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights found; thus, they will not sell to a black in a white neighborhood. But once it starts to turn, they do everything they can to complete the transition, even withholding loans from white purchasers.

Because the Negro's residential choices are so restricted by real estate industry practices, he is crowded into too little space and forced to pay more for the generally poorer housing in the areas where he is allowed to live. Simultaneously, realtors play on white owners' fears of economic loss and inundation by the invidious practice of "block-busting," and force their flight.

In the suburbs tract-developers hold that white persons won't buy if the builder has an open sales policy. (Even the Government-guaranteed FHA and Veterans' Administration housing built during the post-World War II suburban boom was not sold to Negroes.) To keep out interracial developments, suburban towns use a host of subterfuges. And realtors there, as in cities, are reluctant to show a home to a black purchaser outside of a changing or substandard neighborhood. These practices go on in cities and states with the most progressive fair-housing laws and enforcement machinery in the country.

The experience of tract-developers



"One of these days, baby, one of these days."

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who have rented or sold on an open-occupancy basis has in fact been favorable. And one of the most significant reports by the Ford Foundation-financed Commission on Race and Housing, *Property Values and Race,* the result of a ten-year study by Luigi Laurenti, found that minority purchasers, far from depressing home values, tend to stabilize or even to raise them.

Although industry's new Black Power friends (read: ethnic politicians) cannot be expected to favor the metropolitan approach, the facts are before us, and the logic is hard for even them to refute.

Along with the massive, growing separation of black from white, and poor from middle class, there is also a new and growing separation of places of work from workers. This puts the most severe hardship on the least able and the poorest who are held in the core cities because the jobs that they can best fill are steadily moving away from, or being created far from, the core. "To the extent that there is an unmet demand for the labor of the unskilled and semi-skilled workers in the metropolitan region, it is likely to be found in the suburbs," is the finding of *Manpower Strategy for the Metropolis,* the result of a study carried out by Eli Ginzberg and the Conservation of Human Resources Staff of Columbia University for the New York City Planning Commission. There, not only manufacturing but also growing retail and other service activities which cater to middle- and upper-income residents offer them the "best hope for meaningful employment, that is employment which is steady, well-paid, and opens up the prospect of advancement."

Almost overnight a complete metamorphosis has taken place in the pattern of America's industrialization—and population distribution: Nationally, between 1954 and 1965, more than 50 per cent of all industrial and mercantile construction took place outside the core cities; from 1950 to 1966, 86 per cent of the total increase of the Negro population in the entire country took place within central cities, 77.8 per cent of the white population increase took place in suburbs. Recently the trend has accelerated.

IN the past, during periods of migration of the unskilled and uneducated to the cities, urbanization of the newcomer and industrialization of the city went hand in hand. Industry then located in the big cities specificially because of the large pool of (cheap) labor, and manufacturers sought the new immigrants, even going abroad to attract them to America's urban-industrial centers. Worker housing was commonly built right next to the plants, since low-paid laborers could not afford to pay for vehicular transportation. As recently as World War II, when labor was scarce in defense plants, production jobs (of necessity) were opened up to Negroes, who migrated from the South by the hundreds of thousands to fill them. The movement of these Negro job-seekers was supported then by extensive recruitment efforts of factories and shipyards, and also paid for by the Government.

"I like our people, too. They're cute."

BUT during the 1950s and 1960s, when the Negro was being pushed off the mechanizing Southern plantations and had no place to go but to cities, newly adopted one-level assembly methods were making inner-city, multi-story factories obsolete and non-competitive. This technological change, plus traffic congestion in cities and truck-highway transportation means in the outer areas, led to the vast and accelerating shift of industrial locations from old manufacturing, rail centers into the suburbs, exurbs, and new-growth regions with their acres of inexpensive open land, access to principal markets, and residential exclusion. The result: the Negro faces an employment handicap experienced by no other worker in our history—the denial of residence reasonably near his job.

Race issues aside, relatively little can be done to stop—much less reverse—the industrial trend, as veterans of urban renewal and industrial redevelopment can testify. The nation's total growth and population spread will make this continually less likely. The handful of widely publicized plants built in ghetto locations by a few pioneering companies are, as one leader of this effort has admitted, "noble experiments." They have scarcely been duplicated by themselves, much less copied by other manufacturers on a statistically meaningful scale. The high cost, problems of assemblage, and limited amount of land in central cities make it all but impossible to accommodate many one-level factories that may require ten times as much ground space as old lofts. Moreover, doing business in the slum-ghetto, with its high crime rate and constant threat of vandalism, is not attractive. Even government agencies are finding it difficult to sign up contractors willing to build publicly financed facilities in these blighted areas without an exorbitant overcharge for the risk.

The inexperience and the credit problems of aspiring Negro entrepreneurs aside, it is not surprising that the Small Business Administration has had such a high rate of failure on loans to those trying to do business in the slum-ghetto.

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To concentrate industry's and government's technical assistance efforts, cash, and loans on creating "black capitalists" there, where risks are highest and consumer incomes lowest, suggests a dangerous shortsightedness, racist cynicism, or both.

The white businessmen who are trying to help aspiring black capitalists would do better to assist those entrepreneurs to go where the action and consumer dollars are—in the suburban, growth areas, where they can command conventional insurance, serve a more affluent middle-class market, and compete on equal terms.

Sooner or later, the ghetto-improvers will have to admit what the Kerner Commission emphatically stated in its report's conclusion: "A Negro society largely concentrated within large central cities . . . will be permanently relegated to its current status, possibly even if we expend great amounts of money and effort trying to 'gild' the ghetto." Black Power will not become Green Power in the slums.

Equally important to the businessman concerned with sound economic development is the fact that land uses in many of our old manufacturing cities should change to accommodate growing operations in our emerging post-industrial economy that require face-to-face contacts and meeting places and institutional expansion. The metropolitan cores will be increasingly transformed into office and professional centers—headquarters for business, communications, and government—and will create more and more technical, managerial, and professional jobs—which too few inner-city Negroes can yet fill, and to which suburbanites must commute.

To pursue the present course will only worsen the present metropolitan disjuncture with its inherent inequalities. What can and must be altered are present demographic trends and restrictive real estate practices. For not even improved metropolitan transportation is a satisfactory alternative. A recent study concluded:

> Commutation is not a practical solution for reducing the disparity between job location and the housing location of minorities: It is prohibitively expensive, excessively time-consuming; and the ghetto poor are in no position to maintain the automobile necessary for most commuters. . . . To commute from Hunter's Point in San Francisco to a job in suburban Contra Costa County in the East Bay area would cost $3 per day, consume four to five hours daily in travel time, and would involve three or four transfers.

Data about "reverse commutation" in the Philadelphia region makes the point. There, the central city lost 50,000 manufacturing jobs between 1951 and 1965, and the suburbs gained 215,000—although Philadelphia has the nation's most advanced industrial redevelopment program. Of the work force of 480,000 in the Philadelphia suburbs, only 1.8 per cent are non-white commuters from the city proper, and only 8.6 per cent of the employed non-whites who live in the city commute to suburban jobs.

The implications for industry are grim: since the now-urbanized Negro has been having children at a higher rate than the white, a growing proportion of our prime work force will be non-white. And when 10 per cent of the national population is unable to qualify for or compete equally for jobs (or on-the-job training programs)—partly because of inability to be educated for them, or to move to appropriate jobs and training opportunities or to even hear about them—the free-market process upon which industry depends is not functioning, and industry will pay, directly and indirectly.

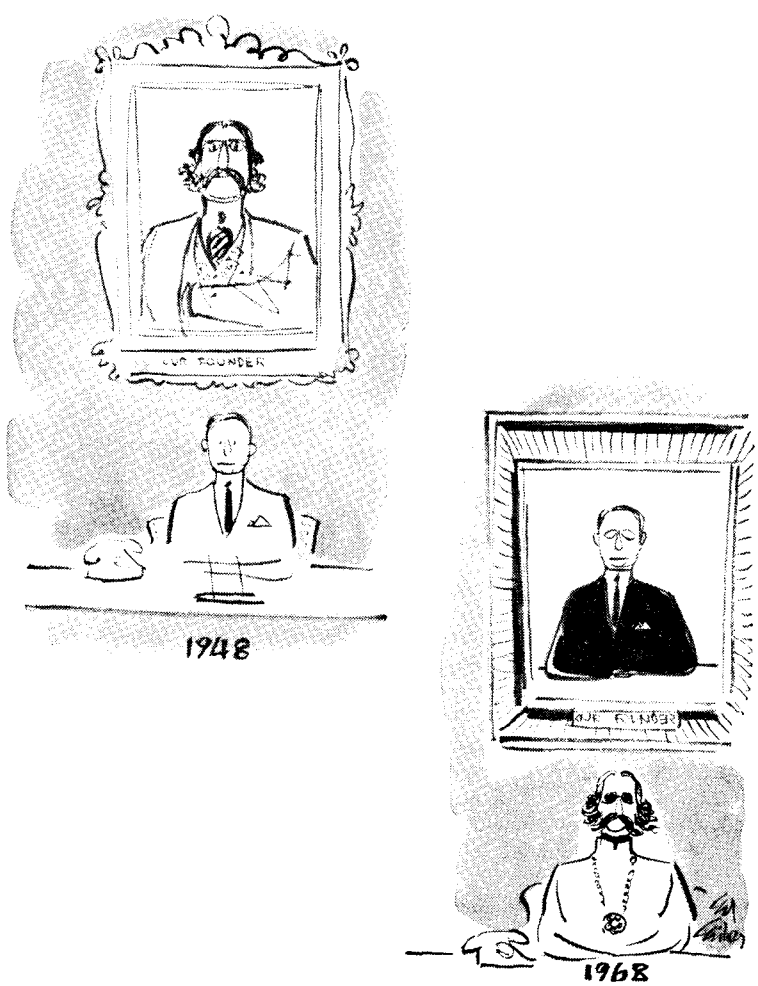
Even "equal opportunity employers"—commonly government defense contractors located in regions or communities with few minority residents—have failed to address themselves to the effect of residential exclusion on the chances of black persons for equal employment. This has been vividly documented in hearings of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.

SOME companies have begun to recognize the connection between housing and job opportunities and have started to exercise their exceptional influence to eliminate residential barriers. The following examples show what can be done:

1) When IBM located its huge new typewriter plant in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1958, it was the first manufacturing facility of significance in the area. Lexingtonians' main concern then was whether the factory would frighten off the horses. Recently, IBM, an outstanding equal opportunity employer, began a new national policy of recruiting black employees for jobs at various levels—white collar, technical, managerial. In Lexington, however, the incoming recruits had trouble. Despite the state's open-housing statute, realtors were not showing them homes.

Last spring the chairman of the Lexington-Fayette County Commission on Human Rights pointed out to IBM's local plant manager that the company—which, with a work force of over 5,000,

(*Continued on page* 91)



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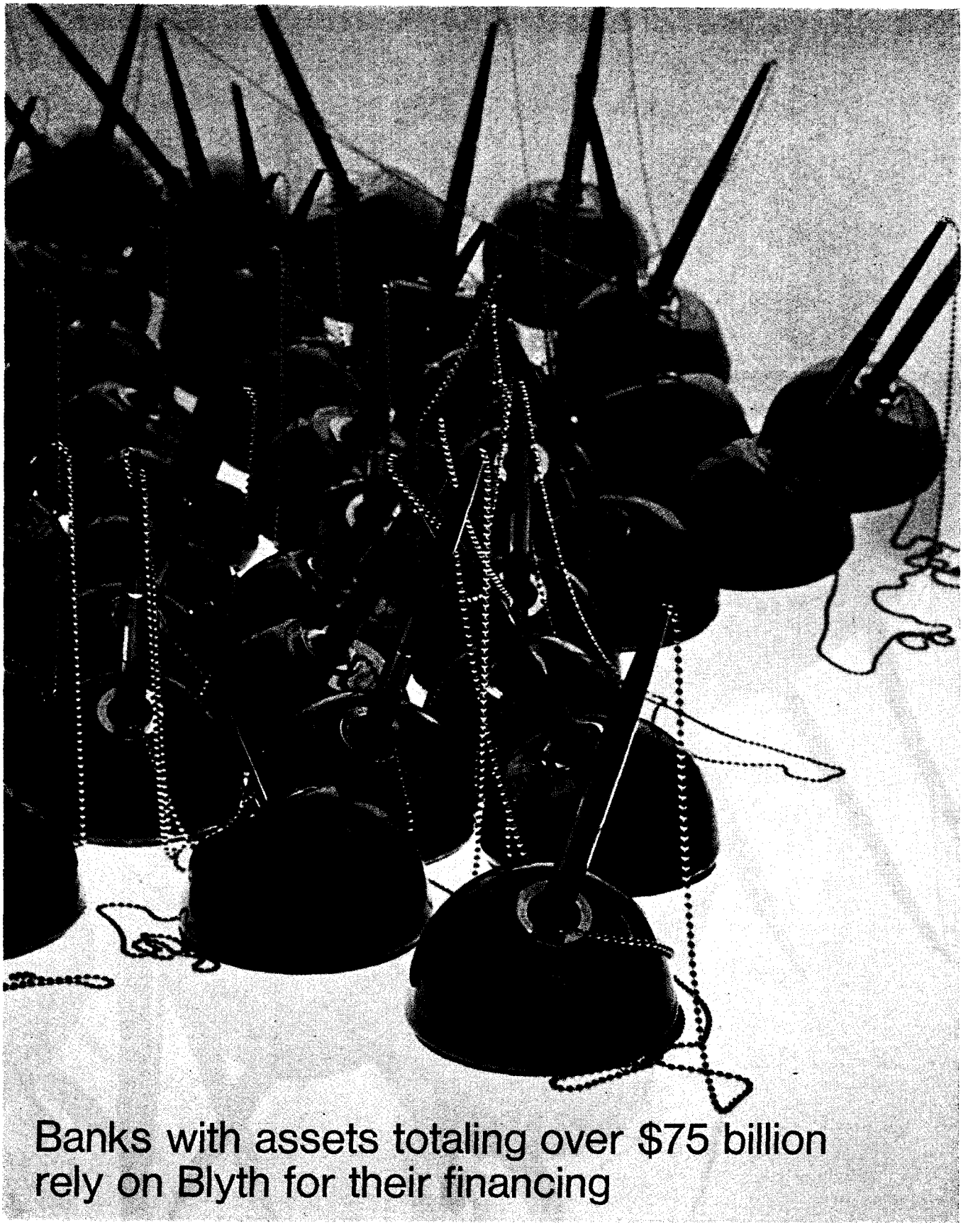

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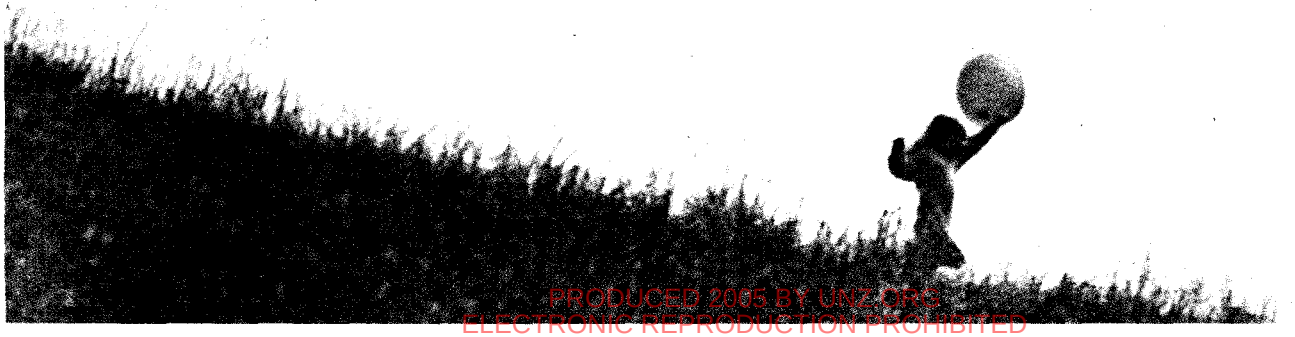

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Education In the Ghetto

Exclusive report and analysis presented annually with the Committee for Economic Development

BEHIND THE BUSINESS ISSUE: For the eleventh consecutive year, *SR* and the Committee for Economic Development have cooperated to produce a special issue on an aspect of the U.S. or international economy. This year's subject, "Education in the Ghetto, A Search for Solutions," grows out of a deep and continuing commitment by both *SR* and the CED to enrich and expand education as a positive force for human betterment.

CED, which is composed of 200 leading businessmen and educators, was established to develop, through a business-academic partnership, policy statements and research products that can serve as guides to public and business policy. By uniting scholarship with business judgment and experience, it hopes to contribute to the analysis and solution of pressing problems that constantly arise in a dynamic democratic society.

In 1959, as one of a series of policy statements, CED's Research and Policy Committee issued the study *Paying for Better Public Schools,* and in 1965, it published a related study, *Raising Low Incomes Through Improved Education.* Last summer, it issued *Innovation in Education: New Directions for the American School,* which reviewed the entire learning-instruction process through the twelfth grade and suggested ways in which both the quality and efficiency of schooling can be improved through innovative techniques in teaching, greater emphasis on research, and utilization of cost-benefit and cost-effectiveness analysis. A further outcome of this study is a volume of scholarly research papers, *The Schools and the Challenge of Innovation,* which will be published this month jointly by McGraw-Hill and CED.

Continuing its studies in this field, CED has now set up a Subcommittee on Education of the Disadvantaged in the belief that the schooling of deprived minorities "has been a tragic failure and one that will not be corrected without a major revolution in the objectives, methods, and organization of the schools." In getting this project under way, CED held a national Symposium late last year, from which most of the material in this special section of *SR* has been drawn. The speakers at the Symposium were: Carl J. Dolce, superintendent of the Orleans Parish School Board, New Orleans; Alan K. Campbell, dean-designate of the Maxwell Graduate School at Syracuse University; Theodore R. Sizer, dean of the Graduate School of Education at Harvard University; Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, New York, N.Y.; and Kenneth W. Haskins, principal of the Morgan Community School, Washington, D.C.

—JOHN L. BURNS, Chairman,
CED Subcommittee on Education
of the Disadvantaged.

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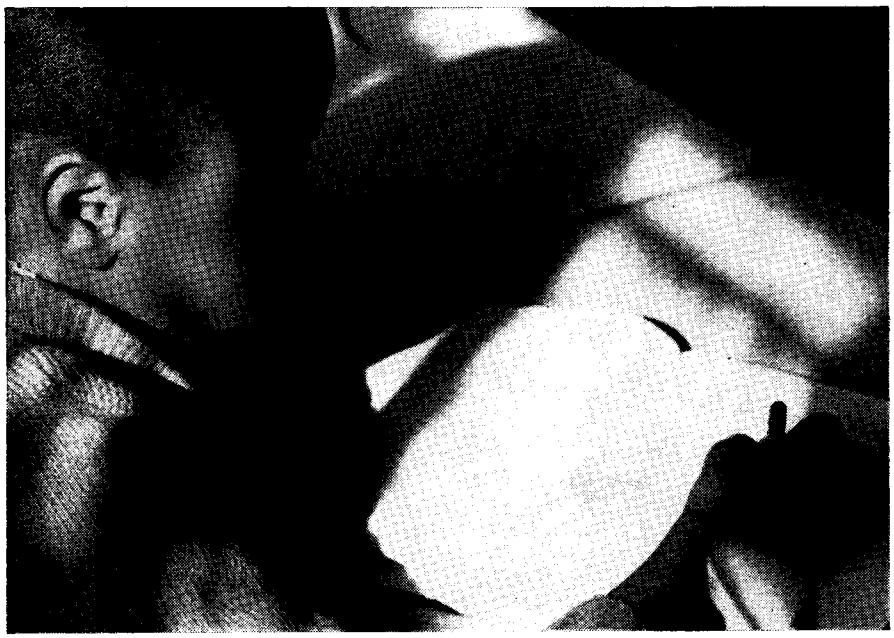
The Case for a Free Market



—Anna Kaufman (Bethel).

"Those who say that the manner of a school's governance has little effect on pupil achievement and learning are deluded."

By THEODORE R. SIZER

COMPETITION is the newest old panacea for the reform of American schools. The argument for it is simple: The public schools are a monopoly and monopolies offer neither variety nor high quality. As America needs both varied and excellent schools, competitive pressure is clearly required. A marketplace must be created for education, with children and their parents as the choice-making consumers. The consumers, the argument continues, will pick the better schools most of the time and, in so doing, will force the quality of all to improve.

Like all panaceas, this one suffers from oversimplification. Nonetheless, it has considerable merit, particularly if a "competitive" scheme were conceived as a part of a larger, comprehensive effort at school reform. The marketplace should not be the total arbiter of educational quality. Children are, on the whole, poor judges of the "product" they are buying; their parents' judgment is very uneven; and empirical evidence on the quality of schooling is meager and confusing. Still, the "consumer" should have some influence over the school he attends, enough to shape it in appropriate ways, but not enough to terrorize it. In a field where values are paramount—schools are places designed to *influence* children and as such are supremely moral enterprises—no group, students, parents, teachers, or government, should have total control. There should be a balance. Many of today's school systems do not permit sufficient diversity among individual students and individual schools. In doing so, they foster a dull conformity. Competition among schools must be added to the balance.

DESPITE evidence to the contrary particularly that cited in James S. Coleman's report *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, a change in control *can* lead to a change in the quality of children's learning. Some changes in control, such as turning the schools in black communities completely over to black educators, are essentially political maneuvers, provoked by a general dissatisfaction rather than by any specific theory about the means of educational reform. Some possibly inevitable shifts in control may be pedagogically harmful. But changes in control can be significant for children. Many significant things that children learn are untestable, and may be affected by the political structure of a school or school system. The attitudes of teachers, the pride (or lack of it) that parents have in a school, the extent of accountability of the staff—all may have subtle but important effects on learning. No one yet has documented this, but anyone who has taught in different schools knows that it is true. Those who say that the manner of a school's governance has little effect on pupil achievement and learning are deluded. New forms of control, including those that forward concepts of competition, will touch children.

There are various means to encourage competition, some essentially political and some fiscal. The one most in the public eye at present is decentralization, an effort to give more power over a particular school or school district to those in the immediate community served by that school. The arguments for decentralization usually do not originate in a belief in competition per se, but rather from the conviction that a minority group within a large community has been disregarded by the monopolistic system and will continue to be unless that group can influence the schools it uses. The Ocean Hill-Brownsville community in New York City wants more control over its schools because its leaders believe that their children are getting not only an inferior education but also one dominated primarily by white rather than black values.

Decentralization will create competing schools only in the sense that people unhappy with the schools in one district can move to another, and this possibility is unlikely in many communities due both to the large numbers of people involved and the restriction of lower-class Negroes from most suburban, middle-class white communities. Decentralization will give a small, relatively homogenous community—whether white or black, rich or poor—a school or schools over which it has monopolistic control. It would Balkanize big-city districts and return them, more or less, to the way they were organized seventy-five years ago. The variety in the city would be reflected by the variety in the schools. Each geographical group, more or less, would have its own public school enclave.

For political reasons, drastic and total decentralization may now be essential and inevitable. The black community in particular has been frustrated too long to weigh heavily the debits of such a move. It wants to control what its children learn and it wants to hire and fire the teachers who teach them. It will achieve this goal, but much tension and violence will precede it.

Apart from political realities, total decentralization has little to commend it. The biases of a tiny geographical minority will hold sway over children

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In hope of understanding each other

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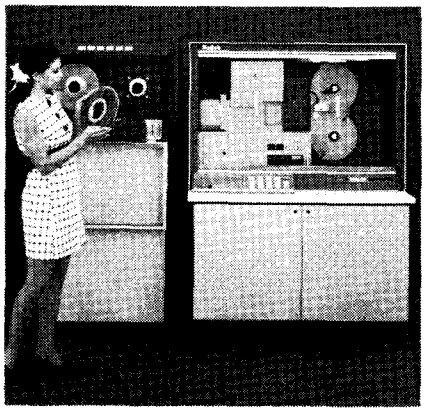
Ignore but keep



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If on the other hand, you see the point and are in a position to act on it, the Business Systems Division of Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. wants to find you.

Reaching and teaching the less bookish

There seems to be some problem as to who is willing to pay for science, let alone raise the ante a few percent per annum. If the difference between science and technology gets to be more widely grasped, the problem may get worse. Cheer may portend, however, in that more of the population now goes to college and there encounters science. Were this not so, scientists would be harder pressed than they now are to turn into technologists.

Scientists who teach are therefore well advised to do a good job of teaching at levels of the human genetic and cultural pool which science must tap for sustenance but where it is not quite enough to suggest that elementary wave mechanics, for example, can be understood by devoting an afternoon to Heitler's 190-page little classic on the subject.

There seem to be more effective routes to the minds of a generation whose education began before kindergarten with Saturday morning cartoon shows. We made the film those shows came on, and we make film on which, in the opening words of a recent announcement by the Commission on College Physics, "The physics film underground is about to go legit."

The Commission proposes a "film publication system," referee-controlled, whereby the physics teaching community turns out films for each other. Most of the activity is to be at the advanced undergraduate and the graduate levels, for which few films now exist.*

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If gadgetry can help bring light to the less bookish of the populace, let's not consider it indecent.

*The Commission can be reached at the University of Maryland, 4321 Hartwick Road, College Park, Md. 20740.

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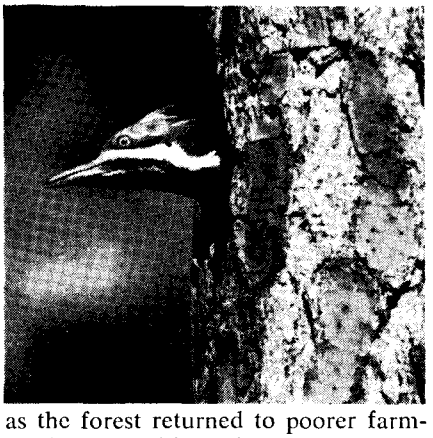
The log-cock



He was known as the log-cock long ago, when bird-watchers had no such high-flown label as "pileated woodpecker" and did their watching for the family table and for the game markets in the towns. He doesn't taste very good. Nevertheless, his numbers declined. Then he came back, as the forest returned to poorer farmsteads, abandoned with the recognition of agriculture as a business. He can be watched again in much of North America by watchers good at watching.

The behavior pattern that comes with his long, hairlike scarlet crest and his scarlet mustache makes him a living jackhammer. The chips that fly run 3, 4, even 6 inches in size. Rarely do he and his mate use for nesting one of the dead trees they have riddled in quest of ants. For a nest they select a special tree and spend a full month patiently and meticulously carving a huge chamber high up in it. The eggs are laid on the bed of chips. During daylight he and she take two-hour turns at incubating, but for the night he takes over alone.

The log-cock's world and man's remain in conflict in a minor way. A dead tree that has been impregnated with preservatives and replanted as a utility pole is still a dead tree to the log-cock. Computers may refine the figure, but $6 million is believed a fair estimate of the annual cost of the log-cock's assumption. We have reason to believe that if p-benzoquinone were added to the preservative recipe, he would be alerted to a difference. p-Benzoquinone is one of many chemicals that our manufacturing processes produce. Ingenuity in finding markets for them is admired in our marketers and gets them singled out as bright.

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who, if present patterns continue, will almost certainly not remain in the community where they were schooled. Little village bigotries will get disproportionate attention; teachers will find local pressures difficult to work under (ask anyone who has taught in a small, fundamentalist Protestant town); and pedagogical reform, which rarely arises from the grass roots, will be even more difficult to achieve than it is now.

Nonetheless, the political claims of the black community have become more persuasive than these educational drawbacks. It remains to be seen if a form of decentralization that minimizes pedagogical reaction can be evolved; early reports from the Ocean Hill-Brownsville experiment were hopeful.

While decentralization is primarily a

political scheme, a second, more radical plan would employ public money to create separate, private school systems for minorities. This approach would decentralize by persuasion rather than geography. An area with a mixed population could have, cheek by jowl, several public schools—for example, one run by the city (PS 121), one by the Catholic Church (St. Mary's School), and one by the black community (the Martin Luther King Freedom School). Under this scheme, all would receive public financial support in varying measures and in varying ways, perhaps in patterns similar to those used in the United Kingdom or, closer to home, in American private universities. In England, for example, some independent schools receive state aid for each student assigned to that school by a public authority; the school holds places open for such students. Some American private universities receive between 40 and 60 per cent of their annual operating funds from federal sources; they are, in Clark Kerr's term, "federal grant universities." "Public" and "private" are increasingly meaningless

The Inner City—A Superintendent's View

By CARL J. DOLCE

A VICTIM of his environment, the ghetto child begins his school career psychologically, socially, and physically disadvantaged. He is oriented to the present rather than the future, to immediate needs rather than delayed gratification, to the concrete rather than the abstract. He is often handicapped by limited verbal skills, low self-esteem, and a stunted drive toward achievement; by sight, hearing, and dental deficiencies; by hernias, malnutrition, and anemia.

Education in the ghetto, for the most part, has failed to come to grips with these predicaments. The ghetto child's failure to achieve according to middle-class standards is often reinforced by low expectations on the part of his teachers—and these constitute a form of self-fulfilling prophecy. A common notion among ghetto teachers is: "These children aren't prepared for learning in a formal setting; their achievement levels are low compared to middle-class children, so why expect them to achieve very much?"

Other factors aggravate conditions for learning in the ghetto. Schools tend to be older because ghettos generally form in older areas of the cities. They tend to be overcrowded because of the higher population density and greater proportion of children per family in the ghetto. Moreover, the flight to the suburbs by the middle class has eroded the tax base, and this has been largely responsible for the meager financial resources available to ghetto schools when compared to schools in the surrounding suburbs.

It is often assumed that recent progress in civil rights has established a framework for eventually resolving ghetto problems and that with future progress education in the ghetto will receive a new lease on life. These are faulty assumptions. There have been some legislative and judicial reforms—even some modification in public attitudes—but these have benefited the Negro middle class primarily. The ghetto poor are becoming poorer, and most educational institutions are failing to provide their children with instruction that relates to their present condition. The result is that demands have heightened for community control of ghetto schools as a means of providing parents with the power to determine what their children will learn and how they will learn it.

Paradoxically, education in the ghetto cannot be improved merely by intervention through the school. The many variables of the ghetto subculture will also have to be substantially modified. A public commitment is needed—a coordinated effort to provide jobs, eliminate crime, improve housing and transportation, health and welfare, as well as education. Such an effort will require creative adaptations from locality to locality because ghettos are not alike. Statistics may make them appear the same, but are misleading because they tend to have a non-human connotation, and those of us who don't live in the ghetto can never fully understand its problems.

Nonetheless, certain ghetto conditions and responses to them occur frequently enough to permit certain generalizations. Two basic aspects of ghetto life have overpowering effects upon the psychology of ghetto dwellers:

1) Ghettos are inhabited by people who live there because they have no alternative. Their lack of alternatives tends to create feelings of entrapment and powerlessness. Such feelings are difficult to simulate among persons who might live in a slum area by choice, but who have an escape whenever such escape is necessary or desirable. For most, the modern-day ghetto is not open-ended; rather it is closed and restrictive. The effect of television on the poor remains to be defined and measured. I suspect that it has served to heighten feelings of entrapment and powerlessness by emphasizing that there are alternative conditions which are enjoyed by the majority of Americans, but which are not open to the poor.

2) Ghetto areas, particularly black ghetto areas, are occupied by people who have a heritage of deprivation, frustration, maltreatment, and discrimination, and this heritage has a profound impact on their lives. The quality of life must be significantly different, in my judgment, for the inhabitants who, of necessity, live in the ghetto but whose style of living at one time was richer and more optimistic.

While these generalizations will not serve as valid bases for action in specific situations, they are important for analysis and understanding of ghetto conditions. But it should be recognized that all ghetto residents do not react to these two factors in the same manner. Neither do all ghetto residents live under the identical conditions or manifest the same characteristics.

By absolute standards, improvements are being made in the quality of life of ghetto residents, even in education. But by relative standards, compared to non-ghetto residents, the differences are widening. Our individual and national consciences must not allow such conditions to continue.

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In handling blocks of stocks. In the 111 trading days of a recent six-month period, Salomon Brothers & Hutzler handled 448 blocks of 10,000 shares or more, and 172 blocks of 25,000 shares or more. Total shares came to 14,309,064, a dollar volume of $756,100,000.

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terms in U.S. higher education. Perhaps they should be in elementary education, too.

Many who gasp at the prospect of publicly financed black private schools fail to see the extent of the precedent set by Catholics in many large cities. Between a quarter and a third of all school-age children in New York City are educated in Catholic schools, saving the taxpayer (if not the Catholic parents) a very large sum indeed. Their schools were created in the early part of the century to keep Catholic traditions strong and to counteract the implicitly but unmistakably Protestant teaching found in the public schools. They are *segregated* schools—segregated by religion, though open to all.

Catholic schools are facing a financial crisis that can only be solved by some form of public aid to their system. Public aid to their schools may be cheaper in the long run than the costs of absorbing their youngsters into an expanded public system and, if this is true, the pragmatic American will willy-nilly get over his church-state hang-up. Taxes now seem to be a more telling issue than theology.

But a black school system? Such a plan would segregate—as did the Catholic schools. Clearly racial, religious, and economic integration must remain a fixed goal, and a central one for the society, but integration in a practical, short-term sense may be in some cities an impossibility now. The best solution, some say, may be a system responsive to and for the black community. This is sad, a measure of the galling failure of integration over the last fifteen years.

Competition in this scheme, then, would be among public systems of special persuasions—white, Protestant-liberal; Jewish; Catholic; black; and others. The competition would be essentially ideological, and children would attend one or another school because of their religion or race or some other persuasion. In many ways such a system would exalt bigotry, separatism, and apartheid. It could be as cloistered and as narrow as geographically decentralized districts. But, as with decentralization, it may be politically inevitable.

Widely differing public and private schools will inevitably have some goals in common. All might agree on some product—the skills of reading for example. Many existing schools, public and private, teach these skills poorly. One way to improve the product would be to create competition, say, among purveyors of reading skills, private companies who would contract for a program within a school, or even of an entire school. The consumer could state the product desired—competence at reading to some definable level—and the contractor would be obliged to reach it. The contractor which did so most cheaply and quickly would prosper—and so would the youngsters being taught.

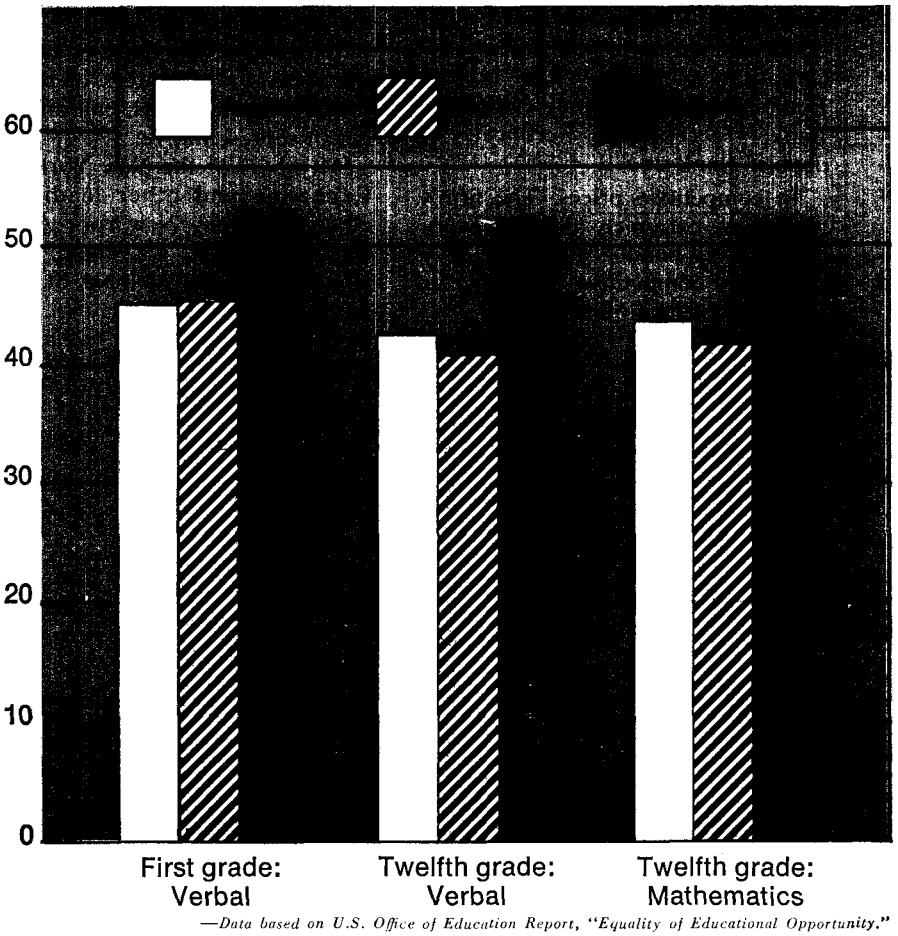
This third competitive scheme most resembles the industrial sector. Private concerns contract and compete. But the industrial sector requires a *specific,* measurable product, and much of education is unspecific and unmeasurable. Feeling, joy, love, appreciation, candor, and compassion should all be "taught" in school; but how can we measure these in a way suitable for a contract? All must be judged subjectively or taken on faith. Competitive industry has no useful place here. However, it may well have a place in skill training, as the textbook industry has demonstrated. Schools might now contract for more than texts alone, for teams of teachers and pedagogical equipment to come along with the materials. And schools might start insisting that both texts and teachers deliver what they promise. In certain well defined areas, competition among contractors might have considerable merit. Other areas are so ill defined that a contractor could too readily slight them. Such areas need support on faith.

A fourth scheme to increase competition is a classic like those preceding: Give public money *directly* to the children and let them and their parents choose their own school. This idea has deep roots. Its best-known present advocate is economist Milton Friedman.

One version of this scheme gives to poor children a voucher which can be cashed by the particular school that the child and his parents select. The poorer the child the more valuable the voucher: A child from a severely restricted background will require more expensive services than one from a wealthier family.

A major virtue of this plan is that it concentrates resources directly on the particular school, public or private, that a poor youngster attends. No money gets creamed off as it passes through intervening bureaucracies, and a public school with a large number of children from very poor families might obtain through vouchers a sum several times as great as its central budget.

Competition would be forwarded in several ways. The scheme would allow private schools in the slums to survive. If an "open enrollment" policy existed among the schools of a system, it would provoke competition by making a poor child a financial asset: A school with a significant number of poor children—and thus a significantly enlarged budget—could mount a program for *all* youngsters which was notably richer than that found in other schools. Principals of



—Data based on U.S. Office of Education Report, "Equality of Educational Opportunity."

Existing schools appear to provide little opportunity for minority groups to overcome initial deficiencies. (Scores are based on nationally standardized tests for which the median score would be 50.)

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DOCTOR OF TOMORROW

Listen, Doctor.

Taking a patient's history is an art this medical student won't master on his first try. Or his hundredth. He must learn to win a stranger's trust, then ask questions that are clear and probe deeply. Above all, he must learn to listen. Listen and sense the important things left unsaid.

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One man's fight against

"We can test materials in a lab to a point," says Wayne Friend of International Nickel. "Then we have to get out and face life. We install these racks of samples to see how each material stands up to real operating conditions."

"Watch the gauges. Is the plant running the way they think it is? Are the temperatures, pressures, volumes, and chemicals what they are meant to be? Or has a variable gotten into the system? If so, the answer may be a new alloy."

"We have to look inside the system. Are the arteries healthy? If not, what is the disease? Pitting? Stress corrosion cracking? Erosion? Then what is the cause of this symptom. And, how do we cure it?"

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his "hungry enemy"

Ever since Wayne Friend came out of West Virginia with one of the earliest Master's in chemical engineering, he's waged war with a "hungry enemy"—the corrosion of plant and equipment that costs American industry, and the consumer, as much as $10 billion a year.

As an applications engineer for International Nickel, Wayne has been assigned to helping chemical companies build better processing plants. These are the plants that produce fertilizers, detergents, plastics, medicines, synthetic fibers, and the many basic chemicals needed by still other plants. Their costs affect the prices we pay for everything from food to clothing to transportation to medical care.

"We go to a plant where equipment is broken down, a reactor is badly corroded, or some piping has holes eaten through it, and we get a lot of satisfaction," says Wayne, "out of being able to help them figure out what to do about it."

Nowhere is corrosion more a problem than in the chemical industry where things like hot caustics, great pressures, and abrasive velocities eat right through some materials.

"It may be just a matter of changing the temperature a bit, or eliminating some water, or adding something to the mixture. But replacement with a different alloy is often the answer. That's where nickel comes in.

"Many of the alloys that work contain nickel. But we try to be conservative about it. We tell them what our experience has been and let 'em make up their own minds."

Wayne Friend is retiring next month. He'll be missed. But he'll be replaced by Inco men with the same kind of background and outlook. And they'll see to it that his work goes on.

Some other facts about nickel and about us:

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We're doing everything we can to produce more nickel. Searching around the world—Indonesia, Australia, Guatemala, Canada. We've found ways to extract nickel from ores thought too poor to mine a few years ago.

We count our blessings and respect our surroundings. From nickel ores, we also recover platinum, palladium, and twelve other commercially useful elements. We make iron pellets for steel. Smoke in our stacks is converted to chemicals for other industries. On sand left from processing ore, we grow meadows of hay to control dust storms.

We are 32,500 people in 18 countries—miners, researchers, market builders. We work at the whole job—from geodesy to agronomy, metallurgy to economics, theory to practice. We bring opportunity to underdeveloped lands, new technologies, new payrolls, new tax income.

Nickel in the ground is useless.
We put it to work.

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schools might thus compete for poor students. In communities where inter-city pupil transfer plans such as Boston's METCO and Hartford's Project Concern were in effect, wealthy suburban schools might be particularly persuaded to enroll poor inner-city youngsters, thus forwarding class, and perhaps racial, integration. Put boldly, they might be bribed into taking many poor youngsters. Idealism spiced with cash has been a typical American recipe for action.

By giving power to poor parents to choose schools for their youngsters, such a plan provides some of the real freedom of choice enjoyed by the middle class. Some of this freedom will surely be abused, as it was and is under higher education's GI Bill, but it remains a lesser evil than the total monopoly over ghetto education now held by political leaders and professionals. It will distribute power, and give parents some options, some clear leverage on their neighborhood school (the leverage of removing their child and his voucher), and some "desirability" (a poor child brings money with him).

Total free enterprise cannot be tolerated, of course. As with the GI Bill, only accredited schools could cash vouchers, and to be accredited a school would be required to admit students of any race, color, or creed. Public money through vouchers could help schools started with black (or white) initiative, but they could not be used to forward deliberate segregation. Competition, as we have said, may reward bigotry; competition has this risk inherent within it. But bigotry and racism can be held in check if there are adequate civil rights restrictions written into the laws launching and establishing such a program and adequate resources appropriated for policing it. A voucher scheme without such safeguards could undermine the small, but important steps toward integration in places where it is possible. Furthermore, a voucher plan for all children (not just poor children) that replaced some existing sources of public aid would cripple the public schools and would give excessive power to middle-class parents. A voucher scheme must be a supplement to the present system—better yet, a part of a new comprenhensive funding plan—and *must discriminate in favor of poor children.*

—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer).*

"A voucher scheme must be a supplement to the present system—better yet, a part of a new comprehensive funding plan—and *must discriminate in favor of poor children.*"

Such, in admittedly oversimplified outline, are four devices to extend competition among schools. All four will loosen up the present system by changing the power structure. The public monopoly in education would either have within it competing parts or would be pressed to high quality service by publicly financed private schools (in much the same way as our private universities, now heavily supported with public funds, compete with public higher education).

There are, of course, problems with competition as a means to improve the schools. As soon as one gives power of choice to parents, one must provide sound information about the several available options in a community. Accreditation by the state or regional authorities must be strengthened and made relevant, a staggering intellectual and practical task. Evaluation must be extended and improved, on a large scale. The National Assessment Program, launched two years ago, is a small step in this direction. The strengths and weaknesses of schools should not be left wholly to gossip and unsupported assertions.

A problem of equal complexity will come as schools become more varied and hold sharply differing ideologies. The states will have to allow for diversity, but prevent destructive extremism. In a society made increasingly homogeneous by the mass media, education carries a new responsibility for this diversity and for nurturing cultural identities of great variety. The school should no longer be the melting pot, if it ever was. It should be the vehicle for individual and group identity within a broad American system, but not a slave to it. While it is obvious that the state must prevent obvious extremists of any persuasion from dominating any school, it must recognize and honor responsible diversity. The need for the common school has largely passed; television has seen to that. We need more critical, culturally dissenting, and intellectually vigorous people. Today's schools must produce these.

FINALLY there is the political problem. The public school is Mom and apple pie. The facts that it is a monopoly and that all children with few exceptions are *forced* to submit to *communal* schooling rarely dissuade July Fourth orators. The notion of deliberately creating entities to compete with Mom is jarring indeed, and will be lost on more than a few Washington lobbyists.

However, in context and as part of a large, careful scheme for the reform of American education, one or more schemes to abet competition among schools have considerable promise. Perhaps American educators and politicians are mature enough to see the promise as well as the problems. Curiously these radical notions may be more congenial to the Republican than to the Democratic party.

Policies encouraging competition will only have effect if embedded in a larger plan for educational reform. Decentrali-

(*Continued on page* 93)

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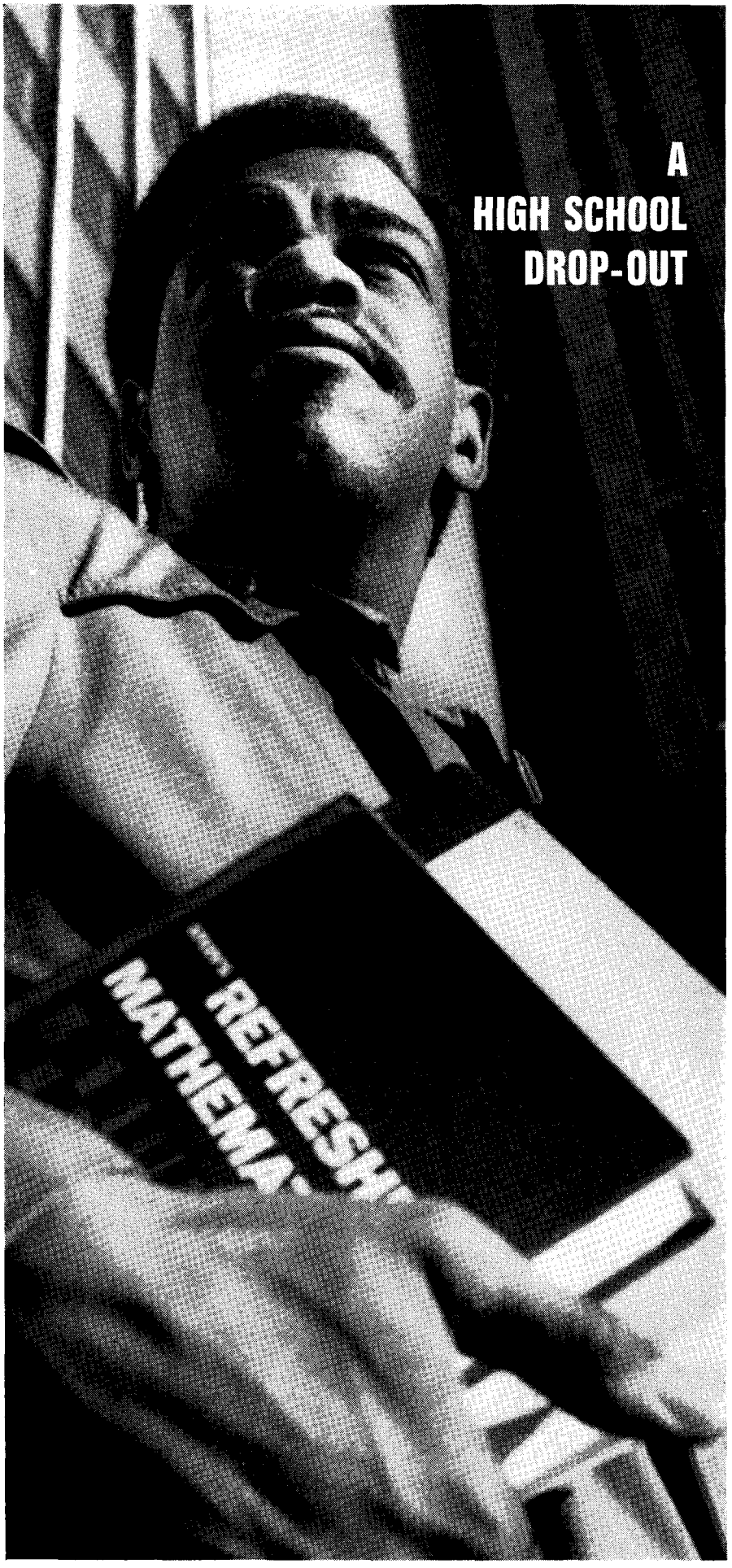

Pictured above Terry Sutton, a student presently in the program.

Until Time Inc. Asked Him to Drop In

At age 19, Leroy had bigger problems than just quitting school in the tenth grade. Like a run-in with the law and no skills to land a decent job.

Then Time Inc. recruited him into its work-study program for hard-core unemployed youth. He was offered a position with the publishing company... provided he would also attend high school equivalency classes, taught by professional tutors *during* work hours.

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After months of learning to cope with new disciplines in a new environment, he earned his high school diploma. And because his vision of himself and the world deepened, he dared to take—and pass—college placement exams. Leroy is now at Shaw University in Raleigh, North Carolina, on a full scholarship.

The work-study project, one of several Time Inc. minority programs, has helped others go on to college. Still others have successfully entered the job market. And a few have become drop-outs for the second time. What counts is that the program helps drop-outs become drop-ins. It is one of many ways business can help plug the American brain drain.

This Time Inc. program is small—only twenty youths. But multiply that times the number of companies in the United States...

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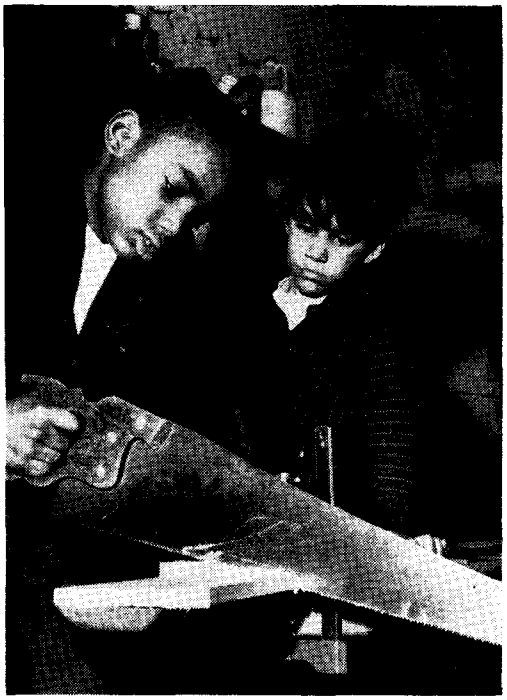
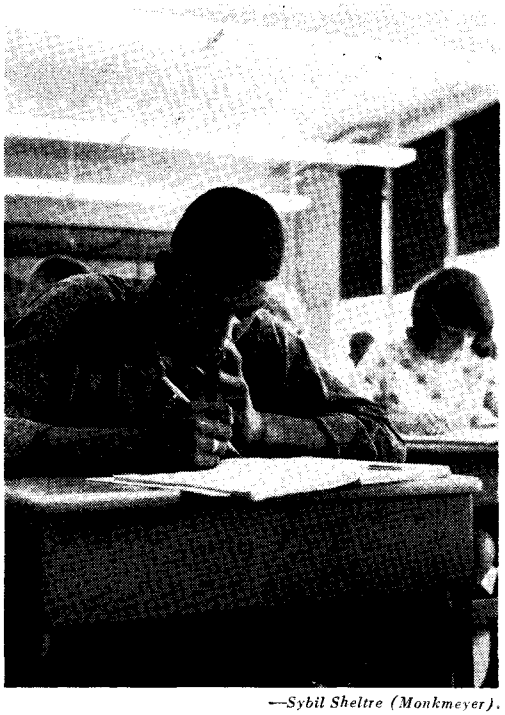
Inequities of School Finance



—Irene Bayer (Monkmeyer).

"If educational opportunities are unequal, then the American experiment in equality of opportunity must fail."



—Sybil Sheltre (Monkmeyer).

"The evidence indicates that we are indeed failing. Nor is there any strong indication that we are about to correct this failure."

By ALAN K. CAMPBELL

THROUGHOUT its history this nation has stressed education as the primary means of guaranteeing every citizen an equal chance at obtaining the rewards of an open society. If educational opportunities are unequal, then the American experiment in equality of opportunity must fail. The evidence indicates that we are indeed failing. Nor is there any strong indication that we are about to correct this failure.

It is possible, of course, to read the evidence differently. The proportion of national income devoted to education is increasing, as is the proportion of total public expenditure for education. But these favorable trends do not overcome one of the fundamental weaknesses of our educational system—the basic mismatch between inadequate educational resources and great educational needs. This inequality is the result of an allocation system which provides more resources for educating the suburban child than the city child. Such differences would make sense, if it were easier to educate the city child than the suburban child. Just the opposite, of course, is the case.

The problem of matching resources to needs in education was created by a redistribution of population in the United States. The result has been that poor, less educated, non-white Americans are staying in the central cities, while higher-income, white families, and a substantial part of the industrial sector are moving to the suburbs and taking their tax base with them. This phenomenon varies with the size of the metropolitan area and the region of the country, but it applies with force to most large metropolitan areas.

While this shift in population was occurring, research studies were demonstrating that the single best indicator of educational achievement is the family background of the pupil. Thus, it was made clear that a lower-income city student was at a significant educational disadvantage when compared to a more affluent student in a suburban community. Further, it became apparent that educational programs were essentially designed by middle-income people for middle-income students. Educational materials are full of examples and illustrations drawn from the life of the suburban middle class. Teachers are recruited largely from the middle-income stratum and are trained in schools of education and liberal arts colleges by faculty members who come from this same background.

All of this demonstrates that present personnel and educational practices are not equal to the needs of the city child. Curricula must be revised, teacher-training changed, and teaching methods adjusted to his needs. To do all these things will require new and massive resources. Small incremental differences will not do the job.

Despite the obvious need for more resources in city schools, we are spending less—any way you measure it—in the cities than in the suburbs. For the thirty-seven largest U.S. metropolitan areas, the average per capita expenditure for education in the central cities is $82; the same expenditure in the suburbs is $113. On a per student basis, the comparable figures are $449 for the cities and $573 for the suburbs. These figures would not be so startling if the gap between city and suburb appeared to be closing. It is widening however. To compete with the suburbs, central cities must have a resource advantage. Yet, the present system of resource allocation clearly discriminates against the city. Why?

Because of educational difficulties in many central-city schools, experienced teachers seek assignments in the so-called "better" schools within the city system; many abandon the central city entirely for more attractive suburban districts. Schools are older, and site costs for new buildings are higher in the city than in the suburbs. Moreover, the pressure for other public services—police protection, welfare, and the like—is greater in the city.

TO a large extent, it is the available income which influences the ability of a governmental unit to meet the service requirements of its population. Central cities are losing ground in this respect, while their functional needs are increasing simultaneously. As part of the metropolitan pattern, economic activities are becoming decentralized, moving from the core city to the surrounding areas and weakening the central-city tax base in the process. An examination of the central cities of twelve large metropolitan areas demonstrates that the proportion of manufacturing compared to that of suburban areas has clearly declined over the past three decades, especially in the post-World War II period. In 1929, these twelve cities accounted, on the average, for 66 per cent of manufacturing employment. This percentage decreased to 61 per cent by 1947, dropped to 49 per cent by 1958, and has since declined even further.

As industries continue to move outward, taxable assessed valuation – the source of local property taxes—has barely

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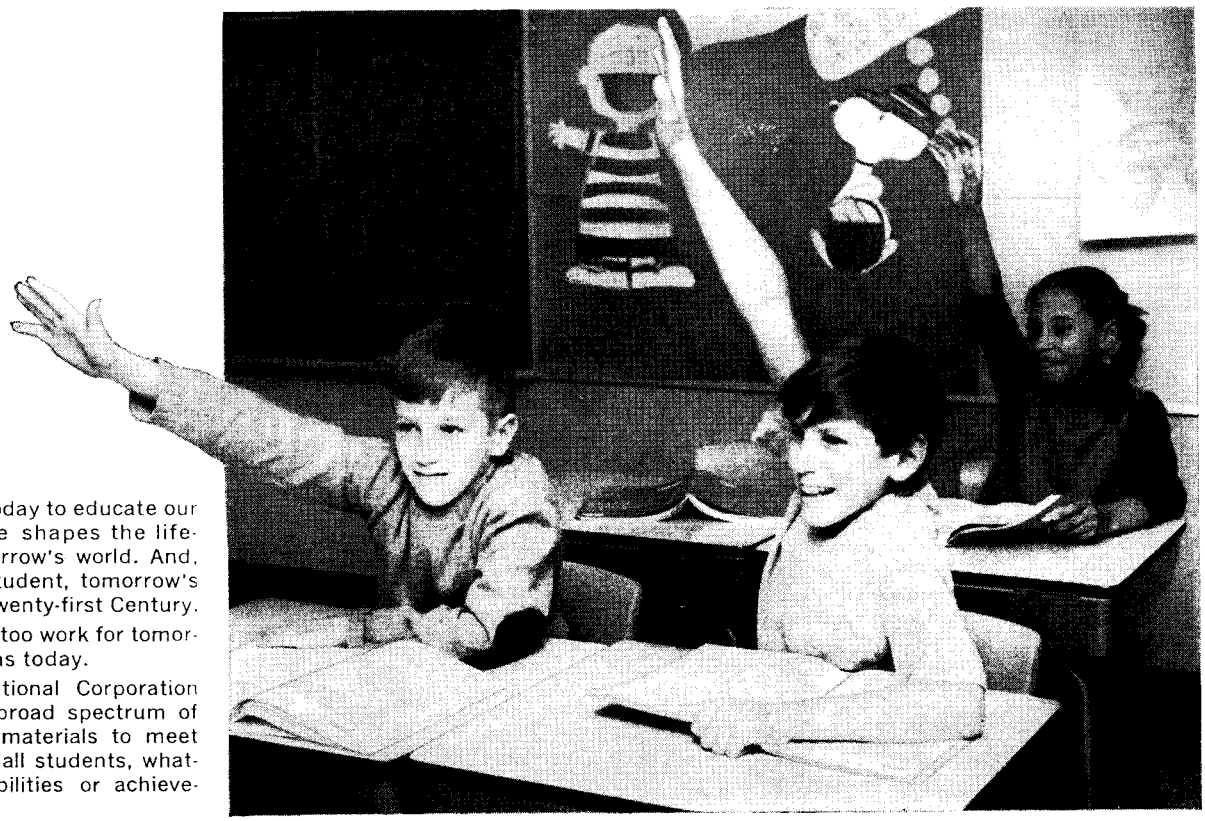

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held its own in many localities and has actually declined in several large cities. For example, in a recent five-year period, the percentage changes in taxable assessed valuation for seven cities were: Baltimore, −11 per cent; Boston, −1 per cent; Buffalo, −1 per cent; Detroit, −2 per cent; St. Louis, +1 per cent; Philadelphia, +3 per cent; and Cleveland, −3 per cent.

Translated into educational terms, the tax base in large cities has not kept pace with the recent growth and changing nature of the school population in these cities. Indeed, an examination of the per pupil taxable assessed valuation over a five-year period shows that ten large cities out of fourteen experienced a decrease in this source of revenue. Since local property taxes are the major source of local educational revenues, large city schools can barely meet ordinary education needs, let alone resolve problems resulting from shifting population patterns. Complicating the picture is the burden which non-educational services place on the tax bases of central cities. Non-educational expenditures constitute 68 per cent of total public expenditures in the central cities of the thirty-seven largest metropolitan areas. The comparable percentage for the suburbs is only 47 per cent. Accordingly, the distribution of needs and resources creates heavier total local tax burdens in cities than in suburbs. Measured against personal income, local taxes constitute 8 per cent of that income in cities and only 6 per cent in suburbs, or a one-third greater burden on city taxpayers.

—Fujihira (Monkmeyer).

"Aid should flow from areas of greater than average resources to areas of greater than average need."

—Irene Bayer (Monkmeyer).

ONE of the means by which the American fiscal system can overcome such disparities is intergovernmental aid. By this device, aid should flow from areas of greater than average resources to areas of greater than average need. Until recently, state and federal aid systems for education worked just that way. It took resources from centers of wealth, the cities, and provided it to the less affluent rural areas. But today, the aid system does not allocate resources relative to need, whether measured as total need or for education alone. Most revealing about the present fiscal system is the failure of aid, either state or federal, to fill the gap left by the unequal distribution of local resources available. For example, state and federal aid supports 27 per cent of public expenditures in central cities, while supporting 29 per cent of those in suburban areas, and 37 per cent of all local expenditures in the rest of the nation. Considered as a proportion of local tax effort, federal and state aid represents only 44 per cent of central-city taxes; the comparable figure for suburbia is 53 per cent, and for the rest of the nation, 74 per cent.

It may be that the single greatest failure of the aid system is in the field of education. State education formulas provide substantially greater aid to suburban districts than to city districts. Completely current data is impossible to obtain, but in 1962, per capita education aid in the central cities was $20.73, while in the suburban areas it was $37.66. On a per student basis the gap is equally dramatic, as shown by data for New York State. In New York State's six metropolitan areas during the school year 1966-67, the average difference between educational aid to the central cities and that to the school districts in the rest of the counties in which the central cities were located was more than $100 per pupil. Recently enacted federal education aid programs may help to close the gap between city and suburb, but thus far the funds involved are painfully insufficient. Is there any evidence that this allocation pattern will be corrected?

The disparities certainly cannot be

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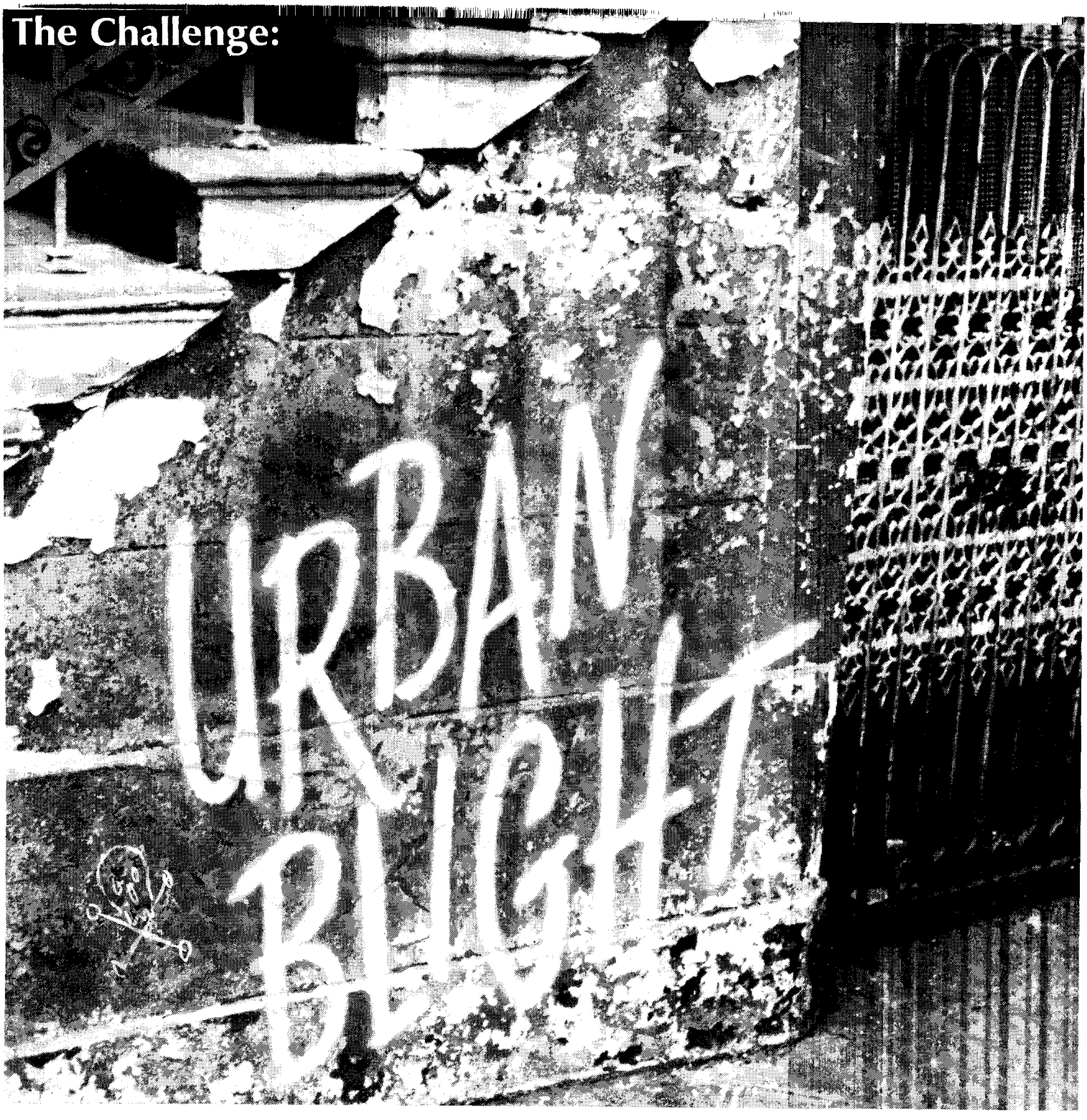

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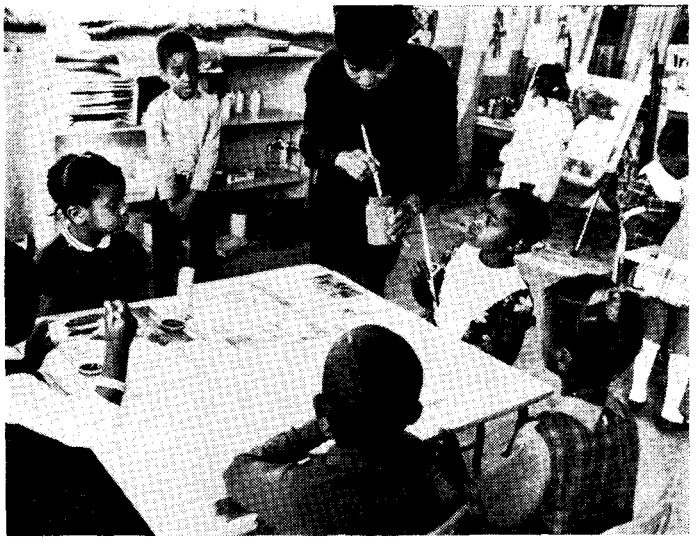


—Photos by Anna Kaufman (Bethel).

"Whether the answer is integration, compensatory education, community control, more private schools, or some combination of these and other approaches, the cost will be high."

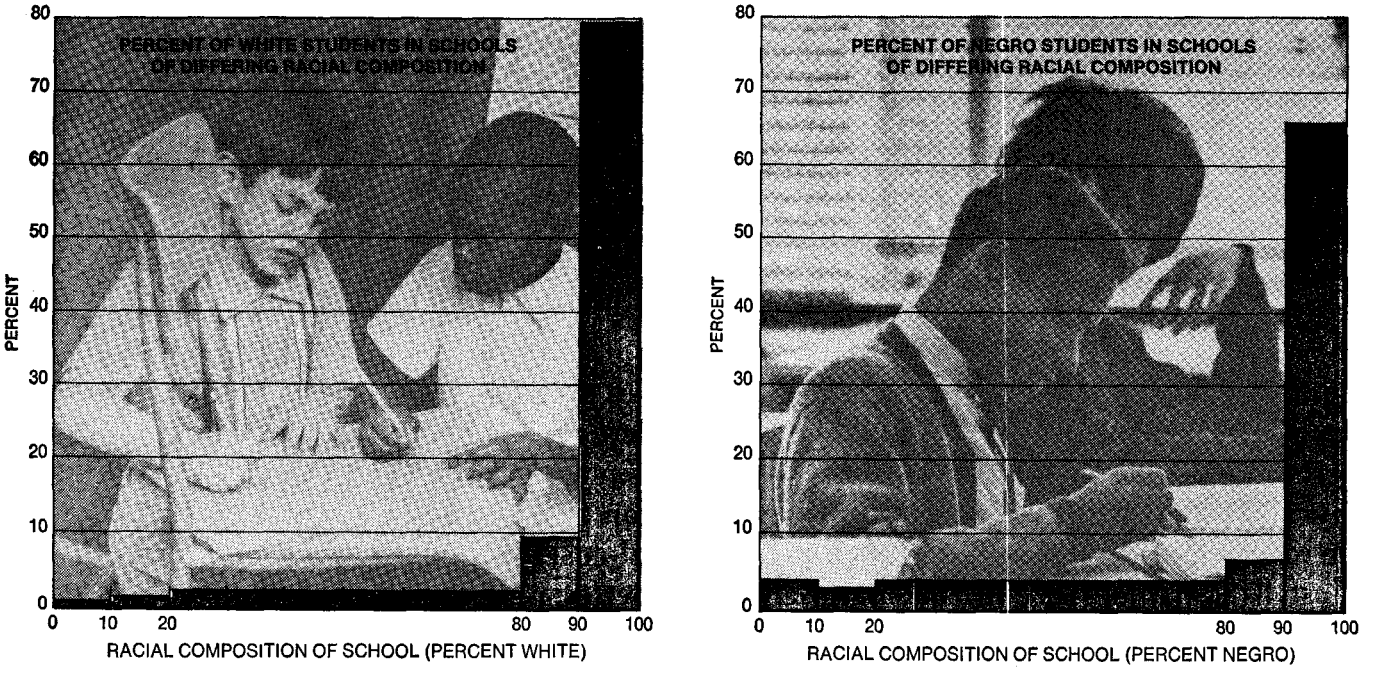
overcome by increased local tax effort; the fiscal bind in which most cities find themselves is well known. And the behavior of city school boards does not indicate any sweeping changes in the allocation of resources. Nor is there much evidence that states are likely to provide greater assistance for their cities. The states have the power to assume functions which are performed locally. They could adapt their aid systems to current metropolitan patterns, and they could adjust the boundaries of local government accordingly. However, these powers and responsibilities have been exercised sparingly, if at all. The former bias of state legislatures in favor of rural areas seems to have been translated by reapportionment into a bias in favor of suburban areas.

There has been much controversy and uncertainty about how educational disadvantage can be overcome. But one thing is clear, it cannot be done cheaply. Whether the answer is integration, compensatory education, community control, more private schools, or some combination of these and other approaches, the cost will be high. To substitute educational experimentation and innovation for increased resources is to sentence those experiments to failure.

Further, the educational problems now found in cities are becoming increasingly apparent in some suburban areas. As more and more people move to suburbia, communities are being created with many central-city characteristics. Tax burdens are high, educational disadvantage is growing, and political resistance to applying increased local resources to education is on the rise. Unless major breakthroughs in central city education are made soon, the same problems will spread throughout metropolitan areas.

The present allocation of resources may match the distribution of political power in American society; but it does not match the distribution of need. If we are to make breakthroughs, it must.

SCHOOL SEGREGATION—BLACK AND WHITE



A graphic illustration of segregation as a fact—Almost 80 per cent of white students attend schools that are more than 90 per cent white; 65 per cent of Negro students attend schools that are more than 90 per cent Negro. In its desegregation decision of 1954, the Supreme Court held that separate schools for Negro and white children are inherently unequal. When measured by that yardstick, American education remains largely unequal in most regions of the country.

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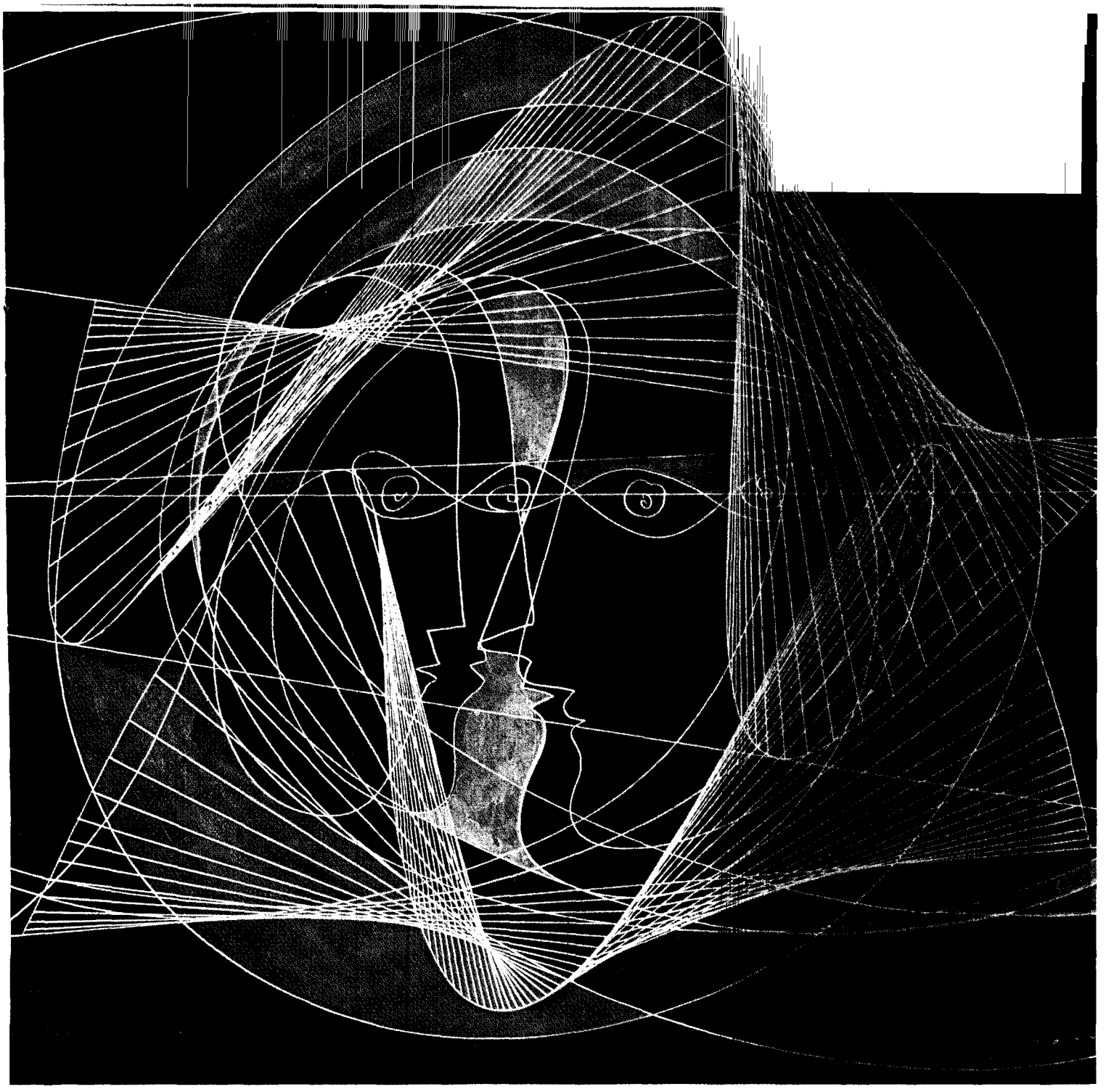

"no man is an island..."

The day when we could read about a crop failure in India or an earthquake in Chile and feel that we were not involved is gone forever. Whether we like it or not, we are members of an interdependent society of the whole world.

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—Photos by Anne Kaufman (Bethel).

"The black community has decided that it has to make the decisions about what can and cannot be tolerated for its children because society as a whole has largely failed the black community in this respect."

THE CASE FOR LOCAL CONTROL

By KENNETH W. HASKINS

COMMUNITY control means only one thing: the public institutions that serve a particular community should be controlled by it. In education this movement has grown out of the failure of existing institutions to meet the needs of the children of the black community.

The term "racism" is often used in discussions of community control, and people recoil from it. But racism doesn't always mean racism of, say, the George Wallace type. It means, for example, that a public school system that fails poor black children can be tolerated, while a public school system that fails white middle-class children cannot. The black community, therefore, has decided that it has to make the decisions about what can and cannot be tolerated for its children because society as a whole has largely failed the black community in this respect.

I am the principal of the Morgan Community School in Washington, D.C., a school that is now community controlled. Four years ago, before I came, the school had four classes in the auditorium. It is a very old building, and the auditorium was the only extra facility. Parents could no longer register their children in kindergarten because it was overcrowded, and the first, second, and third grades were on half-day sessions. Textbooks were poor and in bad condition, and the school had very little equipment. It wasn't until the parents really got concerned and organized that things began to change.

If a community school is to have any meaning, it must take its character from the nature of the people living in the community and from the children utilizing the school—rather than rigidly defining itself as an institution that accepts only those people who fit into a preconceived definition. This would mean that there would be a minimum of social problems in the school because what is socially acceptable in the community would be worked with and tolerated within the school setting. Such terms as "uneducable" or "unteachable" must be separated from forms of social behavior.

For example: I live in a community where children fight in the street. It doesn't bother me particularly; that is the way they get their reputations. I grew up in the same kind of neighborhood, and I don't believe that children who fight at the age of five, six, or seven necessarily grow up to be criminals. But because there are a few middle-class children in my school whose parents don't want their children exposed to fighting, should I call every child who fights a criminal and force him into a pattern of conformity that is alien to him? If the child is not a problem at home or in the community, but he fights in school, should I consider the fighting in itself a problem? If so, I become obligated to solve it, and that usually means calling in a psychologist and giving the child labels such as "emotionally disturbed" or "aggressive." This gives the school ammunition to push the child further away.

I have found that once you stop fighting with children about fighting, the incidence of fighting diminishes because you no longer have teachers and students acting like prison guards and inmates. You don't condone fighting, but you don't stop it simply because someone labels it a problem; you stop it because young people should be taught that there are better ways of handling social relationships.

In a sense, schools should relate to the people who use them in much the same way that any other producer re-

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—Irene Bayer (Monkmeyer).

"If a community school is to have any meaning, it must take its character from the nature of the people living in the community and from the children utilizing the school."

lates to a consumer. I would like to see schools in Spanish-speaking neighborhoods be forced, because of their relationship to the community, to put up signs saying SE HABLA ESPANOL as quickly as every store in the community had to put one up in order to stay in business. I have seen stores do this in one or two days, but schools spend fifteen years in a Spanish-speaking neighborhood without one Spanish-speaking teacher in the school. The teachers merely speak English louder, and the louder they talk the less the pupils understand them—so the more ignorant the pupils are.

When you talk about community control, questions are always raised about who is asking for control—about making certain that the militants don't take over. The people of the black community can take care of their own militants. They really don't need anybody else to define for them who are militants, particularly not those who three or four years ago were calling Roy Wilkins a militant. People learn by their mistakes. The right to vote means that you can vote again in two or three years; if someone doesn't represent you, you can get rid of him. You don't need people from outside to make definitions and selections for you, unless, of course, you really feel you are not capable of making decisions for yourself.

A lawyer recently told me that we were extralegal. Now he might be right. But I am talking about black people in this country. And in the 1800s if someone had been teaching me how to read and write, that would have been extralegal. Extralegal means one thing for people who are afraid of breaking the law because they have something to lose, and another for those who don't. What does it mean if I am extralegal? Are they going to put me in jail? What sort of crime is it when people are trying to educate their children in a way that somehow doesn't fit with the organic law of 1906?

The community-control movement is irreversible, and I think it is time for people to recognize this. I say this not as a threat but because I am part of the movement and I wouldn't know how to stop it if I wanted to. So if industry has something to offer the movement, it should offer it to the parents. And if the educators have something to sell, they should learn how to talk to the people who are buying. It makes very little sense for school superintendents to talk among themselves about "cognition" and things they can't even define in their own circles when they should be talking to the parents.

Despite the fact that community control is moving with such force, no community has yet achieved the degree of control that it needs to make the movement succeed. Yet the success—and failure—of community control is already being discussed. Community control has emerged not because of the great promise that it holds for the education of black children, but because of the failure of what has taken place so far.

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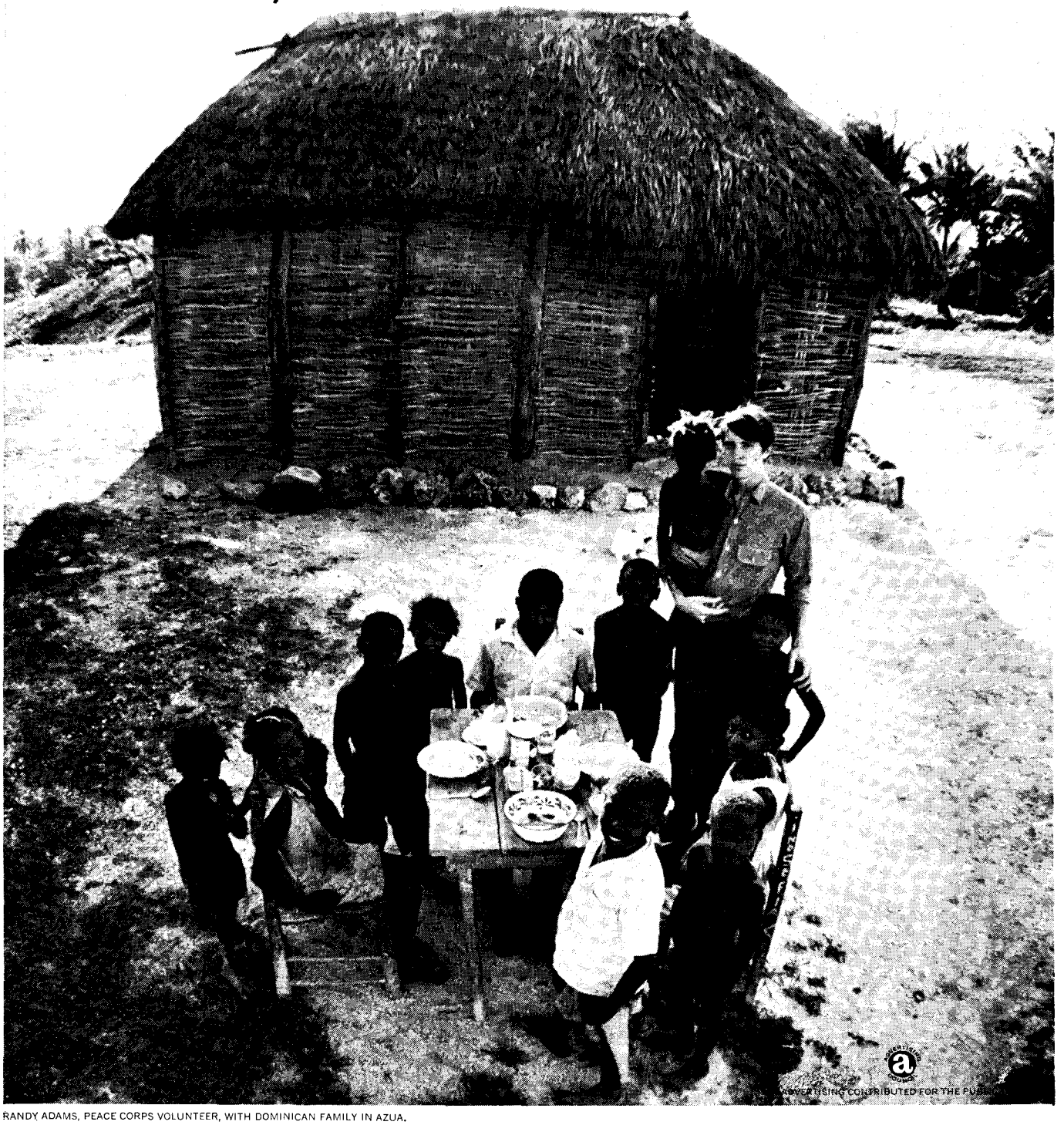
If you told these people The Peace Corps is the hypocritical extension of an imperialistic establishment's military industrial complex, they would think you were crazy.

And you would be.



RANDY ADAMS, PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER, WITH DOMINICAN FAMILY IN AZUA.

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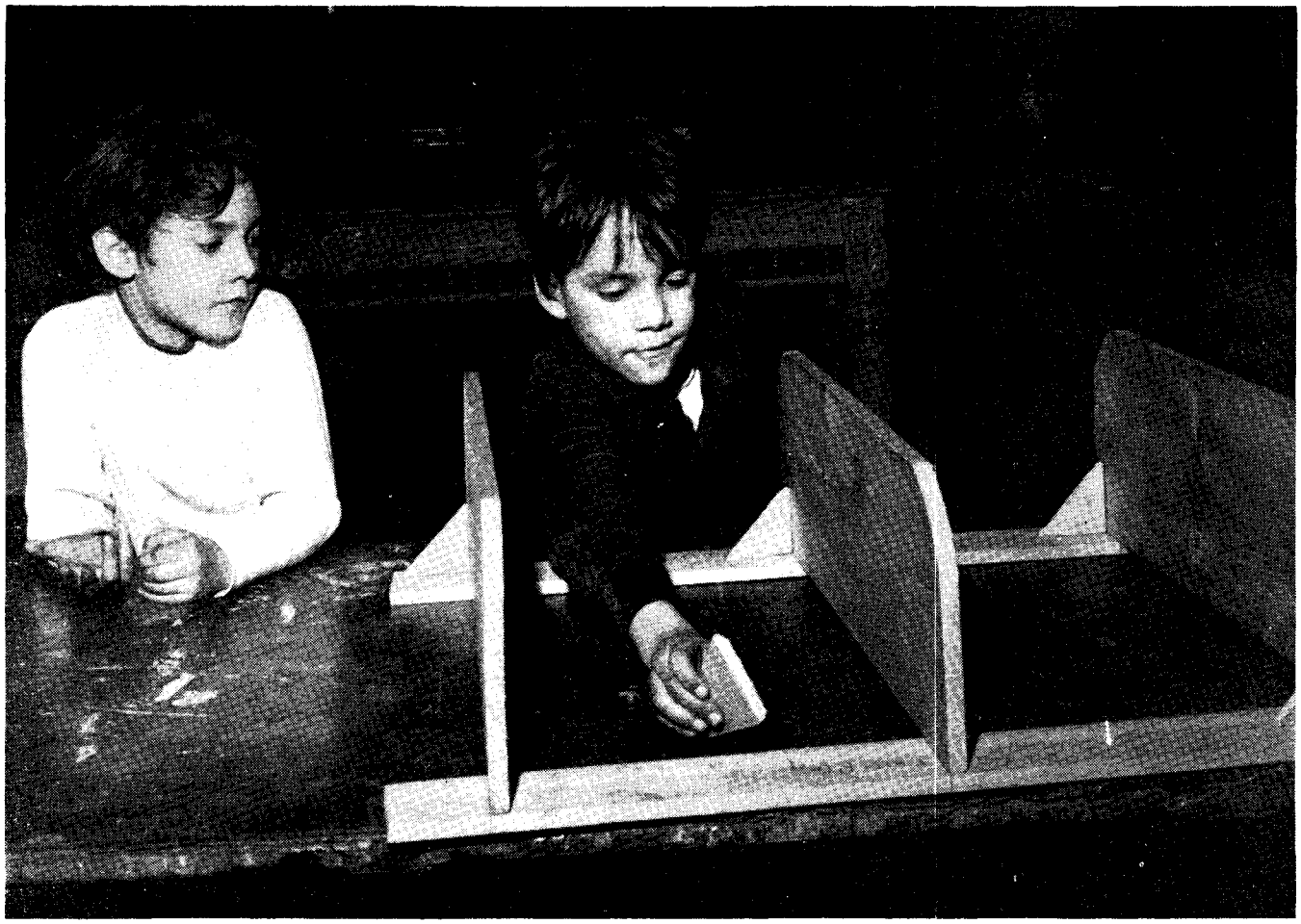

—*Irene Buyes (Monkmeyer).*

"Before we accept the slogan that 'money is not the answer,' we ought to try the money approach just once."

EDUCATION IN THE GHETTO

What's Wrong with Compensatory Education

By ALBERT SHANKER

WHICH are we to have—effective education or compensatory education?

Compensatory education, which was once thought the answer to our educational problems, is now under heavy attack for a number of reasons. First, it has been used in various parts of this country as a substitute for school integration. When civil rights proponents demanded integration, they were offered improved segregated facilities instead. This is one of the reasons why compensatory education has earned a poor reputation.

There is a second reason. The concept of compensation brought with it an implication that somehow something was wrong with the child, not with the schools, teachers, or our educational institutions. It was the child who was deprived; therefore, we had to do something to compensate for the deprivation of the child. Thus, the theory behind compensatory education, it is charged, is one-sided in placing the blame for educational failure.

Third, the child is subjected to large classes, inadequately trained teachers, and a poor curriculum. School systems try to undo the damage done during the school day after school hours, or in a summer school program, or an evening school. We put the child in a setting where he is likely to fail, and then attempt remediation, or to undo what we did to him in the first place.

There are a number of reasons why this remediation approach has been used. In the first place, it is relatively inexpensive. If we were to talk about reducing class size, not by one, or two, or three, but bringing it down from a maximum of thirty-five or forty to a maximum of ten, fifteen, or twenty, we would be talking about a doubling of the educational budget at the very least. But to hire a teacher after school for as much as $8 an hour to work with a group of children is very inexpensive compared to doing something about what goes on in the classroom with teachers and children throughout the day.

The second reason for the popularity of remediation in our school systems is that it is visible. If you reduce class size by two, three, four, or five, when the public takes a look inside they see a teacher and children in a room, and books, and it doesn't look as if anything has changed. But when several teachers work after school, the public can see that the school is open a little longer. There is a great push in the education world for public credit and acceptance, and that often results in programs which may have doubtful educational validity, but which add to the public relations impact of the school system.

Compensatory programs throughout the country, as they have been evaluated, show consistently poor results. In addition, they create great disappointments because practically all remedial and compensatory programs are launched with great fanfare. Impressive

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As usual, the cavalry got there just in time. As usual, George was rooting for the Indians.

And, as usual, they bit the TV dust. Plenty of kids root for the Indians, of course, because they like pulling for the underdog. It's a little different with George Smith, though. He is the underdog. Who ever heard of a black cowboy?

Not George. His history books don't mention Negro cowboys like Bob Lemmons, Bronco Sam and Bill Pickett, even though there were 5,000 like them riding the range after the Civil War.

George Smith would be surprised at many things his American history texts don't tell him. That fourteen Negroes won the Medal of Honor during the Civil War, for instance. Or that a Negro was one of the few authentic heroes at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

If George did learn these things in school, it just might make a difference in the way he pays attention in class, in the way he thinks about himself, his family, and his future. It might make a difference in the way he thinks about other Americans. And in the way other Americans think about him.

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results are publicized for several years—how children have made three to five years' reading progress in the first two weeks of the program, for instance—when the program really isn't working. The Higher Horizons Program in New York City was privately abandoned by the Board of Education, but the favorable publicity on it kept coming out for another three years. School systems all over the country were adopting this "excellent" program, while it was being phased out in the city of New York.

Equality of Educational Opportunity, a Government study headed by Professor James S. Coleman of Johns Hopkins University, has been used unfairly to show that differences in the type of school building, the size of classes, and the amount of money spent have very little effect on educational output. The Coleman report doesn't show that at all; it shows that given the variations which Professor Coleman was able to measure—which were not that great—it doesn't make much difference if you have a class size of thirty-seven or twenty-seven. It does not show that if children were able to go to school, especially at an early age, in classes with six, eight, ten, or twelve, there would be no difference. Professor Coleman obviously was not able to tell us what would happen in such cases because there was no place where he could evaluate the impact of conditions which do not yet exist.

THE gloom which emanates from evaluation of compensatory programs has led to a series of alternative approaches. For example, we now hear the great shout that money is not the answer, that we have to look in some other direction. One approach stems from the view that somehow the fault with our school systems is that our schools are a Government monopoly, that there is no competition, and that we ought to provide some form of private alternative.

Some experimentation with this approach might be very worthwhile, but we should be wary of it. There is no evidence to show that private business does not suffer from the same organizational diseases that large or small public systems suffer from. The arguments about centralization and decentralization have gone on in the world of business and industry for a very long time, just as they are now going on in the educational world.

If we move toward private schools for the poor, we will have to have strong governmental agencies to regulate them. There has to be some way of evaluating and regulating a private system of education. Otherwise, the poor will be cheated in the educational field, as they are in the local commercial enterprises.

The alternative that is being pro-

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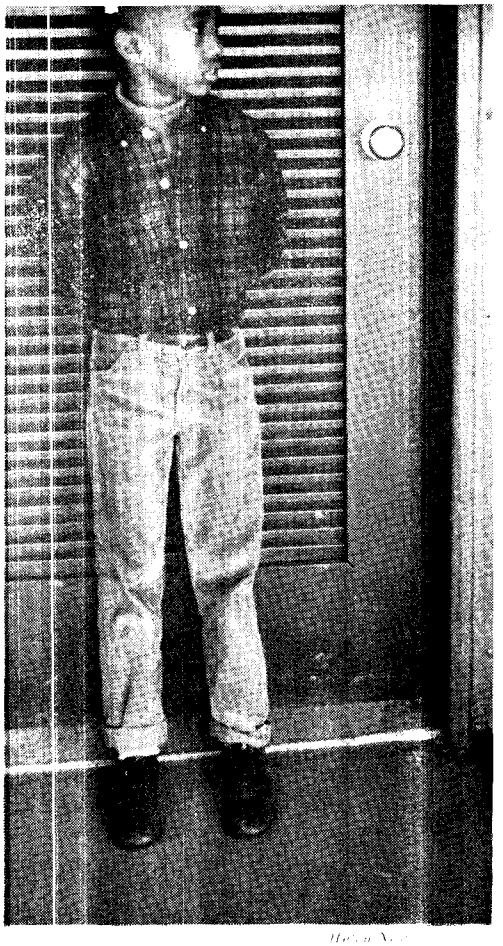
posed is community control—schools divided into smaller systems and run by the community instead of by people who are remote, and who are accused of commuting into the ghetto every day to commit "educational genocide." Many proponents of community control honestly believe that the problem with the schools is not that they have been starved, but that they are filled with people who have bad attitudes, and if only we could get the bad guys out and bring the good guys in, there would be a great difference in educational output.

This approach ignores a number of important facts in the educational situation. The most important one is that the attitudes of teachers are not generally attitudes that they bring into the schools with them. Teachers, like children and parents, learn from their experiences. They go into schools and try all the techniques they learned in college. And when these techniques fail, they frequently develop attitudes and feelings of hopelessness. In New York City, we hire 7,000 or 8,000 new teachers each year. The problems of the job bring about a change in attitudes. After a few weeks, new people have precisely the same attitudes and the same responses as those they replaced. There is something in the classroom, in the school, on the job, that compels most people to act in the same way, and therefore a mere change in personnel will not prove productive. Instead of seeing teachers as free agents, they, together with the children and parents, must be seen as victims of the system.

The support for local control is very great. For the mayor of a big city it means that he will no longer have to take the blame for starving education.



"We need . . . a testing program that will enable us to tell within a week or two if a child has fallen behind—not after two or three years when it is frequently too late."

He can turn the problem over to local people, and if anything goes wrong in the future it will not be his fault, it will be theirs. For those who are concerned about higher taxes, the cry that money is

ENROLLMENT STATUS OF PERSONS 16 AND 17 YEARS OLD NOT IN COLLEGE, FOR THE UNITED STATES: OCTOBER 1965. (NUMBERS IN THOUSANDS.)

Enrollment status	Both sexes	
	White	Negro
Total not in college, 16-17 years	5,886	775
Enrolled	5,150	636
Not Enrolled		
High school graduate	183	11
Non-high-school graduate	553	128
Nonenrollment rate*	9	17

*School dropouts. (Percentage of 16-17-year-olds not in college who are not enrolled in school and have not completed the twelfth grade.)

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not the answer is very popular. And, of course, for residents of the ghetto it is a chance to try something new and to get a piece of the action.

All of the "new solutions" in education are popular largely because of the failure of the traditional compensatory education. But compensatory education can be different. It could mean a commitment to spend what has to be spent in order to guarantee the desired educational achievement. It could and should mean programs like our More Effective Schools, in which children of the poor begin to get the kind of educational facilities which their more affluent suburban neighbors get.

Of course, money alone is not the answer. New ideas and new situations are needed, too, but before we accept the slogan that "money is not the answer," we ought to try the money approach just once. Let's face the fact that our school systems have been starved, that tinkering around with how to select boards of education, or who should own the building, isn't going to solve anything. What we need is a program which starts children very early in very small classes with a longer day and a longer year, and a testing program that will enable us to tell within a week or two if a child has fallen behind—not after two or three years when it is frequently too late. We must recognize that the colleges can educate people to a certain general educational level, but they aren't training people to cope with problems as teachers. We need the equivalent of an internship program that might involve several years of on-the-job training.

We have to create alternate institutions for those children who can't make it in school—children who after a few years have developed hostility toward the blackboard, the teacher, and the books. We must develop camps, storefronts, and job centers for those who seem unable to fit into a school atmosphere.

Also, since children learn more from each other than from their teachers, we must continue to strive for school integration and refuse to accept separatist answers labeled "community control" or "private schools for the poor."

Finally, there is nothing more dangerous than turning to the poor in the ghetto for some massive answer, whether it be community control or something private, and building up tremendous hopes which may have little or no educational impact. We should support increased local participation. We should support it because it is an administrative necessity and it enhances the dignity of the participants to be democratically involved in doing something for themselves instead of having something done *to* or *for* them. But we should not consider it an educational panacea.

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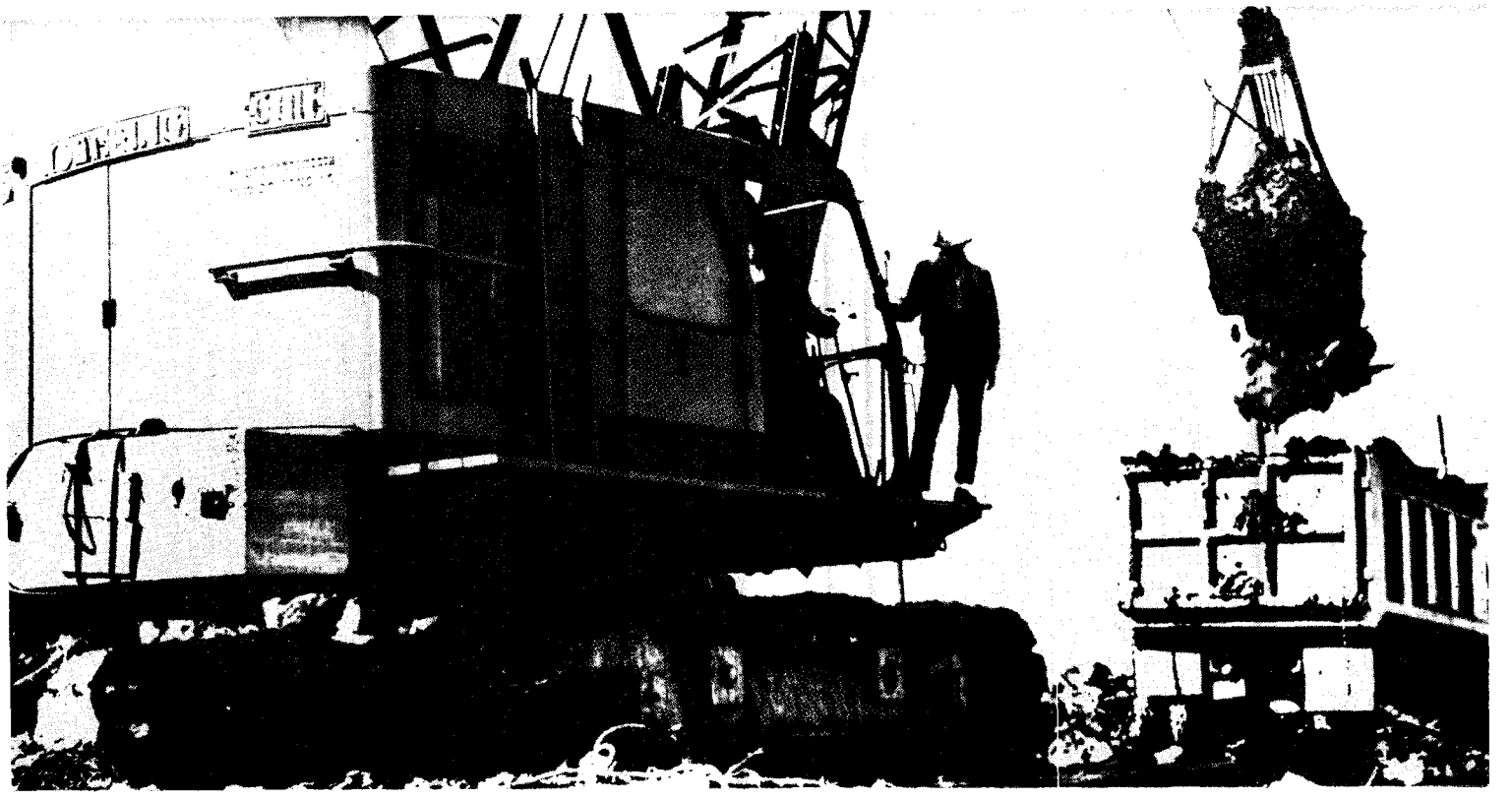

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All across the country these days, business is flexing its muscles and showing what it can do to solve some of our more persistent social ills.

In cities from Rochester to San Francisco, from Detroit to Watts, special programs aimed at hard-core joblessness are beginning to pay dividends.

One thing that makes this possible is the growing public awareness of the contributions that business can make in harnessing the most powerful force in our economy—individual initiative.

Certainly government resources are still needed. But there is no drive like the drive of a man to better himself.

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SR's BUSINESSMAN OF THE YEAR

STUART THOMAS SAUNDERS

The Man Behind The Penn Central Merger

ON New Year's Day, when the Penn Central Railroad legally took over the bankrupt New Haven, this largest rail conglomerate in American history also became by all odds the biggest carrier of rail passengers in the country. For as of that moment the newly merged Penn Central was responsible for one-third of all U.S. passengers hauled by train—a dubious distinction if one considers the age-old principle that railroads almost always lose money on passenger traffic.

Just the same, this is a distinction by no means unanticipated by either Stuart Thomas Saunders, chairman, or Alfred E. Perlman, president, of the newly merged Penn Central, a vast railroad network covering 40,000 miles of track in fourteen states and two Canadian provinces, an empire of 200,000 freight cars, 4,100 locomotives, and 4,000 passenger cars. It is also no coincidence that when *SR* sent out its annual ballot to top business and government executives a few months ago asking for their nominees for Businessman of the Year, Stuart Saunders was among the early choices, and his name came in with such regularity that it soon became clear that the fifty-eight-year-old head of the new Penn Central Company would be *SR*'s choice for 1968. Though Mr. Perlman and many others had vital roles in the six-year drama of the giant of all railroad mergers, the tendency in the railroad business and the press has been to give Mr. Saunders chief credit for the tenacity required to make the whole fantastically complex combine come off in the first place and then make it stick in the courts.

One year ago, when the Supreme Court of the United States gave its approval to the marriage of the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads, *Time* magazine said of Saunders's part in the merger:

> It was Saunders, as chairman and chief executive officer of the Pennsylvania, who planned the tactics and organized the arguments that led to one of the largest mergers in corporate history. It was Saunders who held the pieces together during the frequent assaults from competitors concerned about the Penn Central's potential power; it was Saunders who won over dubious labor leaders, worried lest future economies lead to fewer jobs. Above all, it was Saunders, the lawyer-turned-railroader, who convinced the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Justice Department that both public interest and private good would be helped if two troubled rivals were allowed to operate as a unit, instead of continuing costly and wasteful competition. His victory was a victory for railroads across the country. For the Court gave its approval to his philosophy that railroads must combine, that they must grow in size and decline in number if they are to serve their customers and survive.

Time's report probably undervalues and oversimplifies the active role of Perlman of the New York Central and other figures in the merger. Just the same, Saunders is the best-known innovator and initiator of the modern railroad merger movement. Under his guidance as president, the Norfolk & Western Railway merged in 1959 with the Virginian. The green-light decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission set off other rail mergers in a movement common to the past decade, but the Norfolk-Virginian marriage was the first in this century voluntarily proposed by the independent railroads. Mr. Saunders also dug the footings for the Norfolk & Western-Nickle Plate-Wabash merger as the first of three large-scale consolidations designed to shore up and restructure the long-ailing Eastern railroad lines into three strong, competitively balanced systems. The second railroad merger was formed when the Chesapeake & Ohio was granted authority by the ICC to control the Baltimore & Ohio. The third, of course, was the union of the

The Choice

EACH YEAR *SR*'s editors poll more than 300 business leaders, government officials, educators, economists, business writers, and public opinion analysts for their annual nominees for Businessman of the Year. The top three candidates with the highest number of votes are carefully reviewed for eligibility, along with their public service records. Then the final choice is made.

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New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads which took place in February, 1968. In any case, Mr. Saunders was the man who practically invented a three-system solution to the Eastern railroad problem.

Saunders had advanced the N&W-Nickel Plate-Wabash merger case to the stage of an examiner's report recommending approval when he left the N&W to become chairman of the Pennsylvania in October 1963. In his new job, his early objectives were to rally the depleted Pennsylvania to a strong comeback and to win approval of the Penn Central merger, which at that time was opposed strongly by the Department of Justice, the railroad labor unions, and many of the communities, trade groups, and states in the operating territory of the two roads.

Under Saunders's leadership, the Pennsylvania made dramatic progress. In his first three full years, 1964 through 1966, the railroad's earnings multiplied five times—from $9,000,000 to $45,000,000—and consolidated earnings tripled from $31,000,000 to $90,000,000. During those years, the Pennsylvania spent nearly $600 million in capital improvements, far and away the highest amount of any railroad in the country. Saunders led the railroad into computerization, improvement of operating techniques including two-way radio communication, and a long-range program of modernizing equipment and facilities.

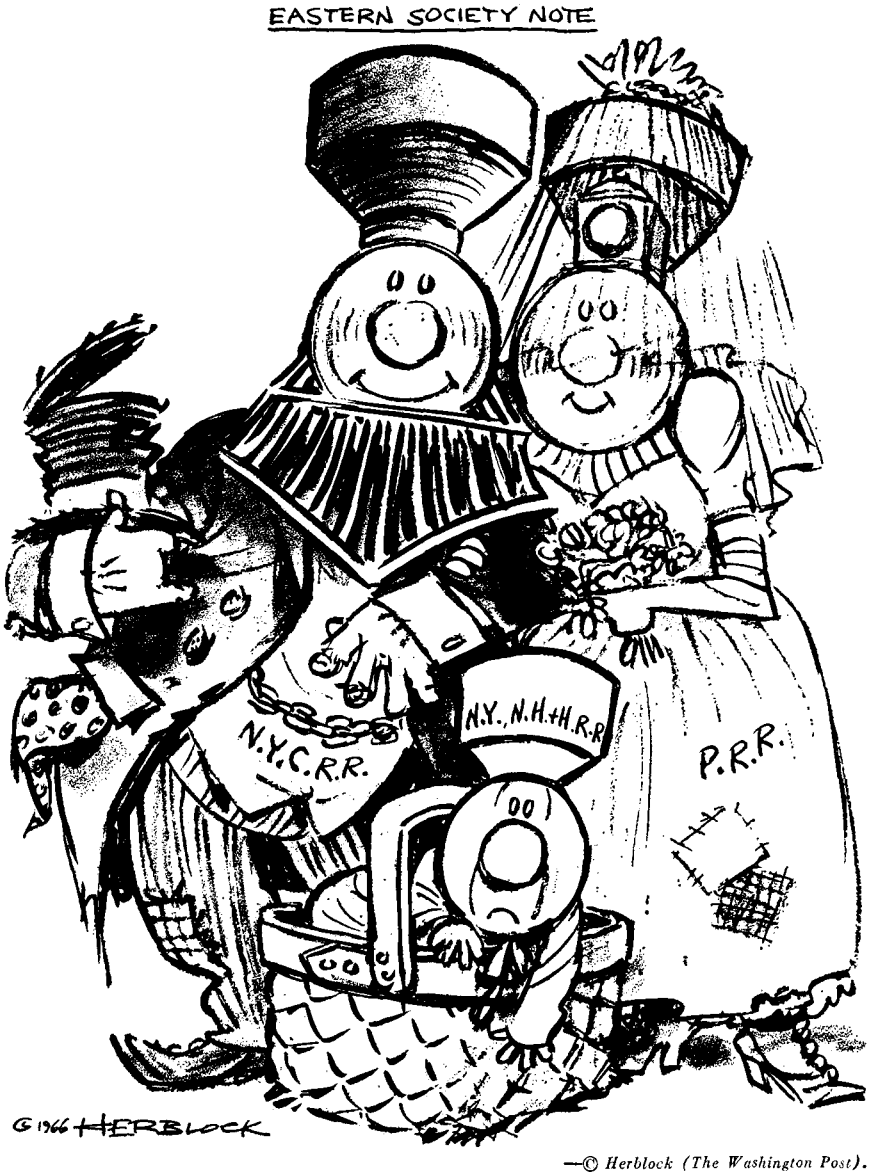
AT the same time, Saunders launched a program of diversification to free the company from the cyclical swings and low rate of return, which unfortunately characterize the railroad industry. His first major non-railroad acquisition was the Buckeye Pipe Line Company; this was followed by extensive real estate development ventures in four of the fastest-developing states – Arvide Realty Company in Florida, Great Southwest Corporation in Texas and Georgia, and Macco Realty Company in California.

As Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island told the press recently, Saunders is one of the few railroad executives who is taking a constructive attitude toward passenger service. He is trying to develop a new role for the passenger train by emphasizing high-speed, medium-range intercity service as a substitute for the long-haul passenger trains which are neither needed nor used. In New York and Philadelphia, Saunders is successfully promoting the concept of commuter operations as public services which are entitled to public support. Considerable progress is being made in acquiring new equipment and in attracting greater patronage as a means of reducing metropolitan highway congestion. For his efforts toward shoring up passenger service, Saunders recently received the National Defense Transportation Award in Washington.

Saunders is recognized as one of the leading spokesmen for American business and industry, a strong advocate of business involvement in finding solutions to the urban crisis and in developing a closer working relationship between business and government on all levels. He is chairman of the National Alliance of Businessmen for the Philadelphia-Camden area. He is also a director of the Greater Philadelphia Movement, the University City Science Center, the Port Development Corporation, and the Bicentennial Commission.

Saunders's public service activities are even more extensive on the national level. In addition to formal service on the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy and chairmanship of the Department of Commerce Advisory Committee on Foreign Direct Investments, he has also been called upon by President Johnson and members of the Cabinet to take on special projects. One of the most significant of these was his chairmanship of an ad hoc committee of business leaders to obtain passage of the increase in federal income taxes last year. Saunders and Henry Ford II were co-chairmen of a Business Committee for Tax Reduction in 1963 and 1964. He was commended by former Secretary of the Treasury Henry H. Fowler for this project. Mr. Fowler wrote: "Without your assistance . . . I am confident that the Congress would not have acted on this important legislation."

Saunders is a man of quick reactions and apparently boundless nervous energy, always under control. You have a feeling that you would not have to explain something to him a second time, if indeed he had not understood it long



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before you finished. His bright eyes seldom show humor, but he says quick, witty things and laughs when there is something to laugh at. You also have a feeling that he isn't about to waste a moment of his time on something immaterial or unoriginal.

"The future of railroads," he said at lunch recently, "is up to 200 miles for passenger service and a gradual cessation of all passenger service beyond that. Nobody wants it, so why should railroads provide it? But if our railroad, which will handle a third of the passenger mileage in America, can do a job to provide better service for the Eastern corridor-shore line axis, we can really compete with airplanes and highways. And we mean to do it!

"Let's take a look at the Boston-to-Washington population area. It's approximately the same distance from Boston to New York as from New York to Washington, 200-odd miles. Yet by the time you get from midtown to the airport in any one of these cities it's an hour or more at peak traffic, another hour in the air not counting stacking, and an hour getting from the next airport to its center-city. If we can run a train between New York and Washington in, say, under three hours, we can get back a lot of the traffic we lost to the air shuttle. All you have to do is be stacked over Kennedy on a Friday night to know what I mean. Besides, the railroad trip is more comfortable, practically weatherproof, safer, and, if our plans work out, will have food and personal service at least the equal of the airlines."

The new high-speed Penn Central trains will have a sort of Automat food dispenser where you can go and select a choice of meals, give it to an attendant who will put it under an infrared cooking unit, and in minutes you'll have a hot supper or lunch as good as or better than the meal the airline stewardess will supply.

"Will these trains of the future have the equivalent of airline stewardesses on them?" we asked.

"Not if I can help it," Saunders said emphatically. "The airlines have almost gone broke trying to keep enough stewardesses in the air. They cost thousands of dollars to train, and before you know it they're getting married and you never see them again. I think we'll stay with the occasional train attendant and, of course, the regular train crew—which is available at any time on a train but almost never on a plane—to answer questions, announce stations, and generally aid the passenger."

What about the commuter lines? "Well, nobody ever made money hauling commuters," Saunders said. "So, we shall try to do what we've been successful in doing in the Philadelphia area—get a sort of cooperative subsidy or arrangement with the community to buy new equipment, then lease it to us or let us pay for it out of operating funds. This way the commuter gets good service in better-equipped cars, yet the railroad doesn't have to tie up tens of millions of dollars in equipment money. Another thing, we shall certainly ask for and try to increase the funds provided now for the New Haven by New York State and Connecticut. These funds have kept the New Haven running, and we'll have to have them to come anywhere near to breaking even. Also, the New Haven will probably be greatly reduced in non-main-line service. The branch lines will eventually disappear. We'll handle branch traffic in north-south buses to the shore line. By reducing branch lines and New York-Boston long-haul traffic, except for the high-speed trains, we stand a chance of coming somewhere near breaking even on passenger service on the New Haven. Without cutting out unprofitable branch lines and off-hour long-haul service, and even with state and local subsidies, the New Haven will still be in real trouble. But we know everyone will cooperate when they realize that we mean it sincerely—better commuter service."

"Where can I get a meal fit for a king?"

The high-speed trains now being tested between New York and Philadelphia will cruise up to 125 mph and cut the Washington-New York running time from four hours to less than three hours —two hours and fifty-eight minutes is the target of time. Such speed, plus the sort of food and common courtesy most airline passengers receive, would put any railroad in a fine competitive position.

Since it takes at least an hour to get to airports at rush hour in most large metropolitan areas, as Saunders notes, and another hour to reach the center-city at the other end of the flight, mid-city-to-midcity train service at high speed loses very little to an airplane in overall time, not to mention the reliability of railroad transportation in bad weather as compared with the high degree of inconsistency with aircraft, plagued as they can be by fog, icy runways, congested traffic, stacking procedures, and high crosswinds which prevent landings. Moreover, a railroad train is one of the safest places in the world, far safer than an automobile, an airplane, or even one's own home. Also when a train is derailed even at high speed, there are injuries to be sure but

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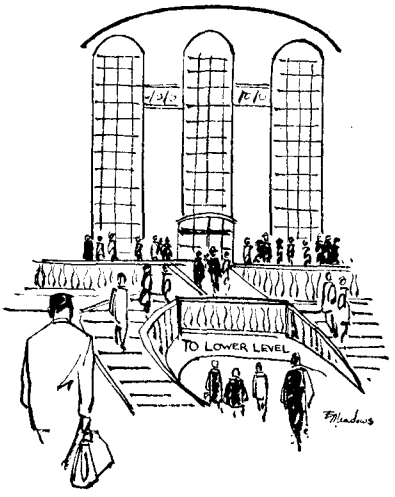
seldom any deaths, whereas in a plane crash few survive as a rule.

Mr. Saunders is excited about combinations of highway, rail, water, and even air transportation. He says enthusiastically: "A transportation company should be able to offer a customer every kind of shipping service. This type of fully integrated transportation company is impossible under present federal policy."

Mr. Saunders and others at the top of the railroad business are often asked why, if European and Japanese trains can be beautifully and rapidly run and draw overflow patronage, can't U.S. railroads do something about the woeful state of passenger business. Saunders knows the reasons and some of the answers and patiently goes through them each time. In the first place, almost all European railroads are owned by their federal governments and run at a loss, made up in tax money. No wonder they look so spruce and their equipment so shiny. Another thing, the Japanese worked for ten years before they came up with the present design for the streamlined train that now races from Osaka to Tokyo and back at an average speed of 100 mph. This Japanese line was especially constructed for high-speed passenger service only. It allows no freight on its new roadbed and rails. Consequently, the pantagraph system that brings electric power from an overhead cable into the passing train has a clearance of only about a foot. On the New Haven, Pennsylvania, and other freight-passenger lines in the United States, the pantagraph goes up five feet or more to allow clearance for freight cars. This additional height makes American high-speed travel hazardous without special pantagraphic equipment. During tests on the Pennsy roadbed near Princeton, New Jersey, several pantagraphs actually swayed so much that they went all the way off to the left or right of the train, a dangerous situation.



So little research has been done in designing new, high-speed passenger equipment in the United States in recent years that foreign experts had to be called in by the Penn Central to tell them the latest engineering advances. As a result, the federally financed high-speed runs have been slow in developing and the Budd train is still very much in the experimental stage. With any sort of continuing research along these lines we would by now be having regular high-speed service between New York and Washington. In any case, all of us are now paying for our common neglect of passenger rail service, probably the most efficient short-haul means of getting masses of human beings from one place to another in crowded urban areas. You can quickly and safely transport 1,200 people at a time in one short-haul train. If they drove in to the city, even two to a car, space would have to be found for 750 automobiles in center-city areas already so congested there is simply no room much of the time to park one more car. Moreover, you don't have to park a passenger train. It parks itself, on its own siding, awaiting only the return trip. If enough use could be found for passenger equipment during the day's layover on, say, a commuter line, no railroad in America would try to sabotage and destroy passenger service, which is what has been happening for a generation now and with good sound economic reasoning behind it.

A COUPLE of years ago at a reunion at Roanoke College, where Saunders was graduated in 1930 and is now chairman of the board of trustees, a classmate said to him: "You always were a lucky guy." Saunders replied: "Yes, I suppose I was—but I've also noticed that the harder you work the luckier you get." A year ago in Philadelphia as Saunders received the city's annual Benjamin Franklin Award, the Poor Richard Club summed up the situation pretty well: "When Benjamin Franklin arrived in Philadelphia things began to happen. It's the same with Stuart Saunders." As to a sense of humor, Mr. Saunders told those who gave him the William Penn Award in Philadelphia this past December: "Getting the New Haven Railroad and the William Penn Award in the same week is too much." Now that he has joined J. Irwin Miller, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., Joseph Wilson, David Rockefeller, George Love, Frederick Kappel, Charles Percy, Frank Stanton, Ralph Cordiner, George Romney, Devereux Josephs, Neil McElroy, and Henry Ford II as an *SR* Businessman of the Year, perhaps the shock of acquiring the New Haven has been dulled, though that would be asking a great deal even of Saunders of the Penn Central.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Chess Corner—No. 130

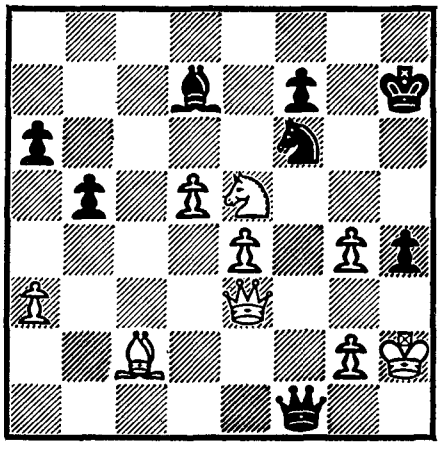
HOW far ahead does the grandmaster see is the perennial query. One move, ten, or myriad numbers? Does he play by intuition or judgment or doctrine on a move-to-move basis?

The story of New York's East-side pride, who bested a world champion, is pertinent. Reporters wished to determine the players' profundity and perspicacity. They were told that the mighty paladin sees ten moves ahead. But the winner boasted he could anticipate but one. And with crystal-clear logic he explained, "it is always the best move."

In the following game between Danish champion Bent Larsen and six-time American champion Sammy Reshevsky, it is the one last move that spells victory.

NIMZO-INDIAN DEFENSE

Reshevsky White	Larsen Black	Reshevsky White	Larsen Black
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	22 P-QN4	PxP e.p.
2 P-QB4	P-K3	23 NxP	NxN
3 N-QB3	B-N5	24 BxN	Q-K2
4 P-K3	O-O	25 QR-B1	KR-B1
5 B-Q3	P-B4	26 N-N4	BxP
6 N-B3	P-Q4	27 Q-K3	B-Q2
7 O-O	QPxP	28 N-B6	Q-B3
8 BxP	N-B3	29 P-B3	P-KR4
9 P-QR3	B-R4	30 R-B3	P-R5
10 Q-Q3	P-QR3	31 R/1-QB1	P-N4
11 R-Q1	P-QN4	32 N-R7	RxR
12 B-R2	P-B5	33 RxR	N-K1
13 Q-K2	Q-K1	34 N-B6	K-N2
14 P-R3	P-K4	35 R-B2	R-B1
15 P-Q5	N-Q1	36 Q-B3	R-B2
16 P-K4	N-N2	37 K-R1	K-R2
17 B-N1	N-Q2	38 Q-K3	P-N5
18 B-B2	N-Q3	39 PxP	Q-B8ch
19 N-QR2	N-QB4	40 K-R2	N-B3
20 B-Q2	BxB	41 NxP	RxR
21 NxB	B-Q2	42 BxR	. . . .



42 . . . . Q-R8

Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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Then, an entirely new series of tests and inspections begins before the car is shipped. There are *three* different road tests by the same driver. First, an overall check-out, next, a high-speed, long *autobahn* run; and, finally, a rough-road test. The driver turns in a signed report.

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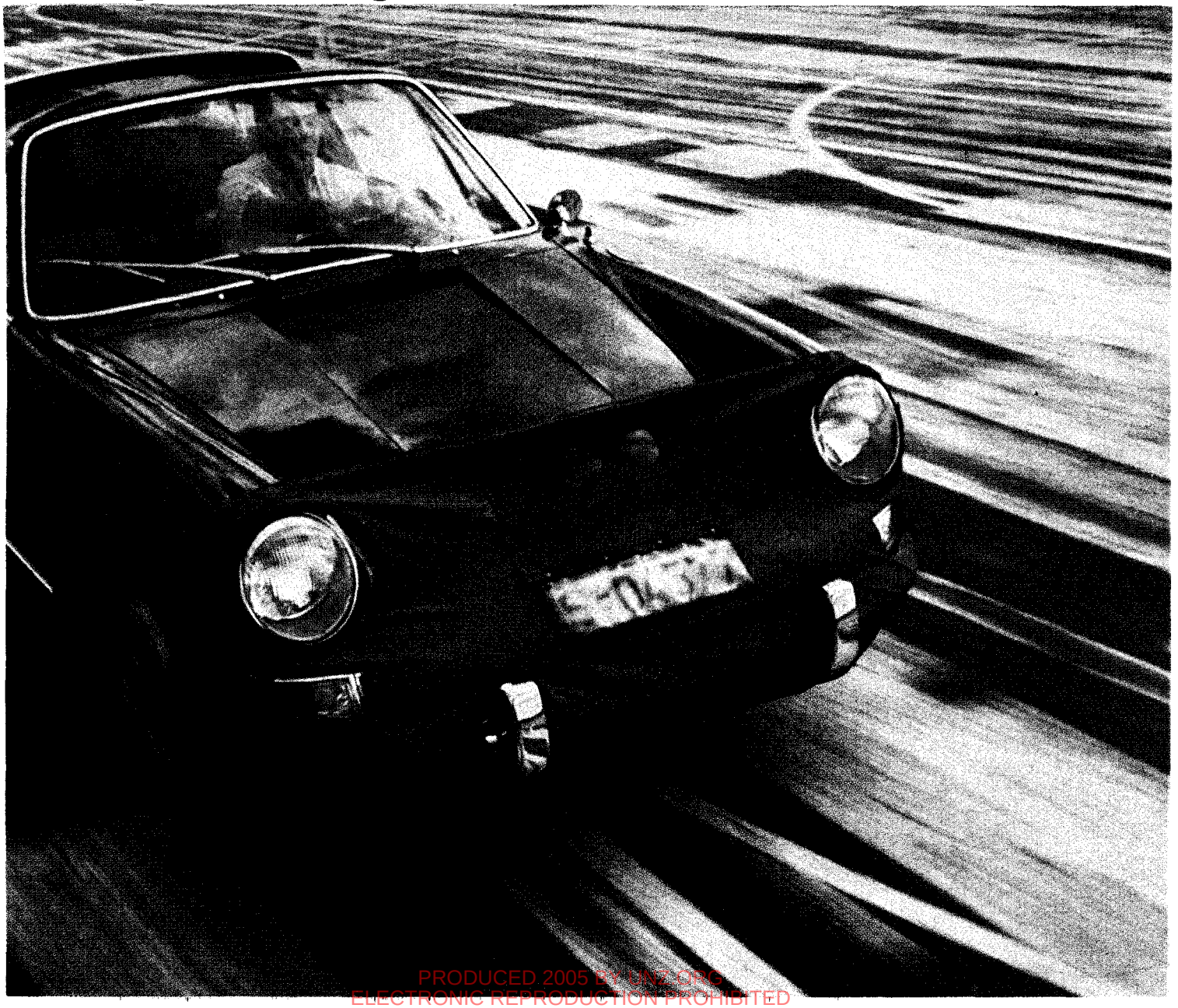

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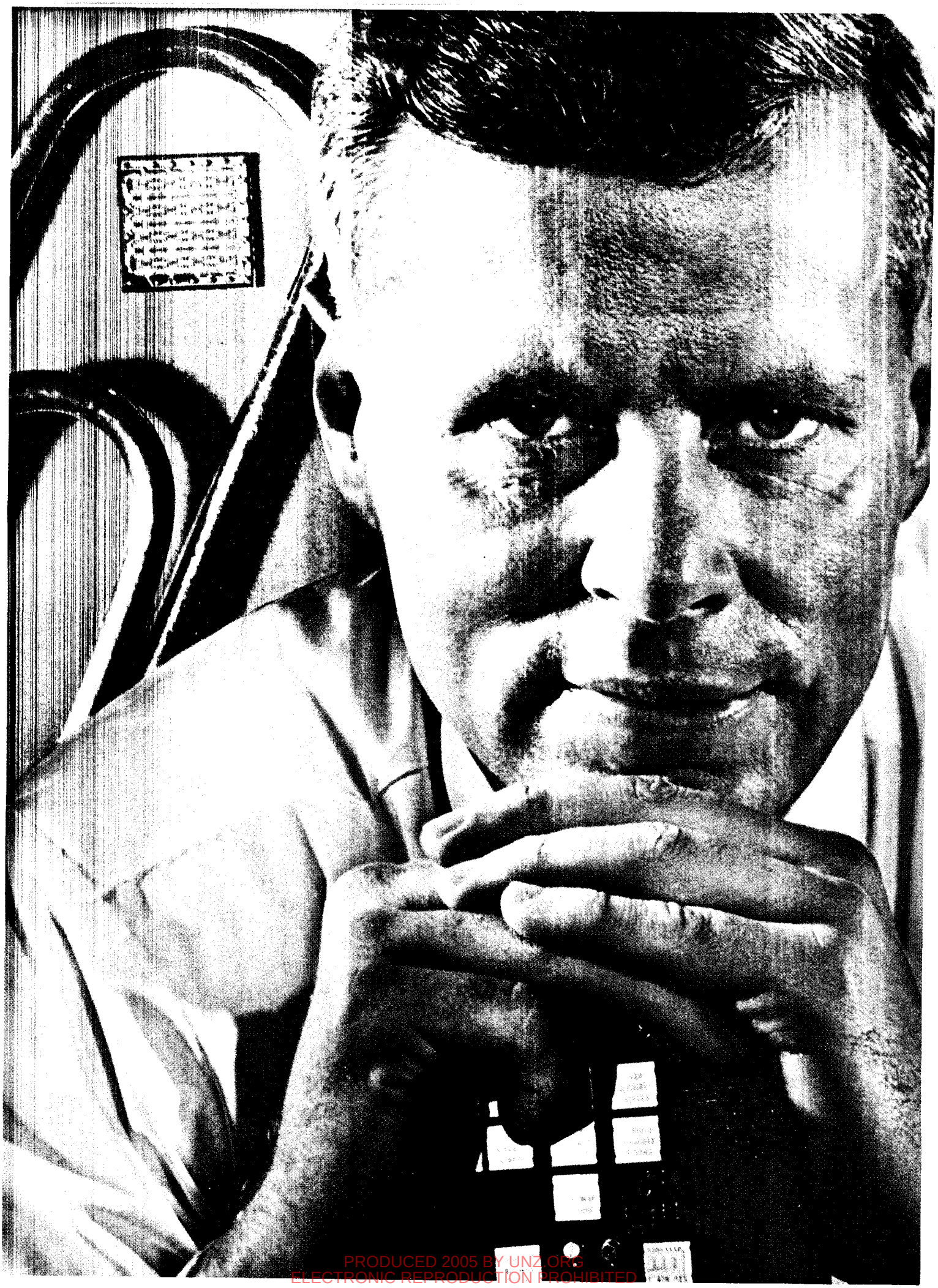

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"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

By KENNETH REXROTH

IN the first half of the nineteenth century, American writing made its first large-scale appearance on the stage of world literature. Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and others like them, had been international writers or thinkers with considerable influence abroad, but they were essentially Physiocrats or Girondins or Jacobins—in other terms, radical Whigs. The sources of their inspiration were in France and secondarily in England, even though in those countries they were accepted, not as bright provincials, but as full equals in the international community of the Enlightenment that stretched from the court of Catherine the Great to the discussion clubs of Philadelphia. Two or three generations later, American writers were playing a determinative if minor role in international literature.

Harriet Beecher Stowe made the moral horror of slavery visible to all the world, but she also made the Negro, slave or free, visible as an essential member of American society, and she made the full humanity of the Negro visible to all, black or white, all over the world. It is possible to disagree with her idea of what a fully human being should be, but she did the best according to her lights. Her lights were, as a matter of fact, just as illuminating as any that have been lit in a more cynical and rationalistic age, by writers with a different kind of sentimentality.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, like Mark Twain's weather, is talked about by millions who do nothing about it; that is, "Uncle Tom" is a term of contempt used by everybody today, yet hardly anybody bothers to read the book anymore. The picture of the humble and obedient slave is derived not from the novel but from the "Tom Shows" that toured America for a generation before the First War. Uncle Tom is in no sense an "Uncle Tom." He is by far the strongest person in the book. Although he is whipped to death by the psychotic Simon Legree, his end is not only a tragedy in Aristotle's sense—the doom of a great man brought low by a kind of holy hubris—but, like Samson, he destroys his destroyer.

Is Harriet Beecher Stowe sentimental? And rhetorical? Indeed she is. So is Norman Mailer, or for that matter much greater writers, Thomas Hardy or D. H. Lawrence. It is true that we must adjust to changes of fashion when we read her novel. The early nineteenth-century rhetoric of Harriet Beecher Stowe takes a little getting used to, but it survives the test of the first twenty pages. Once the reader has accepted it, it soon becomes unnoticeable. The sentimental scenes in the novel, almost the only ones that survived in the Tom Show—Eliza on the ice, the death of Augustine St. Clare, the death of Little Eva—are deliberate devices to hold and shock the popular audience of the time. They drive home, to sentimental readers who give at least lip service to an evangelical Christianity, the overwhelming reality of the rest of the book. How real, how convincing, this huge cast is—as large as that in any novel of Balzac's or Dostoyevsky's.

True, the Negroes are seen from the point of view of a white person, but any attempt to "think black" would have been a falsification. Mrs. Stowe simply tries to think human. And human they all are, even at their most Dickensian. Little Eva is not a plaster statue of The Little Flower. The evangelical early nineteenth century produced plenty of saintly little girls just like her. They occur in all the novels of the time, though not in such abnormal circumstances as the Little Missie-devoted slave relationship. When they appear in Dickens they are usually less believable. Mrs. Stowe's sentimentality lacks the subtle lewdness that invalidates Little Nell and other girls of Dickens, because Mrs. Stowe was a far more emancipated and radical person than Dickens, politically and sexually. Tom, of course, does not function as a slave but literally as an "uncle" to Eva. He takes the place of her neurotic and inadequate father, as he substitutes for so many others who are inadequate, and finally atones for all.

Simon Legree may be a monster but he is a human monster, more human for instance than Dickens's Fagin or even Mr. Micawber. No one in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is completely a villain. Even at their worst Mrs. Stowe's characters are battlegrounds of conflicting motives, of Beelzebub and Michael. Simon Legree is not a devil. Devils and angels struggle within him. The slave trader Haley knows the good, but to him it is reduced to the cash nexus. Uncle Tom in his eyes is worth more money than an "ornery" slave.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is not only an attack on slavery, the greatest and most effective ever written, it is a book of considerable philosophical or religious and social importance. Its immense popularity was a significant factor in the change in the dominant American philosophy, dominant in the sense of "shared by most ordinary people." Mrs. Stowe came out of Puritan New England. In her immediate background was the rigid predestination of strict Calvinism and the literal interpretation of Scripture. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is far more tendentious in its constant insistence on a kind of secularized evangelical deism than in its forthright, realistic portrayal of the horror of slavery. The book says, "Slavery denies the integrity of the person of the slave; in doing so it cripples the integrity of the person of the master, but it cannot destroy the humanity of either master or slave." This is or should be self-evidently true, and it is presented by a dramatic narrative that is convincing as a marshaling of fact. The philosophy of the good life as expounded by Mrs. Stowe through her various spokesmen and spokeswomen in the novel is disputable, but there is no denying that it was the faith by which most of white Protestant America, and most of black, lived until recently.

IT is absurd that in American universities there are countless courses in rhetorical, sentimental, and unreal novelists like James Fenimore Cooper or worse, and that this book, which played no small role in changing the history of the world, is passed over and misrepresented. Hawthorne, Cooper, Washington Irving ignore the reality of slavery. Yet slavery was the great fact of American life. Harriet Beecher Stowe alone of the major novelists faced that fact and worked out its consequences in the humanity of those involved in it—master or slave or remote beneficiary. She knew that her New England was almost as dependent on the "peculiar institution" as any plantation owner.

And what were the final consequences? They are not yet. Of the immediate ones President Lincoln said when he received her: "So you're the little lady who started this great war." As for her literary influence, it is one of the best kept secrets of criticism. Most of the characters of William Faulkner and Tennessee Williams, and many of their situations, can be found at least in embryo in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the old rhetoric is still theirs. It seems to be necessary in describing Southern life. As for Uncle Tom, he was assassinated in Memphis, and has been before, and will be again, until something like Mrs. Stowe's secular, evangelical humanism wins out at last—or the Republic perishes.

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Who Are the Isolationists?

THERE is a growing tendency among those who developed or defended the Americanization of the Vietnamese war to label their critics as "isolationists." Unless we are prepared to take the same stand and the same policy in future Vietnams, they say, we will return the United States to the dangerous ostrich-like position it occupied when the Second World War was first brewing. The coming "Great Debate" on U.S. foreign policy foreseen by Secretary of State Dean Rusk should heighten this issue, as he suggests; but it will not do so if isolationism is projected as the only alternative to Vietnam-type interventionism, as he seems to imply.

To be sure, critics of our policy in Vietnam have been called worse things than "isolationists." But this is more than a question of labels. Many of us share the Secretary's opposition to a return to isolationism. We know America cannot afford to be alone—politically, militarily, or economically alone—in a world dominated by hostile interests. Nor can we in good faith abandon those obligations to the community of nations which our national power, wealth, and conscience, as well as our national interests impose upon us. We need allies in this world. We need friends. We need respect. And our past policy of escalation in Vietnam hurt far more than it helped in this regard.

If the new Administration insists on a hard line in Paris, seeking at the negotiating table what could not be won on the battlefield—if the new President believes, as some have written, that Vietnam, like Korea, can be settled with the threat to unleash our nuclear weapons—if disappointment and impatience lead to a renewal of the bombing of the North, or an increase in the bombing of Laos and Cambodia, or a new American thrust somewhere else in the world—America will truly be isolated in the worst possible way.

Those who advocate a policy of "no more Vietnams" do not thereby deserve the label of isolationists. They are responsible realists who recognize the practical limitations of our military and diplomatic power. They realize that we have no more right than the Russians or Chinese to impose either our will or our way upon other peoples. They want us to lead by the force of example, not force of arms, by emphasizing multilateral instead of national solutions, and non-military instead of military means. That is not isolationism.

On the other hand, those who developed or now defend these past few years of America's policy in Vietnam—who look upon our role as that of world policeman and who advocate a hard line in the Paris talks today—these are the real isolationists.

Already, escalating the hot war in Vietnam, and the cold war in general, have cost us heavily in terms of international prestige and respect. They have diminished the attention and assistance we have been able to give to the Atlantic alliance, to the Alliance for Progress, and to other key spots around the globe. They have helped to build unnecessary economic barriers between ourselves and the rest of the world.

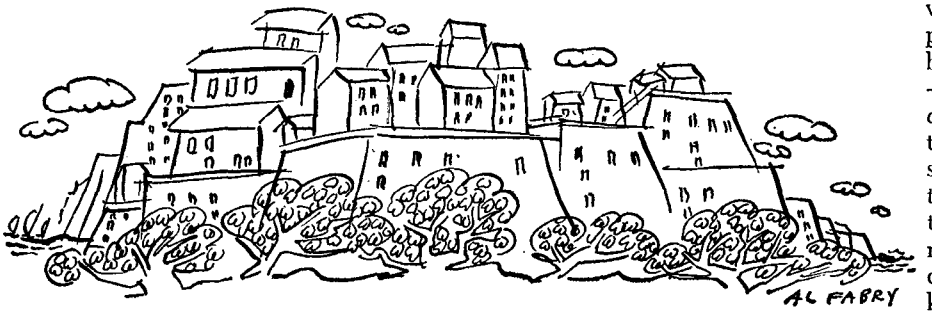
Because of the war in Vietnam, and its effects on our budget, our economy, our international accounts, and our outflow of gold, we have witnessed unprecedented controls on the overseas investments of American corporations, unsuccessful restraints on American tourism abroad, and a revival of high tariff protectionist sentiment in the Congress.

Because of the war in Vietnam, United States trade in non-strategic goods with Eastern Europe has continued at a pitifully low level, limiting our influence in the evolution of that region.

Because of the war in Vietnam, our Government has been unable and unwilling to assist those less affluent parts of the world whose freedom of choice is threatened by chaos, and equally unable and unwilling to apply sufficient resources at home to the mammoth tasks of ending the shocking conditions of urban deprivation and discrimination which are more responsible than anything else for the worsening of our image around the world.

Because of the war in Vietnam, finally, we have handicapped our nation's prospects for new agreements on disarmament with the Soviet Union, a new approach to Mao's China, and new steps toward a world of law instead of despair.

In short, the dangers of a trend toward isolationism in American foreign policy are very real. But they have been brought on less by doves than by hawks—by those whose responses to the challenge of Communism still assume that American omnipotence and omniscience require our omnipresence—by those, finally, who may have forgotten that this nation was founded by men mindful of their obligations to pay "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." —Theodore C. Sorensen.



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Letters to the Editor

The Younger Generation

As a member of the younger generation, I found John D. Rockefeller 3rd's article, "In Praise of Young Revolutionaries" [*SR*, Dec. 14], refreshingly optimistic. Unlike so many contemporary thinkers who identify young people with radical ideas and degrading behavior, he sees the younger generation as more of an untapped resource of energy and ability.

I know what it is like to honestly want to help, and, yet, to meet with discouragement from the older generation. Before I started college I tried each Saturday to spend a few hours with a group of four-year-olds at the Saint Vincent Orphan Home in Baltimore, Maryland. By being able to give these children a little individual attention, I felt that I was, in a very small way, helping society. Yet, more and more, I met with the question, "Why are you trying to help them: they've never done anything for you?" Perhaps this desire to help others without the expectation of material reward is the essence of today's youth.

Vicky Stamas,
Towson State College,
Towson, Md.

It seems that Mr. Rockefeller has overlooked one fundamental aspect of the cause of the revolution. My generation, above all others, is the generation of the American Adam. Like our parents and grandparents, we were born into a sheltered innocence and were bred on the American dream. But unlike other generations, before we were in our teens, we recognized, or thought we recognized, that what we had been told were lies.

We were taught to believe in America—the land of endless opportunity—but on our TV sets we saw the inner-city and Appalachia. We learned to praise technological and industrial progress, but when we went to the cities we found filth and pollution. We pledged our allegiance to a country that was keeping the world safe for democracy, but we discovered Vietnam and an appalling arsenal of nuclear weapons. In short, we realized that what we had been taught to call the flowers of the garden were only weeds. In raising the next generation, we have two untenable alternatives: to continue breeding innocence and idealism—the outcome of such a course seems clear—or to breed a new realism—a realism, however, that has the implicit danger of becoming an amoral cynicism. If there is some precarious compromise between the two, one of my generation's main responsibilities will be to find it.

Charles Donaldson,
Dearborn, Mich.

Some Labor Fundamentals

In his article, "The Revolt of The Civil Servants" [*SR*, Dec. 7], A. H. Raskin, authority on labor though he be, has oversimplified the problem.

Mr. Raskin's suggestions indicate belief in a benevolent attitude on the part of union leadership which has not, so far, been demonstrated. And, it is not likely to be demonstrated, since civil service unions will simply strike if they do not like the findings of so-called impartial arbitrators. Union leadership must initiate and create conflict, at intervals, or the rank and file will not see any reason to continue to pay dues. This must be done regardless of wages and working conditions at any one time.

Raskin uses such terms as: "substandard wages," "unfair labor practices," and "just treatment," all of which are not factual terms but value judgments. Who is going to make these judgments? When arbitration decisions are handed down, union leadership too often does not agree that these decisions correct "unfair labor practices." Union leadership wants "more," in part to assure its continuation in power. Are there such things as "reasonable" demands? Who determines whether they are "reasonable"?

James H. Harger,
Annandale, N.J.

In the Public Interest

In his letter commenting on Robert Lewis Shayon's column "In the Wrong Corner" [TV-radio, Nov. 16], William G. Harley, president of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, asserts that noncommercial broadcasters have not "discriminated in favor" of minority-group employment, but protests against the FCC collecting data on practices he admits must be improved [Letters to the Editor, Dec. 14].

All broadcasters are required by law to operate in the "public interest, convenience, and necessity." There can be no double standard for commercial and noncommercial broadcasters. While reports made to the FCC are no substitute for the effort they represent, reporting does reflect what has been done and provides the public with an indication of how its interests are being met.

NAEB made considerable progress in the area of race relations when its 1968 convention passed resolutions favoring fair employment practices and improved programming for minority groups. It committed itself to study and report progress in these areas. It is this kind of leadership from NAEB that will best serve noncommercial broadcasting in a time of rising public expectation. However, not all stations will cooperate with voluntary reporting. NAEB needs FCC requirements to make all stations adhere to provisions of the Civil Rights Act.

Ralph M. Jennings,
Communications Analyst,
United Church of Christ,
New York, N.Y.

"Extinction is when you don't learn to live in man's environment."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Minnesota's Merry Men

CONSIDERABLY ENRICHING the New York theater season is the current limited engagement of the Minnesota Theatre Company. From Minneapolis it brings us two large productions neither of which would be feasible to mount within the Broadway economy. One of these, John Lewin's *The House of Atreus,* presents Aeschylus's trilogy as a colorful fairy tale.

In it, Tanya Moiseiwitsch's superb oversize costumes and rich but simple settings prepare us to expect large ideas, large emotions, and large concerns. Instead this adaptation, directed by Sir Tyrone Guthrie, astonishes us by making both the mortals and the gods in the story seem self-centeredly concerned with such comparative trivialities as status, bitchiness, and getting even.

There is a nurse who is right out of *Hansel and Gretel* as she complains about the nuisance of having to tell her mistress about Orestes's supposed death. "I worked my fingers to the bone for that child," she exclaims, as if the wasted labor outweighed any glimmer of grief. There is a strange high-camp portrayal of the priestess of Apollo. And even the play's major figures keep coming out with banal and anachronistic dialogue. By the time the furies have cornered Orestes after the slaying of Clytemnestra, we fully expect to hear them say, "Up against the wall, mother-killer!"

The proceedings are made even more bizarre by having male actors play all the roles, which, of course, is the way it used to be done. Its effect here, however, is to increase the feeling of fun. The actors, particularly Douglas Campbell as Clytemnestra and Athena, appear to relish the sport of being outrageously outside their natural selves.

It would appear that Guthrie and Lewin have deliberately risked our ridicule and dismay to gain a viability with a wide audience. And while some of us shake our heads, we find ourselves simultaneously acknowledging that there is fun, theatrical magic, and suspense in their high-handed trip through classicland. It is as if they had exposed tragedy as all a myth.

The second production in the company's repertoire, Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui,* sets out to reveal that Hitler and his henchmen were not evil geniuses, but obvious criminals whose progress could have been stopped had it not suited certain power structures to use them as a means to an end.

As directed by Edward Payson Call, the episodic play emerges with clarity and cohesiveness. As opposed to other more satirical versions, this one is filled with characters who care very much about what they are gaining, and what they are sacrificing in return. Set in Chicago during the Depression, the play parallels Hitler's progress with that of Arturo Ui, a gangster who manages to take over the cauliflower business by selling "protection." However, as Ui says, "This racket must be started from above." And it is only the greed of the top businessmen and of a distinguished public figure that permits Ui to operate.

As Ui, Robin Gammell gives a fantastic performance, with his legs striking out so far ahead of the rest of him that he must use every ounce of energy to catch up. While time and again he is enormously funny and executes brilliant bits of business, the total portrayal emerges as that of a psychopathically deluded man. In one way this is right, for didn't Hitler seem exactly that? But when at the end of the play he takes off his mustache and addresses the audience with a warning about future Hitlers, we realize that Ui may have been conceived as a less vicious character than Gammell has played him.

Nevertheless, for a play whose repetitive action tends to become tedious, it is, on the whole, an intelligent and entertaining production.

Off Broadway has had a disappointing season to date. But at last there has appeared, at the remote Bouwerie Lane Theatre, a modest yet totally delightful musical called *Dames at Sea.* Just as *Curley McDimple,* which is now in its second year at the Bert Wheeler Theatre, parodies the Shirley Temple movies, *Dames at Sea* takes as its target the Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell films. The book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller are genuinely funny and full of affection for what they mock. And Jim Wise's music is plaintive but neither too heavy nor too modern.

Under Neal Kenyon's ingenious direction, the whole phony splendor of the old movies that nonsensically moved from realistic situations into fantastic extravaganza is achieved on a tiny stage with only six performers, two pianos, and a drum.

The show offers us the stock characters of these films. Mona Kent, the temperamental and predatory musical comedy star, played sensuously by Tamara Long; her tough but harried producer, portrayed by Steve Elmore; Ruby, a country girl who has studied dancing in her hometown and who arrives on a bus determined to become a Broadway star, played with perfect naïveté by Bernadette Peters; Dick, a sailor who turns out to be a songwriter, played by David Christmas; Joan, the shrewd but goodhearted chorus girl, played by Sally Stark; and Lucky, her comic sailor boyfriend, played by Joseph R. Sicari. Mr. Elmore also doubles as a captain in the U.S. Navy who is vamped by Mona into overlooking regulations and allowing the show to open on his battleship.

The evening is full of inspired idiocies. A corny song called "It's Raining in My Heart" is punctuated by having the chorus open umbrellas at its wettest moment. On the opening night of the show in which Ruby has taken over for the star, someone reminds her that there are critics out there waiting to tear her to bits. Ruby turns her head and looks out front in complete bafflement, as if this were a highly unreasonable annoyance to have sprung on her. In the big number, "The Echo Waltz," two wall panels reverse to provide a very effective mirror background for the number. And the ending, in which Ruby and Dick make up, is topped with Ruby's "I've been a fool." Like everything else in this joyous evening, it catches the quintessential absurdity of something we must have once taken seriously.

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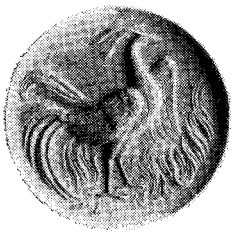
WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

The Pecuniary Culture



Second only to sex, money and the men who make it are topics guaranteed to boost a book into the bestseller lists.

NEXT to making money, the favorite occupation of the affluent society seems to be writing about money. That may not be very surprising: we do live, after all, in what Veblen early on recognized as "the pecuniary culture"—a better if less catchy phrase than "the affluent society"—and it is probably predictable enough that its pecuniary peculiarities should be coming in for a fair amount of attention from writers and analysts these days. At the same time, though, the river of written words about money (fortunately, the number of words spoken on the subject will never be known) merits some observation and comment. Never before in history have so many writers devoted so much attention to one aspect or another of the money-making process, raising the question whether they are saying anything sensible, and, beyond that, whether money—even stacks and stacks of it—is all that engaging. There is also the question whether some of these writers are really interested in money or whether in fact they, like some of the people who make money, aren't really more interested in something else.

Generally, the money-writing genre breaks down into two main streams. One stream frankly appeals to the avarice of the reader. An example that appeared a few years ago bore, appositely enough, a green dustjacket emblazoned with pithy slogans that went right to the heart of the matter, and therefore command a certain amount of respect, regardless of how one may feel about the esthetics involved. "America's 100 Best Money-Making Ideas!" reads the slash across the top of the jacket. This is followed in larger type by the book's title, *Income Opportunities*, spelled out in large block capitals. Then, down the jacket's margin, run the punchy come-on phrases: "Mail Order Business!" "Success Stories—How They Did It, How YOU Can Too!" "Make Extra Money, and Keep Your Regular Job, Too!" In case all those jabs don't make the point clear the blurb drives it home with a sledge hammer: "This book will show you how you can make . . . undreamed-of profits," it says with assurance.

Within this how-to-get-it group all sorts of specialized approaches have been developed. (I speak now only of books, leaving out such publications as a new biweekly newspaper called *Physicians Financial Letter*, which appeals directly to the cupidity of doctors by offering them confidential appraisals of and advice about their portfolios.) Among them is a new book called *What Every Woman Should Know About Investing Her Money*, by H. H. Levy (Dartnell, $6.95), which, the *Wall Street Journal* reports, is "selling very, very well" to "housewives, secretaries and female executives." And it looks as though books about money—or, more exactly, about stock certificates, which are more intriguing—may

WALTER GUZZARDI, JR., assistant managing editor of *Fortune*, is the author of *The Young Executives*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIBSON

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eventually paper over the generation gap: Hawthorn's *The Bulls and the Bears*, by Adrian A. Paradis ($3.95), aimed at the ten-to-fourteen-year-olds, went into a second printing for the holiday season, while Harcourt, Brace & World is doing well with *Investing Money: The Facts About Stocks and Bonds*, by Ruth Brindze ($3.50), directed at the teen-age market.

On a somewhat more sophisticated level but making the same kind of appeal to adult audiences is a new edition of *Happiness Is a Stock that Doubles in a Year*, by Ira U. Cobleigh (Bernard Geis, $6.95). The fly-leaf makes perfectly clear the reason why a new edition is necessary: "In the first edition," it says, the author "offered forty-five stocks, of which 31 per cent actually doubled, or better, within a year." The author in this case is an economist and a financial editor who has written ten or so books about stocks. In *Happiness* (Part II) he rambles through some fairly general comments, accurate but not especially informative, about the national economy and the growth industries, and then finally arrives at the section that lists those happiness-making stocks, introducing it with the frank comment: "This is the chapter you've been waiting for, of course." By the time the reader has finished it, with visions of that 31 per cent of the earlier list glittering before his eyes, he is probably much too dazzled even to pause over the final paragraphs, one of which begins: "Nothing in this book is to be construed as a recommendation, endorsement, representation or offer to buy and sell any security at any time."

The other stream that makes up the money-writing genre eschews all promises of personal enrichment. One of its leading exponents is John Brooks, novelist and essayist, whose long, fine pieces about the business world have appeared often in the pages of *The New Yorker*. Brooks is a thoroughgoing reporter and a serious writer who digs into business situations and makes sure that he understands them in their complicated particulars before he discusses them. But it is fair to say that Brooks's main interest isn't business or money—it's people. He habitually turns a magnifying glass on the way people act in a business context, and that is what he has done very effectively in a new book called *Business Adventures: Twelve Classic Tales from the Worlds of Wall Street and the Modern American Corporation* (Weybright & Talley, $10).

Business Adventures, all of which has appeared over the years in *The New Yorker*, is full of clear, witty writing. It comprises a fascinating collection of tales about the foibles of businessmen. Among the best is a chapter called "The Impacted Philosophers," dealing with the famous anti-trust case involving General Electric a few years ago. That event was, of course, one of the most fully reported in the history of business, but John Brooks (like *Fortune* writer Richard Austin Smith, who entitled his two long pieces "The Great Electrical Conspiracy") has found something new and illuminating and entertaining to say about it.

THAT Brooks's interest, though, continues to center on people is revealed when he recalls a bit of dialogue between Arthur Vinson of G.E. and Senator Kefauver. In this exchange Vinson responded to Kefauver's suggestion that "You wouldn't be a vice president at $200,000 a year if you were naïve" by saying, "I think I could well get there by being naïve in this area. It might help." Quite rightly, Brooks bores in: "Was Vinson really saying to Kefauver what he seemed to be saying—that naïveté about anti-trust violations might be a help to a man in getting and holding a $200,000-a-year job at General Electric? It seems unlikely. And yet what else could he have meant?" Somehow, though, the curiosity stirred in the reader by Brooks's question—we really do want to know the answer—has more to do with Vinson and with Kefauver than with G.E. This takes nothing away from the fine job Brooks has done here, and in another outstanding chapter called "Xerox Xerox Xerox Xerox." But it does show where his preoccupation lies.

Inevitably, the most successful book of all is one that brings the two main streams together. The story of money and the promise of personal profit are present, but so are the people. The confluence of the two themes in *The Money Game*, by 'Adam Smith' (Random House, $6.95), has made it a best-seller for months, and must have made its author—a former *Fortune* writer whose real name is George Goodman—as rich as many of the people who flocked to buy the book would like to be.

The chapter headings of *The Money Game* show pretty clearly the way the focus shifts from money to people and back. The first one penetrates the reader like a dart with its heading "YOU," and then moves in closer by breaking "you" down into three abstractions: Identity, Anxiety, and Money. The second chapter reinforces the point: "Can Ink Blots Tell You Whether You Are the Type Who Will Make a Lot of Money in the Market?" it asks. At the end the author quotes Keynes: "The love of money as a possession . . . is a somewhat disgusting morbidity, one of those semi-criminal, semi-pathological propensities which one hands over with a shudder to the specialists in mental disease." 'Adam Smith' then asks the critical question "Do YOU want to take the money game, or leave it alone?" He enjoins the reader: "You have to make your own choice, and

"They're holding the rally in Grosvenor Square, Bert, not Trafalgar Square."

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there are many other and more productive outlets for time and energy. Until daylight, I wish you the joys of the Game."

The Money Game richly deserves its success. It is written by a man who knows the Game, has played it, and has never lost his wit or his humor in the process. From the way combines are put together ("'Sell the company? You're crazy,' said Uncle Harry") to the reason why the little man can't be a successful trader ("I was out of town that day, and couldn't call my broker, and when I got back there were all those rumors . . .") to the horrors and complications of the commodity market ("How can cocoa go down?" said the great Winfield. "Cocoa is going to forty cents. *Minimum.* Six times your money."), 'Adam Smith' knows what he is talking about. And it's a pleasure to listen to him.

LIKE sex, money is never going to die out as a subject for writers. All the books about sex, though—all that very clear, very precise and very clinical descriptive material about copulation in its many manifestations—gets to be a bore after a while. It is too direct, and it needs garnishment. The same is true with books about money. Investment opportunities are losing their appeal, and they all begin to sound the same, especially the bit about "Nothing in this book is to be construed as an endorsement. . . ." But when you talk about people and the way they relate to money— that's a stream that will never dry up.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1327

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1327 will be found in the next issue.

IMUH PGF FYNHLA OMJHE XS YF USN VMOVHN BYNBSFHF XVGE XS OGXVHN PVGX SYN GELHFXSNF VGJH PMFHIA XVNSPE GPGA.

—FGZYHI CSVEFSE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1326

I have never made but one prayer to God, a very short one: "O Lord, make my enemies ridiculous."

—VOLTAIRE.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

"Fictional Manifold"

I DO NOT WANT TO QUARREL with Granville Hicks's judgment; that is his responsibility; and surely I am the worst situated person in the world to say whether *The Half Gods*, [*SR*, Nov. 16] or any other work of mine is a success or not. But as I am sometimes confused with Daren Leflore, and as Daren urges himself in the novel: "You're a teacher, aren't you? Why don't you teach?" —I will act as if that had been said to me.

When a novel has been conceived and carefully elaborated not as a chronological narrative but as what in *The Half Gods* is called "a fictional manifold," where the art and prophetic content is carried by the relation of one event to another in a fabric of meaning—for a reviewer to work so hard to reconstruct the story and present that as if it represented the book, is as curious as if, faced with a poem, he would say: "It has cost me a lot of trouble to get into prose what this author unfortunately put in verse; but I have done it; this is what he means, and I hope to be commended for my labor."

A single example of the strangeness of the method. There is an epilogue which Mr. Hicks says is "about Daren's travels in Europe with Jeffrey." As a matter of fact, the Epilogue is an Apocalyptic dream-vision called "When" (the Prologue having been "Now," the four parts of the book "Summer," "Winter," "Fall," "Spring") it ties up the political and historical threads of the book, and closes with a symbolic destruction of the world.

I had thought after so much teaching of Hawthorne, Melville, Conrad and the rest in the schools, that people would have learned to read a philosophic novel as if the architectonic principle were *thought*, not story—"fiction [as the novel says] at such a crossroads as drama must have appeared to Plato, challenged by the hard sphinx of meaning."

CHARLES G. BELL.
Santa Fe, N.M.

Dangerous Generalities

AS ANALYSES WHICH TELL a partial truth Erich Fromm's books are valuable. However, when an implementation of ideas based on his partially false mystique is advocated, it would seem appropriate for the review to raise the question.

Fromm's general thesis which underlies all his books (and also advanced by Lewis Mumford in *In the Name of Sanity*) is that "mankind" has a collective id which is about to rise like a beast and overpower him with bombs, technology, or other evils, unless it is kept on leash by an improbably designed collective superego. According to the review, *The Revolution of Hope* [*SR*, Dec. 14] suggests that conversion can be implemented by "concerned" local and regional "revolutionaries."

While Emerson may be forgiven for generalizing about "mankind" a century ago, abstract generalities can no longer be gratuitously bestowed without danger. People who lack experience, particularly students, read Fromm's books and immediately polarize themselves against an abstract and psychotic "society." When they are then faced by real people who are unalienated, knowledgeable, and potent, who do not have Faustian imaginations and therefore do not understand why the goods of technology and the desirability of defense should be in any way logically opposed to humanism, hope or life, they are bewildered by a concrete reality they did not know existed, and mistaking it for psychosis or stupidity, conflict becomes inevitable.

It seems to me that the cause of a rational and unified society could be better served if molders of public opinion strove to analyze, as equals in sanity and reality, particular groups and the tensions between them. Perhaps reconciliation is still possible and we will not have to rely on an apocalyptic conversion based on their insupportable myth that "mankind" is either stupid or insane.

MARGARET PEPIN.
Albuquerque, N.M.

Gamble

JOHN K. HUTCHENS'S BIOGRAPHICAL sketch and literary summary [*SR*, Dec. 21] of the late Conrad Richter was chockfull of informative lore. But I think he neglected to praise someone who must have helped make the literary output possible: his publisher, Alfred A. Knopf.

I am not privy to the historical record, but, knowing publishing, it must have taken guts and expense to keep publishing Richter's books over the years. I surmise that they never had substantial sales. The latest Borzoi catalogue of books still in print lists seventeen Richter titles beginning with the earliest in 1936. Surely this deserves praise, as this publisher not only gambled each time, he has kept the books in print and never, to my guess, ever "remaindered."

Lastly, the way he clothed Richter's books is a further testament to his perspicacity and the talents of yet another publishing great, W. A. Dwiggins.

CHARLES ANTIN, Vice President,
Cobble Hill Press.
New York, N.Y.

Harding Summarized

IN SEARCHING FOR CANDIDATES to qualify for our worst Chief Executive, how could Richard L. Tobin [in his review of *The Shadow of Blooming Grove*, *SR*, Dec. 7] overlook Ulysses Simpson Grant? Or fail to use the best summary of Harding, by Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth: "Harding was not a bad man. He was just a slob"?

GEORGE JOHNSON.
Wausau, Wis.

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Literary Horizons

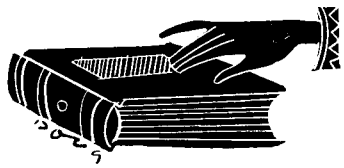
Granville Hicks

When C. P. Snow came to the United States this past November—his fiftieth visit, it was reported—*The New York Times* published an interview with him as well as a long extract from the address he delivered at Westminster College in Missouri. It is not usual for the views of a man of letters to be given so much attention, but Snow is no ordinary literary figure. The interviewer rather flippantly referred to him as a "sixty-three-year-old British peer and jack-of-all-trades," and it is true that he has had several careers and won honors in several fields. He became newsworthy in this country with the publication of a lecture, "The Two Cultures," in 1958, and, although his novels have been increasingly popular, he is still best remembered as a controversialist in education. In England he was knighted in 1957, not because of his writings but because of the labors he had performed in recruiting scientists for service in World War II. When the Labour Party came to power in 1964, he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary of the newly formed Ministry of Technology, and was made a peer, Lord Snow of Leicester, so that he could represent the ministry in the House of Lords.

Snow spoke at Westminister as scientist, educator, and statesman as well as novelist, and what he chiefly had to say was that he was closer to despair than he had ever been in his life. "Uneasiness seems to be becoming part of the climate of our time," he said. "Uneasiness with an edge of fear? Perhaps. It is a bad state." "What is going wrong with us?" he asked, and spoke of the great gains man has recently made in knowledge and in power. But, he granted, this progress lies at the heart of our central problems, "the contrast between the rich countries of the world and the poor." The problem, he argued, could be solved if both the rich countries and the poor would make a mighty effort, but he found little reason to hope that such an effort would be made. He spoke of the fact that young people are supposed to be looking for a cause. Here, he said, is the greatest cause imaginable: "Peace. Food. No more people than the earth can take." But he concluded: "I should be less than honest if I told you that I thought it was likely to succeed."

A few weeks after the delivery of this address, the tenth novel in Snow's "Strangers and Brothers" series, *The Sleep of Reason* (Scribners, $6.95), was published. The first novel in the series, called *Strangers and Brothers*, appeared in England in 1940, nearly thirty years ago. His work on the series was interrupted by the war, but in 1947 a second novel, *The Light and the Dark*, was published, and since that time a novel has appeared every two or three years. The eleventh and last, on which Snow worked simultaneously with *The Sleep of Reason*, is expected rather soon.

Soon after the publication of *The Search*, a kind of trial run, in 1934, Snow began to plan a series of novels that would give a cross-section of contemporary British society. Even then, when he was only thirty, he had had a varied experience. Born in a working-class family in Leicester, he had attended the local University College, had won a fellowship in physics at Cambridge, had become a Fellow of Christ College, and had written a couple of novels. But before he could finish the first volume in the series, life had begun to go faster and faster. He was having more and more varied experiences and was meeting more and more interesting and important people.



Naturally he began revising his plans, letting the novels catch up with his life. With *The Sleep of Reason* he has reached 1963.

The relationship of fact and fiction in autobiographical novels is always a fascinating study. That the series is in large measure autobiographical Snow has never denied: if a character in a novel can ever be identified with a human being, Lewis Eliot is Charles Snow. So far as I know, Snow made only one serious departure from the facts of his own life: in *Strangers and Brothers* Eliot goes in for law instead of science. This, I suppose, means that at the outset Snow was worried by the "any persons living or dead" clause. I bet that he has regretted his compromise ever since, for he has had to make a certain number of alterations to keep up that fiction, though surprisingly few.

How many of the other characters are modeled closely on what we call "real" persons is hard to say, but my impression is that many of them are. In a prefatory note to *Corridors of Power* Snow wrote: "The novel is about 'high' politics, and, like all novels on the subject, carries an unresolvable complication. This one is set in the period 1955-8, and in the year 1957 the Prime Minister has to be introduced. Now there was a real Prime Minister at the time. His name was Harold Macmillan. The Prime Minister in this novel is quite unlike Mr. Harold Macmillan, as unlike as he could possibly be." Thus we have a more or less real Charles Snow, under the name of Lewis Eliot, dealing with a more or less unreal Prime Minister, while at the same time the real C. P. Snow, under his own name, extends his thanks to the real Harold Macmillan, who was his publisher.

As often in Snow's novels, there are several themes in *The Sleep of Reason*. The novel begins with Lewis Eliot and his son Charles going to visit the former's father. Lewis's portrayal of himself as son and as father underlines the rapidity of social change and gives Snow an opportunity for analysis of the kind he does well. A second theme concerns a struggle for power within the governing board of the provincial university that Lewis attended. Snow has written about several such conflicts, and, though his account of this one is done well, I don't know that it adds much to the series. A third theme enters in Lewis's discovery that he has a detached retina—an affliction from which Snow suffered. This section is done convincingly and therefore movingly. Even if it is strictly autobiographical, it has the imaginative power that we associate with fiction of a high order—as, of course, undisguised autobiography sometimes does.

There are various minor themes, including a couple of love affairs, but gradually Snow moves towards his major theme—the bloodthirsty, wanton murder of a small boy in Lewis's native city. Two young women are charged with the murder, and their trial becomes a matter of concern to Eliot for several reasons. One of the young women—they have a Lesbian relationship—is the daughter of a family with which Lewis has been accidentally and unpleasantly involved. The other is a niece of George Passant and a member of a group of young people surrounding that aging but still eloquent rebel. In his youth, thirty years and more before, Lewis had been influenced by Passant, as told in *Strangers and Brothers*, and through all this time he has been loyal to George and has tried to help him in the troubles he brings upon himself.

It is out of a sense of duty to Passant that Lewis attends the trial at the outset, but soon he finds its morbid attraction irresistible. Snow has written about a number of trials, investigations, hearings, and the like, and always with great dramatic skill. This, I think, is his best, detailed and fascinating: the prosecuting attorney painstakingly describes the crime as reconstructed by the police;

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witnesses are called and cross-examined; medical experts testify; eventually the defense lawyers, as has long been expected, plead "diminished responsibility," and psychiatrists are introduced on both sides; the defendants testify and the case goes to the jury. Through all this Snow follows the proceedings with as much assurance as if he had had the legal training Lewis Eliot received. At the same time he makes each of the participants an individual, and the resulting drama is magnificent.

It would be interesting to know what is fact and what is fiction in the account of this trial. I have heard that Snow had in mind the famous Moors murder case of 1965-66. Snow's wife, Pamela Hansford Johnson, attended the trial of the Moors murderers for a London newspaper, and wrote a short book, *On Iniquity*, in which she discussed what seemed to her the implications of the crime. The killers in Snow's book, however, resemble the historical Ian Brady and Myra Hindley only in the fact that the sole motive for their crime was the desire for a thrill. Snow's killers are both women, a pair of Lesbians, and the details of both the killing and the trial are not at all alike. For all I know, Snow may have used an actual murder that was less publicized than the outrage on the Moors, or he may have invented a parallel case. In a way it makes no difference, for, whatever their origins, the events in the book have been worked on by a literary imagination and have the validity of literature. The power of Shakespeare's tragedies is not diminished by our knowledge of their antecedents in history or legend.

One of the advantages of the historical novelist—or, for that matter, of the historical dramatist such as Shakespeare—is that he is given his story in essentials. One may argue about Shakespeare's interpretation of the character of Richard III, but the events of the play, including the alleged murder of the nephews, were given him by his sources. But Snow, unlike the ordinary historical novelist, did not know from the start how his story was going to end. He may have thought in 1940 that he knew where he was going, but the events of more than twenty-five years have not merely modified but transformed his plans. His subject became history in action.

The Lewis Eliot series is equally unorthodox if one examines it in terms of autobiographical fiction. From the first Snow intended that his narrator should be the central figure in some novels and primarily an observer in others, and he has carried out this intention with considerable skill. But as Snow has become a historical personage, Eliot has come to play an important role even in the novels in which he is chiefly concerned with the actions of others. Furthermore, Eliot himself is constantly changing, just as Snow has changed. A writer is bound to change in the course of writing any novel. As T.S. Eliot puts it: "You are not the same people who left that station /Or who will arrive at any terminus." In a series as long as "Strangers and Brothers," and written over so long a period of time, the change is of unusual importance. The Snow who wrote the tenth novel is not the Snow who wrote the first. The change in perspective is sometimes an asset, as when in *The Death of Reason* the narrator revisits scenes described in *Strangers and Brothers* and is led to reflect on the Lewis Eliot of those days. But it can be confusing, too, as anyone discovers who rereads some of the early volumes.

THE series as a whole is not quite like any other work of fiction that I can think of. Snow has sometimes been criticized for using a Victorian technique: the heavy reliance on exposition, the flavorless chapter headings, the rather flat style. In his pamphlet on Snow in the Columbia Essays on Modern Novelists, Robert Gorham Davis writes: "Stylistically, imaginatively, and mimetically, Snow's resources as a novelist are limited, but he husbands them carefully and employs them with conscious skill." Both parts of this statement are true, and the second part seems to me at least as important as the first. Snow has known better than most writers what he could do and what he couldn't, and the techniques he employs are right for both his materials and his gifts.

The pessimism Snow reveals in his Westminster address and in *The Sleep of Reason* is significant because he has seemed on the whole a cheery fellow. Although he has never denied, and has often shown, man's capacity for evil, he has been an optimist by temperament and has given the impression that in the long run good would triumph. He has granted that the human condition is tragic in essence, but he has concentrated on the remediable evils. Like any other post-Freudian, he has been compelled to recognize the limitations of reason, but he has believed that reason was our strongest weapon and in the long run perhaps a sufficient one.

As the title suggests, it is the problem of reason that most engages him in his tenth novel. The epigraph is from Goya's title for an etching: "The sleep of reason brings forth monsters." The ugliest monsters in the book are, of course, the two women who torture and kill a child for fun. Snow's response to these monstrosities is subtler than Lady Snow's response to the Moors murders. Whereas she calls for an end to permissiveness, an avowed war on iniquity, curbs on the circulation of books in praise of cruelty and perversion, and other such measures, he sadly reflects on what he has learned about the nature of man and his prospects for the future.

The somber note he strikes reminds us that he has never been so blithely cheerful as some of his critics have maintained. After all, the title he chose for the first novel in the series and for the series as a whole suggests that, if it is true that all men are brothers, it is equally true that all men are strangers. Whatever his shortcomings, his gifts are many, and never have they been displayed more effectively than in this novel. It will be a long time before we can judge the series as a whole even after it is finished, but there is no doubt that *The Sleep of Reason* is both an exciting and a thoughtful novel.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

EACH IN ITS PLACE

The novels are all familiar. Can you pair them with the places (some real, some imaginary) with which they are associated? Suggestions for this quiz came from Linda R. Eddy of Palo Alto, Calif., and Jo Ann West of Cheverly, Md. There's a directory on page 129.

1. *Babbitt* ( )
2. *The Count of Monte Cristo* ( )
3. *Eugénie Grandet* ( )
4. *The Great Gatsby* ( )
5. *Jude the Obscure* ( )
6. *Look Homeward, Angel* ( )
7. *Looking Backward* ( )
8. *Monsieur Beaucaire* ( )
9. *Native Son* ( )
10. *The Sound and the Fury* ( )
11. *Tom Sawyer* ( )
12. *The Warden* ( )

a. Altamont
b. Barchester
c. Bath
d. Boston
e. Chicago
f. Christminster
g. Jefferson
h. Marseilles
i. St. Petersburg
j. Saumur
k. West Egg
l. Zenith

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

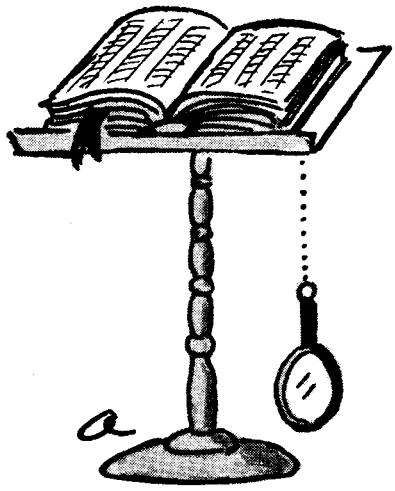
On a single day not long ago, a literary boulevardier could breakfast on the Pitman Publishing Co., take his lunch as a guest of Atheneum, work in cocktails with the publisher of his choice, and finish the evening at a reception given by Metromedia. One can decline these invitations or fall for them, but he can hardly be indifferent to the fact that one way to a reviewer's sympathy is through prime ribs, a glass of claret, and (what this country needs) a good twenty-five-cent cigar. Especially if the critics—all over the age of thirty—are unsympathetic to the point of view of the book.

The breakfast was easy. A buffet affair at New York's Hotel Roosevelt, it was held to announce a new co-publishing venture by Pitman and *The New Republic*, or, as one invitee put it, the marriage of shorthand and longhair. (Not quite: Pitman is now in general publishing and *NR*, at least to the real longies, is Squaresville on the Potomac.) The Metromedia reception was difficult, coming long after the reporters had quit taking notes, although not necessarily highballs. The occasion was a taping of the David Susskind show, which had borrowed four contributors to the book *America Now*, a symposium on the country's political and moral health. Nothing makes a writer feel more like a writer than a chance to appear on television.

Back to Atheneum's luncheon, given for the student editors of the *Columbia Daily Spectator*. Those of us who had partaken of the late breakfast barely had time to adjust our cummerbunds. House rules forbid mentioning the name of the club where the affair took place, but we can say that it is a well-known caravanserai for distinguished elderly gentlemen. Its motto could be (but isn't) "Never trust anyone under eighty." Thus the young editors were smuggled up by a rear elevator to the sanctified dining chamber on the fourth floor. "I've never been to anything like this before," one of them remarked, his eyes popping. "What a wonderful place this would be to lock a dean up in," another commented.

The press weighs these invitations shrewdly against other possible means of not buying their own lunch, and this one was not found wanting. The room was filled, the guest list was high level, although to be sure there were a few foxes in the chicken coop. ("Who let Dwight Macdonald in?" an elderly party asked.) What no one expected was a stimulating, two-hour give and take between the student editors and a generally skeptical audience. At 3:30, with the carafes being passed, the session was still going strong. (Another smart move on Atheneum's part: capture the writer and keep him away from the competition. This is the sort of thing that makes winos of everybody.) *Up Against the Ivy Wall*, edited by Jerry Avorn (hardbound, $6.50; paperback, $3.25), is a vivid eyewitness account of the Columbia riots; but there is something ironic about hiring this kind of hall as an echo chamber for the student Left. Is the best way to forestall revolution simply to let the rebels sniff the pleasures of the Establishment?

Another kind of hall was used by Bantam Books to introduce *Rock and Other Four-Letter Words* a few weeks later. This was the Columbia Records studio on the East Side, and it should be said right off that the four-letter words used at Columbia Records are not the ones that are heard at Columbia University. Here, Mr. J. Marks's book on "music of the electric generation" brought the literati and the teenyboppers



together for an evening of organized cacophony. (A publisher isn't happy these days unless he is contributing to the delinquency of an adult.) This party wasn't turned on; it was simply turned up like one big sonic boom. You couldn't hear, but you could read, and maybe this was the intention of the sponsors.

I found the book incomprehensible—gate-fold photo inserts, a coded message from the Beatles, a cut-out "Establishment Doll," wiring diagrams, and the sort of cliché-ridden language (up tight, doing your thing) that passes for conversation among the hip people. The one thing you don't do at a big commercial blast such as this is your own thing; but then, how else can a publisher get the press to pay attention to a $1.25 paperback? "Why can't I dig it?" I asked a young woman in leather skirt and vest. "Because we're the now generation and you're not," she snapped.

To move from the now to the was generation came as something of a relief when this reporter proceeded, later in the month, to the doleful elegance of the Ford Foundation auditorium, where Marianne Moore was being honored by the National Book Committee for a lifetime devoted to poetry and baseball. Mr. William I. Nichols, the Committee's retiring chairman (retiring, that is, in the sense that he is leaving his post), spoke of these annual awards to distinguished literary figures as an eclectic circus. After starting out at the White House, they have moved in successive years to the Smithsonian Institution, the Library of Congress, and finally the Ford Foundation.

But you have to take the curse off Establishments somehow. No use pretending that people read poetry; so the talk was all about sports, with Michael Burke, president of the New York Yankees, and George Plimpton, president of George Plimpton, Inc., vying with one another in tribute to Miss Moore's love of the national pastime. You may know that she threw out the first ball at the opening game of the 1968 season. (The Yankees had scouted her when Miss Moore lived in Brooklyn, rooting for the Mets, and put her under contract.) She did well, too—wrote poems about Elston Howard, Mickey Mantle, and Whitey Ford. Then Mr. Plimpton described an afternoon with her at a World Series game. W. H. Auden, the only professional colleague scheduled to pay homage, couldn't come in person but a poem he wrote in Miss Moore's honor was read by August Heckscher, Commissioner of Parks for New York City. The kids play a lot of ball in the city's parks.

Do you want to know what happened? When Miss Moore stood up to accept the medal, and a check for $5,000, she didn't mention baseball once. She almost didn't mention poetry, either, except for a concluding reference to Ben Jonson.

The circle came full turn. While student rebels played the Establishment game ("It's much too cold these days to think about riots," one of them pointed out. "Riots need warm weather."), the Establishment played the game of youth.

Publishers need these functions to sell books, and patrons need them to get their money's worth. For her part, Miss Moore gave the impression that poetry is what matters, even though it takes a circus to make the poet visible.

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From Empire to Commonwealth

The Fall of the British Empire, 1918-1968, *by Colin Craig (Coward-McCann. 368 pp. $7.95), and* ***Pax Britannica: The Climax of an Empire,*** *by James Morris (Harcourt, Brace & World. 544 pp. $7.50), discuss the reasons why England lost her dominion over palm and pine. Charles Miller is writing a book on the British Empire and East Africa.*

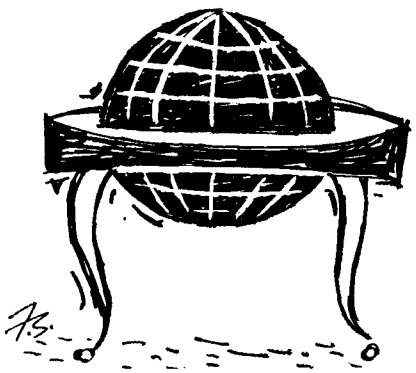
By CHARLES MILLER

THAT WONDROUS WORLD'S FAIR called the British Empire has closed down for good, but it will be some time before we know whether the show scored a triumph or laid an egg. One thing is certain, though: nobody fell asleep during the performance. At its apogee the Empire was Prince Hal in technicolor; in its final years King Lear and Falstaff jostled each other for center stage. History doesn't put on so ambitious a road show every century.

What brought the curtain down? What made it drop so suddenly? Was the deed done by the black-brown revolutions of the 1950s and early 1960s? You may think otherwise after reading *The Fall of the British Empire*, a well-informed, well-paced narrative study by British journalist Colin Cross. First off, Cross believes that the enterprise was licked even before it started: "The British Empire was an historical accident, a by-product of the first contacts between the vigorous people of Europe and the remainder of the world. The surprising thing is less that the British Empire fell than that it ever arose and could ever have seemed to be stable." But of course it did arise and did indeed seem to be stable. There remain the guns that shot it down, and as Cross traces the progress (if that's the word) of imperial disintegration, he highlights certain crucial influences which suggest that postwar Afro-Asian nationalism may have been less firing squad than *coup de grâce*.

From the standpoint of overt resistance, Cross appears to regard India in the 1920s and 1930s as by far the principal cause of the Empire's collapse. There is a particularly good section on the irreparable mischief worked by the man whom Churchill once called a "half-naked fakir" but whom Cross prefers to describe as "more than any other single individual . . . responsible for the fall of the British Empire." Among major events, World War II is seen as a much more staggering blow than any of the uprisings which it subsequently spawned. There is even the suggestion that the Empire may actually have fallen with Singapore: "The effects reverberated through India and the colonies . . . Hitherto the British had been regarded as invincible on their own ground . . . British authority had rested more upon prestige than upon any other single factor. Now the Japanese had ripped away the invisible cloak." At any rate, "by 1945 the mainsprings of the British Empire were broken," and it's here that Cross introduces a third big assist to the nationalist takeover: Britain herself, through a colonial policy that was consistent only in its inconsistency. This is shown in a fascinating playback of Attlee's enthusiastically panicked withdrawal from India, Churchill's efforts at compromise with the offer of federation (notably in Central Africa and the West Indies) that didn't work, and Eden's desperate last-ditch defense strategy which crumbled on Cyprus and at Suez—all leading inevitably to Macmillan's final retreat before the wind of change.

Besides this recap of familiar events, Cross points to several often overlooked influences that also greased the skids. At least two merit special attention. There is first the anti-imperial hanky-panky of the white dominions, determined to gain equal status with the mother country and no less capable than the "lesser breeds" of planting limpet bombs. Cross offers an illuminating look at the senior partners' most damaging acts of constitutional sabotage: the 1931 Statute of Westminster, which ended British parliamentary authority over dominion affairs, and "the more subtle process of splitting up the Imperial Crown and reducing its status in the dominions to that of a mere mascot." While neither of these developments liberated any subject peoples in the colonies (the Statute of Westminster, in fact, was no more than "a tidying-up by which the British formally surrendered legislative powers they had in practice ceased to exercise"), they nonetheless shattered



the constitutional foundations of the Empire. "The dominions for all practical purposes became republics," and the British Empire became more or less officially the British Commonwealth. Noting that the word "Commonwealth" had gained wide currency among Britons long before 1931—as descriptive of "a stronger and more durable form of Empire"—Cross also comments tersely on the emptiness of the term in its newer context: " 'Commonwealth' doctrines turned out to be just the lubricant with which the Empire was dismantled. . . . No mechanism could combine the irreconcilables of dominion sovereignty and a united British Commonwealth. Unity could last only as long as everyone wanted unity."

Secondly, Cross reminds us that during the very decade and a half in which the Empire emitted its last gasp, far more pressing matters had come to claim the attention of British cabinets. Even the Empire-oriented Conservatives could ill afford to divert their best talents from the ever-growing problems of European defense. "Churchill himself . . . devoted most of his constructive energy to foreign affairs. . . . In 1954 the process culminated in the British taking on the unprecedented commitment of maintaining an army of 60,000 men in Germany." In short, "The Commonwealth and Empire . . . took, at best, only third place in this professedly imperialist administration's thinking."

There's still another element which, although it can't be stated as a certain cause, opens up an intriguing avenue of speculation. As Cross points out, several of Britain's most rambunctious overseas properties were acquired almost solely for the purpose of guarding the route to India. However, suppose just for a moment that Britain hadn't been quite so concerned with protecting India and that Cyprus, Egypt, Palestine, and Kenya hadn't been members of the imperial family. Would the absence of violent revolt in those superexplosive areas have allowed Britain to hold on longer? Might she even have contrived somehow to keep the Empire from slipping from her fingers? In other words, did a pathological preoccupation with the most precious jewel contribute to the loss of the whole diadem?

Nobody, of course, asked foolish questions about dissolution in the Empire's salad days. Especially on that day of all days, June 22, 1897, when Queen Victoria observed her Diamond Jubilee, and thousands upon thousands of British subjects of every imaginable estate and pigmentation thronged to England from the farthest reaches of the planet to honor their genuinely beloved sovereign. The celebration was a glittering carnival of unrestrained braggadocio that sprawled across the length and breadth

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of London in much the same way that a proud red splashed over a quarter of the land masses shown on maps of the world. In *Pax Britannica* another British journalist, James Morris, has fittingly chosen Jubilee Day as backdrop for an exuberantly sentimental but by no means credulous journey through the Empire at its zenith.

Pax Britannica takes you first class all the way (P. & O. wherever possible, of course). You gape at the chandeliered ostentation of the Viceroy's palace in Calcutta and groan at the iron grotesquery of the Mall in Simla. In the depths of central Africa you gallop after foxes (correction: jackals) with the Salisbury Hunt Club. You rub shoulders with Australian sheep barons and win a packet at the Melbourne Cup races. You continually meet gorgeously cockaded and bemedalled fellows holding the Queen's commission (including the Royal Navy admiral who removed his jacket before saying his prayers, horrified at the idea of a British officer kneeling in uniform). In Hong Kong you attend Sunday services at St. John's Church, cheek-by-jowl with Government House and the inevitable public gardens, barracks, and cricket pitch. In a hundred officers' messes and wardrooms you drink the Queen's health. In southern India's Ootacamund Club you join in a game of snooker – appropriately, too, snooker having been invented at "Snooty Ooty." And naturally you have your sundowner at Shepheard's.

Mingling in this orgy of swank are the Empire's titans in all their magnificent effrontery: Salisbury, Chamberlain, Rosebery, Curzon, Kitchener, Lugard, Cromer–to name only a few–and a host of lesser deities. At the drop of a silk hat they will hasten to make it clear that they aren't really imperialists but New Imperialists; this is an important distinction which divorces their robust rule from the tyrannies of past history. "The British would not for long support an institution that was patently unfair, or betrayed the muffled decency of their national code." They don't try to deny that the overseas possessions have brought in enormous profits ("the deepest impulse of the Empire was the impulse to be rich"), but "there was nothing rude then to the epithet of capitalist. It was thought very proper for the British moneyed classes to plow their cash into Indian railways, African mines and Polynesian copra." Nor can you sensibly dispute their benevolent but firm authority over a third of a billion "natives"; after all, the imperial mission has been divinely ordained. "In that last heyday of Christian power the British had no doubts about the superiority of their civilization and its faith. They believed it to be their duty, however arduous or expensive, to distribute it among the heathen and the ignorant . . . they had been chosen for this task." There are the nay-sayers, to be sure, but in the heady climate of self-adulation they receive short shrift. Gladstone, once the thundering Jehovah of anti-imperialism, "watched sadly from his last retirement . . . as member after member of his shattered party fell into the moral error he himself had dubbed jingoism." Economist J. A. Hobson, "the most forceful of them all . . . preached to an unresponsive audience. In Russia the young Lenin heard him, and believed. In England few listened."

THE thing is far too big, far too arrogant. Its stupendous cheek alone is enough to make you want to reach for the nearest blunt object. Why, then, do you find yourself liking the swaggerers? Perhaps even respecting them? Of course, you may not like or respect them at all; you may see the Empire as no more than a bloated balloon of brag. Yet one nonetheless suspects that after reading Morris's spirited tribute to the vitality – and the accomplishments – of Britain's epic socio-economic-geopolitical adventure even the fiercest Anglophobe might be unable to resist a reluctant, whispered "Wizard, by Jove!"

"Take me to Havana!"

Spiritual Odyssey

Leo Baeck: Teacher of Theresienstadt, *by Albert H. Friedlander (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 294 pp. $8.95), traces the intellectual development of the distinguished German rabbi within its historical context. Alan W. Miller is Rabbi of the Society for the Advancement of Judaism, New York City, and a member of the editorial board of the Reconstructionist Magazine.*

By ALAN W. MILLER

LEO BAECK WAS THE SON of a traditionalist rabbi and scholar. Born in 1873, he studied at Breslau, home of the Historical School of Judaism, which profoundly influenced American Conservative Judaism, and at the Lehranstalt in Berlin, home of Abraham Geiger, pillar of the "science of Judaism" school. It might be said, in American parlance, that he started out Orthodox, moved to Conservative, and ended up as Reform. But the spiritual odyssey was continuous rather than discrete. Baeck always retained a reverence for tradition and ritual even though, in later life, "Halacha became an idea, a concept which he appreciated and honored but which he now saw as an abstraction and not as the reality of his life."

In Lissa (Posen), the border town that was Baeck's home, his father had enjoyed close friendship with a Calvinist minister. Baeck's childhood and education thus all conspired to make of him in his earliest manhood an epitome of the ecumenical. This partly explains the nature of his first major work, *The Essence of Judaism*, by implication an apologetic answer to Harnack's *The Essence of*

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Christianity. Here he stated that there must be a dialogue between Jew and Christian, but it can be authentic only if the Jewish sources of Christianity are fully and consciously acknowledged. The Jewishness of Jesus may not be denied. This also explains why, in the dark days of 1933, German Jewry chose Baeck to be their leader to negotiate with the Nazis. His empathy with all segments of the community, including the Zionists, his insistence that all Jewish denominations expressed the essence of Judaism, made him the ideal spokesman for all factions. This was his life as well as his philosophy.

Baeck could have left Germany at any time in the Thirties. He deliberately chose to remain with his flock. Five times he was imprisoned; finally he was sent to Theresienstadt where, under incredible conditions of degradation, he continued to function as a rabbi and teacher. By a remarkable quirk of fate the Nazis believed that, with the death of a certain Moravian rabbi named Beck shortly after Baeck's arrival in Theresienstadt, they had rid themselves of their arch-antagonist. "Herr Baeck, are you still alive?" asked an unbelieving Eichmann in April 1945. "I thought you were dead." "You are apparently announcing a future occurrence," answered Baeck. He survived the war to teach Judaism in many parts of the world, and died in London in 1956. A distinguished German social psychologist, H. G. Adler, who endured the camp with Baeck, wrote of him later: "He was a shining beacon in the salt-tear ocean of despair." This reviewer distinctly remembers him as a rabbi who could make of the priestly benediction at the conclusion of an act of worship a direct and immediate revelation of the Divine.

SUCH a life is the stuff that myths and saints are made of. It is to Albert Friedlander's credit that, despite his profound love for his late teacher, he does not permit emotion to interfere with objective scholarly appraisal. Leo Baeck is no hagiography. The master's insistence on the validity of polarity is shown most clearly in the pupil's willingness to consider all viewpoints. Friedlander acknowledges candidly the moral and judgmental problems involved in Baeck's refusal to share his unequivocal knowledge of Auschwitz with his fellow concentration camp inmates. (Was there a Schweitzerian element of autocratic paternalism manifested here?) He is prepared to consider without passion accusations of collaboration. In tracing the intellectual development of Baeck he shows the influences of Schleiermacher, Dilthey, Hermann Cohen, and even Harnack. But he is not beyond reproaching Baeck for impoliteness, for an occasional superficial judgment, for an improperly rigid dichotomy of romantic and classical, for giving more room in *The Essence of Judaism*, despite an avowed ecumenism, to the liberal than to the traditionalist.

The author is aware that there are men whose charisma swamps their message. He writes "to create a more balanced picture." But his attempt to portray Baeck as a great thinker as well as a great man merely throws the man into yet sharper relief. On Friedlander's own admission Baeck's basic thesis of mystery and commandment and the religion of polarity were there from the start. In the articles published between 1895 and 1897 "we come to realize that the pattern of Baeck's thoughts was established from earliest times." If Baeck has not had the impact on American Jewish thought the author would have wished, it is not because the American Jew has failed to read Baeck's later works. It is surely because his basic faith in man and in the cosmic viability of the Jewish people may be expressed better in indigenous American terms than in the turgid and laborious paradoxes of German metaphysics with their Hegelian overtones. "Much of Baeck's writings," observes Friedlander, "is metaphysical poetry, an open language which strikes at the limits of theology, desirous not so much of producing a system as of indicating a direction in which an intermingling of the rational and nonrational brings us to the knowledge of the twofoldness of human existence."

Afficionados of the Germanic idiom will be convinced, but not those reared on the cadences of London and New York. Baeck is a Heschel, not a Kaplan. Yet Baeck himself wrote unwittingly, though prophetically, of an American Jewry relying overheavily on Germanic theological idiom (see Milton Himmelfarb's introduction to the *Commentary* symposium *The Condition of Jewish Belief*, Macmillan, 1966.)

Friedlander's book is a welcome and refreshing antidote to Death-of-God theology. The point he makes, pellucidly and with consummate skill, that a single believing Baeck inside a concentration camp outweighs many theoretical theologians outside, gives food for thought. A contemporary faith depends not primarily upon any metaphysic but on the possibility of man. Can man be human? Baeck's life answers yes, even unto holocaust. On this rock even a secular society may build a church. What is now needed is a full-scale biography of this twentieth-century man who supremely points to God. Hopefully it will come from the pen of this brilliant young rabbi who, in his sensitive and thoughtful exploration of the tension between the mind and the man, has carried the polarity of the master one ethical stage further.

The South Without Magnolias

Coming of Age in Mississippi: An Autobiography, *by Anne Moody (Dial. 348 pp. $5.95), chronicles a young black girl's struggle to gain an education and her efforts in the civil rights movement. Carl N. Degler is professor of American History at Stanford University.*

By CARL N. DEGLER

THOUGH THE AUTHOR of this autobiography is only twenty-eight years old, her life has already spanned the revolution that has propelled the Negro from the South to the North and from the country to the city, and made racial equality the central issue of our time.

Anne Moody, who is black, grew up in Wilkinson County in Mississippi's black belt, the daughter of a sharecropper whose wife had to work along with him in the fields throughout her regular pregnancies. Unlike her parents or her brothers and sisters, Anne went on from school to college and to participation in sit-ins and the voter registration drive in Canton, Mississippi. She now lives in New York City with her husband. Her story of the rural Southern black is at once different from and yet strikingly similar to that of the urban Northern black as recorded by Claude Brown or Malcolm X. In the rural South, as in the North, the black experience is still one of poverty, discrimination, family disruption, and unemployment.

The book is simply, even naïvely written, for there is little introspection or

(*Continued on page* 90)

—*Jack Schrier.*

Anne Moody: "Nonviolence is out."

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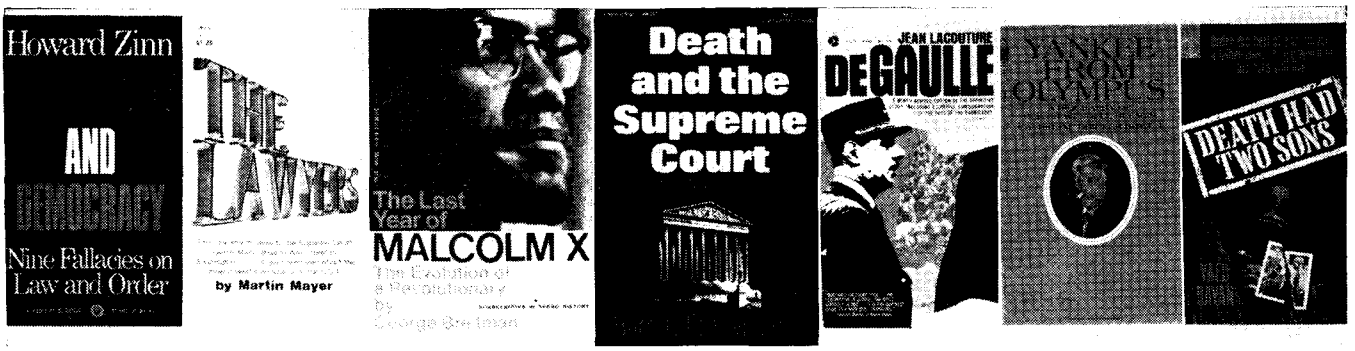

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

The mind boggles at the diversity of Martin Mayer's interests. The forty-year-old New Yorker is a music critic, the author of *Wall Street: Men and Money* (Collier), *Madison Avenue, USA* (Pocket Books), about the advertising business, and *The Schools* (Anchor), on the problems of public education. His most recent book, *The Lawyers*, just published in paperback (Dell, $1.25), discusses the law and the men who practice it, with case histories illustrating the inner machinery of the profession.

This versatility was manifested in Mayer's early years as a *Wunderkind*. He entered Harvard at fifteen and "studied whatever interested me." Languages didn't, so he left without graduating. After a year or so, having learned Italian, he returned and took a degree in economics with the Class of 1947.

Mayer's publishers wanted his first book, *Wall Street: Men and Money*, to explain how to make money on the stock market. "I couldn't do that—I haven't figured it out yet," says Mayer. "Instead I wrote about the men who had." Men also make money in advertising, and Mayer turned to them in *Madison Avenue, USA*. "People in advertising praised it. Cleveland Amory called it 'the most effective attack on advertising,' so I guess that makes it about right." Like the best professional writers, Mayer becomes absorbed in his various subjects. "One gets caught up not so much with the way people earn their living, but with the problems of the people one is writing about. The books turn out to be descriptions of what it's like to be an advertising man, a financier, an educator, a lawyer."

The Schools grew from his own personal involvement. He's married and has two sons, and has been a member of one of New York City's local school boards, hip-deep in the critical problems currently besieging New York City. "The issue is how low a level of leadership we can tolerate. I'm talking about people who are representing the public interest," declares Mayer. "The problem is the inability of people who are supposed to be guiding us to understand what will happen as the result of their action or inaction."

The Lawyers is also an offshoot of Mayer's personal experience. His mother and father are lawyers; so are his uncles and his brother-in-law and sister-in-law. Mayer feels that with this book he entered the major leagues. "The intellectual level that has gone into law is a good deal higher than in many other fields. The history of our country, after all, was written by lawyers. Two-thirds of our Congress are lawyers. In the U.S. law still recruits a disproportionate amount of the brains. Sure, there are lots of lummoxes around, but on the upper level it's pretty impressive."

Six years went into researching and writing *The Lawyers*, and Mayer recalls them with a shudder. He did hundreds of interviews, collected 10,000 pages of notes and a library of law books. "After all the material was collected I had to read over the whole body of work to know where I was. The year 1966 was the worst. I worked at it seven days a week until nearly dawn. It damn near killed me."

Mayer is currently engaged in writing a 15,000 word article for *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, the longest they will ever have printed, on the New York school crisis. For those who are interested in reading Mayer at his most wide-ranging, Harper & Row is bringing out in January *All You Need Is Fact*, a free-swinging collection of articles with such subjects as Adlai Stevenson and Arthur Goldberg, Mr. Kenneth, homicide and Falstaff. His one regular task is a monthly music column for *Esquire*. "And that keeps me sane." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Justice

Publishers, ever mindful of what the public is concerned about, are offering a number of books on law and order, among them Howard Zinn's *Disobedience and Democracy: Nine Fallacies on Law and Order* (Vintage, $1.45), a sharp rebuttal to the previously published *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience* (Signet Broadside, $1), in which Justice Abe Fortas generally supports the Establishment position. Zinn, a political scientist and author of *The Southern Mystique and SNCC*, maintains that we are living in a revolutionary era and that "We cannot have a new politics for the citizen with an old approach to the law."

The recent history of the United States has been written in large part by the decisions of the Supreme Court. In *Tides of Justice* (Dell, 50¢) Robert A. Liston reviews some of the major controversies —segregation, obscenity, prayer in the classroom—and traces in a highly readable style both the cases and the Court's rulings. Another study of the workings of justice is Barrett Prettyman, Jr.'s *Death and the Supreme Court* (Harvest, $2.25), which won the 1961 Mystery Writers of America Award as the year's best fact-crime book. Criminal cases generally make engrossing reading, and the six outlined here are especially dramatic because the death penalty was demanded in each. The crimes were violent and usually sordid; the settings ranged from an Alabama shack to a California mansion. Sometimes when justice was dispensed it came too late.

The law and the men who help make it has long fascinated the distinguished historian and biographer Catherine Drinker Bowen. *Miracle at Philadelphia* (Bantam, 95¢) recreates history in terms of the strong-willed men—Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton—who during five critical months in 1787 shaped a new nation. In her best-known work, *Yankee from Olympus* (Bantam, $1.25), Mrs. Bowen's admiration for the judi-

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ciary is personified in a portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Supreme Court Justice, raconteur, New England curmudgeon.

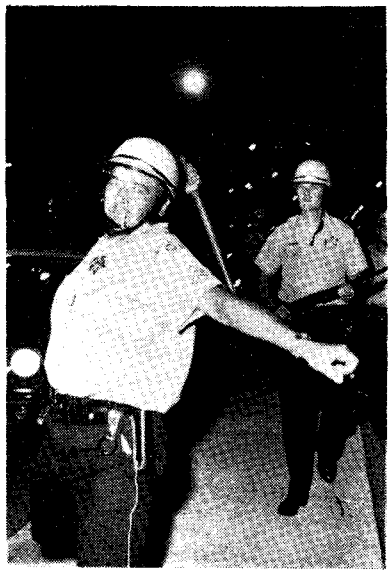
People

France's near-legendary leader has been put into more reasonable perspective in Jean Lacouture's cool, urbane biography *De Gaulle* (Avon/Discus Books, $1.45), translated by Francis K. Price. A straightforward, chronological study, it follows De Gaulle's career from his childhood in a poor but scholarly French family, where the children sat around the dinner table devising Latin themes on the subject of the *soup de jour,* to his wartime exploits as symbol of Free France in exile, his period of waiting with characteristic aloofness to be recalled to action, and finally his performance as President of France. "But General de Gaulle," concludes Lacouture, "as a figure of myth, as an incarnation of a system, as an heroic projection of a certain order, is no longer anything more than a survivor."

A man driven by an altogether different sense of his own destiny was Malcolm X. In a rather emotional book, *The Last Year of Malcolm X* (Schocken, $1.95), George Breitman draws heavily upon Malcolm's own eloquence. Breitman considered Malcolm an "incorruptible and uncompromising revolutionary" who was not merely a visionary but a pragmatist.

Georg Brandes's *Lord Beaconfield: A Study of Benjamin Disraeli* (Apollo, ($1.95) is valuable both as a biography and as a literary curiosity. Written by a Danish scholar in 1878, when Disraeli was still alive, it offers a nineteenth-century view of the enigmatic statesman who intrigued not only his gracious Queen but generations that have followed. A novelist and a refined wit, he was once called by Carlyle "the superlative Hebrew conjurer." Brandes himself found Disraeli vain (he liked to wear green velvet trousers and canary-colored waistcoats) and excessively ambitious; yet almost against his will Brandes succumbs to Disraeli's charm and the book ends in admiration, even fondness.

The tone is what's right about Richard Stoddard Aldrich's recollections of his late wife, *Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A.* (Bantam, 95¢). Perhaps because he's a New Englander, Brahmin variety, Aldrich never indulges in sentimentality when describing his wife's scintillating life or her untimely death. He recalls with great affection their years together and her contagious delight in the theatrical life that surrounded them. And, as though his own words need bolstering—which they don't—the book is peppered with excerpts from Mrs. A.'s bold, bright notes and letters. It's the kind of biography that makes the reader feel cheated because he didn't know the subject.



—Photos from the book.

(Left) National Guardsmen block demonstrators from Conrad Hilton Hotel area. (Right) Police sergeant swings at *New York Times* photographer.

The paperback of the month is unquestionably *Rights in Conflict: The Walker Report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence* (Bantam, $1). It replies in detail to the question whether what took place in Chicago during the Democratic National Convention was a preservation of law and order or a police riot. In one of those incredible publishing feats that paperback houses now seem able to perform without blinking, Bantam rushed the book through the press within days after the report was made public. The language is uncensored and harsh in keeping with the sordid episode. Max Frankel has written a special introduction, and there are 200 photographs.

Fiction

One of the most difficult tasks for a novelist is to convey a child's-eye view of the adult world. Henry James did it brilliantly in *What Maisie Knew,* and so, in his own way, did British novelist L.P. Hartley in *The Go-Between* (Avon, 95¢), a remarkable *tour de force* with a turn-of-the-century setting in which a young boy acts as an increasingly less innocent messenger between two lovers.

"Most novels deal with leisure rather than work," writes Bernard Bergonzi in his lucid introduction to George Gissing's *New Grub Street* (Penguin English Library, $1.25), a novel about "work" in the most grueling Dickensian tradition. The industry in question is writing novels, and Gissing's account of the literary conniving that took place in Britain in the 1890s makes gun-running seem like a cozy profession.

Certainly Virginia Woolf's first novel (1915) *The Voyage Out* (Harvest, $2.45) must be one of the saddest books ever written. Like James's *The Wings of the Dove,* it is a poignant story of a charming young woman who has a brief and blighted life. Unlike Mrs. Woolf's later experimental novels, *The Voyage Out* is told in straight narrative.

New and duly noted: In *Death Had Two Sons* (Dell 75¢), by Yael Dayan, who has been called "the Israeli Sagan," ong, dark shadows from a European past reach into the sunlit desert. Morris L. West's best-selling *The Shoes of the Fisherman* (Dell, 95¢), which has been made into a film, reports on Vatican intrigue in its portrait of an unconventional Pope. Jerome Weidman's *The Hand of the Hunter* (Avon, 75¢), a tale of ice-bound passengers on a maritime adventure, is more in the manner of Alistair MacLean than in that of Weidman's better-known *I Can Get It for You Wholesale.* Any reader who doesn't mind having his Baker Street invaded by an anthologist will appreciate *Sherlock Holmes' Greatest Cases* (Bantam, 95¢), edited by Howard Haycraft, who includes a few of everyone's favorites, from "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" to "The Red-Headed League." "Though he may be more humble, there's no police like Holmes."

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Opting for the Cold Eye

Mosby's Memoirs and Other Stories, *by Saul Bellow (Viking. 184 pp. $5), creates images of played-out men and women propping themselves up with self-incriminating castigations of contemporary life. John K. Simon teaches English at the University of Illinois.*

By JOHN K. SIMON

TWO OPPOSING tendencies are evoked by the memoir form of narrative: on the one hand, the pull of past observation and experience; on the other immediate thought, the narrator's present perspective. While fiction of any kind shifts between social panorama and private confessional, first-person narrative forces the issue and dramatizes the confrontation. It points toward a synthesis which joins fictional development with the reading experience itself. In other words, the narrator of memoirs appears to be reading his own past, assembling it into a significant order, while the reader follows a parallel line along the surface of the text.

Thus, in a tradition that goes back to Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground,* Saul Bellow shows each of the narrators in *Mosby's Memoirs and Other Stories* trying to puzzle out the significance of his life in terms that alternate between past and present. In "Leaving the Yellow House" Hattie, a flabby and abandoned old divorcée in Utah, immobilized by injuries suffered in a drunken automobile accident, is brought to realize her loneliness and to write her will, leaving the yellow house (her only possession) to herself rather than leaving it, period. In the title story Mosby the intellectual is another of the city people in a strange desert region. His egoism is no less corrosive as the primitive Mexican setting takes over from cosmopolitan cynicism, forcing him, a foreign tourist now, to make a symbolic descent into a pre-Colombian burial vault.

In a sense "Mosby's Memoirs" gives us Bellow on Bellow. A famous American sociopolitical critic, now an innocent abroad at Oaxaca on a Guggenheim fellowship to finish his memoirs, finds that his recollections, together with the surrounding primitive country, force him constantly back upon himself. Lustgarten, the rather pitiable victimized drifter in Europe whose picaresque career had been intertwined with Mosby's own and whose story is injected presumably to add humor to the memoirs, turns out to be Mosby's alter ego. He is a sympathetic version of this man who has refused to participate in humanity, preferring to remain in his cynical shell, and who finds himself in the end unable to breathe in the Zapotec tomb. Lustgarten, who even looks Zapotec, is naturally engaged in life, and curiously enough his story of little failures interests one far more than the cogitations of Mosby. Like Hattie, Lustgarten could say, "In fact the middle is all I know. The rest is just a rumor." Mosby is tempted continually to seek for meaning away from the "middle," often in self-conscious imagery. Looking at nature through "light-pained eyes," behind it "dull black seemed to be thickly laid like mirror backing."

This is the same self-directed sarcasm one finds in Camus's *The Fall,* and the comparison is not without significance. Like the French author after his period in postwar Paris literary society, Bellow creates an image of the played-out, self-deluding man of ideas propping himself up with witty but pointedly self-incriminating castigations of contemporary life. Indeed, Bellow's humanistic stance has many features recalling that of Camus: a common debt to Dostoevsky, Kafka, and others; a similar, basically moralistic aim; a fundamental artistic traditionalism. Even the unevenness of these stories recalls Camus's collection *Exile and the Kingdom,* possibly for the same reason—the need of a greater development, a familiarity or complicity in the telling, than a short story will unaffectedly allow. One important difference is evident. Camus, born in Africa, can write essays and fiction in which the lyrical voice, or even the inverted lyricism of *The Fall,* finds a genuine image in the sand, sun, and sky. In Bellow the theme of primitivism and a distant culture is asked to play a role which remains insufficiently sketched out.

Similarly, "The Gonzaga Manuscripts" is not deftly enough presented to carry the Jamesian irony that might have saved the tale. Bellow's hero, a student in Spain, has too much moral indignation about the virtue of his "forgotten" poet. And while there are some finely observed scenes, "Looking for Mr. Green" never rises to the level of significant quest for human contact that was intended.

While none is newly printed here, three of the stories have never before appeared in book form. The latest two in particular, "The Old System" and the title story, have a clipped tone, a snappiness about them which I take to be the most appropriate to Bellow's purposes. Opting for the "cold eye," he has trusted that, as he writes, "the cold of the eye would be proportional to the degree of heat within."

In "The Old System," which is perhaps the most successful story, though clearly also the least modern (both in its form and in its dramatic tension), we follow a family anecdote from the past. Dr. Braun gives up "his afternoon

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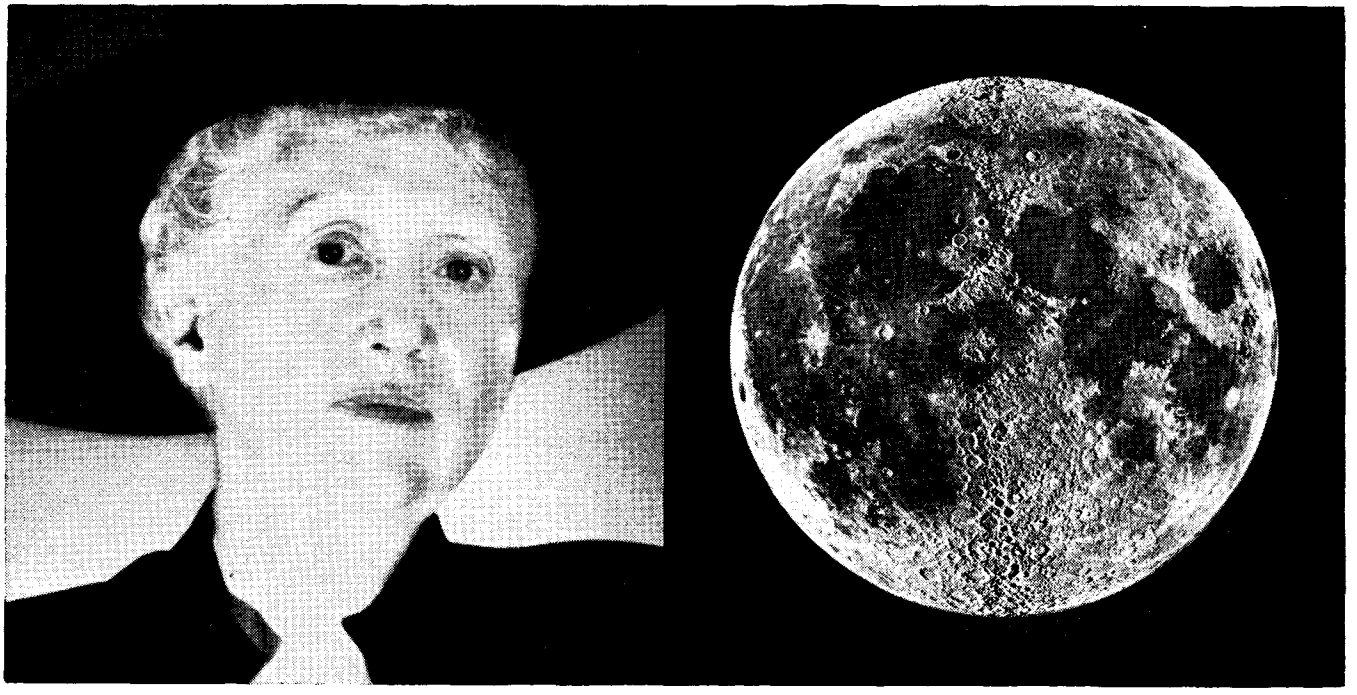

Read about a plan to send Marianne Moore to the moon.

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This is a sample of the adventures in ideas you will find in "Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey."

The book, of course, is not just about outer space. It is about the joy of living and the possibilities of life—but also about the fact that life on this earth has suddenly become precarious. ($7.95)

"Present Tense: An American Editor's Odyssey"
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to the hopeless pleasure of thinking affectionately about his dead," his Uncle Isaac and the latter's reconciliation with his sister Tina. The grotesque ethnic drama that unfolds is worthy of a traditional East European storyteller. The business dealings, family jealousies, visit to the rabbi, and final deathbed embrace are rendered with just the proper detachment and humor. It is the limited but firm and authentically compassionate art of a Ben Shahn drawing.

It is little wonder that Bellow makes one think of Southern writers. Hattie is clearly a "displaced person" in Flannery O'Connor's terms. Like the later Faulkner, there is a "longing of having known." Bellow's "The Old System" has some of the same flavor (with the kosher pickle barrel replacing the cracker barrel) as a Snopes tale: "Before his tranquil look, the facts arranged themselves —rose, took a new arrangement. Remained awhile in the settled state and then changed again. We were getting somewhere." Direction rather than mere observation seems a compulsion of Bellow's, only sometimes he does not take us along. Yet, before the "molecular processes—the only true heraldry of being" one discovers, as on Hattie's face, "the expression of a perennial survivor."

Waiting for Surzo: The world Christopher Bray has imagined in his first novel, *The Scarecrow Man* (Viking, $3.95), is reminiscent of Beckett's—severe, stark, alienated, and yet lyrical. Mr. Bray's setting is contemporary Lon-

WIT TWISTER #94

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Enjoy these country hours, too brief.
Untie the — — — — —; row to the reef.
The city's — — — — — now put aside
For poetry of wave and tide.
With magnifying glass, behold
The smallest — — — — — and sprouting mold,
Or — — — — — that in this slender leaf
Seem craters deeper than belief.
Your snug, French "Mon — — — — — —" is nice,
But out of doors is Paradise!

(*Answer on page* 102)

Spend a winter vacation in gaol.

A winter vacation in Williamsburg begins in 1969 and ends in 1769.

You'll arrive with all the problems that seem to be a part of our world.

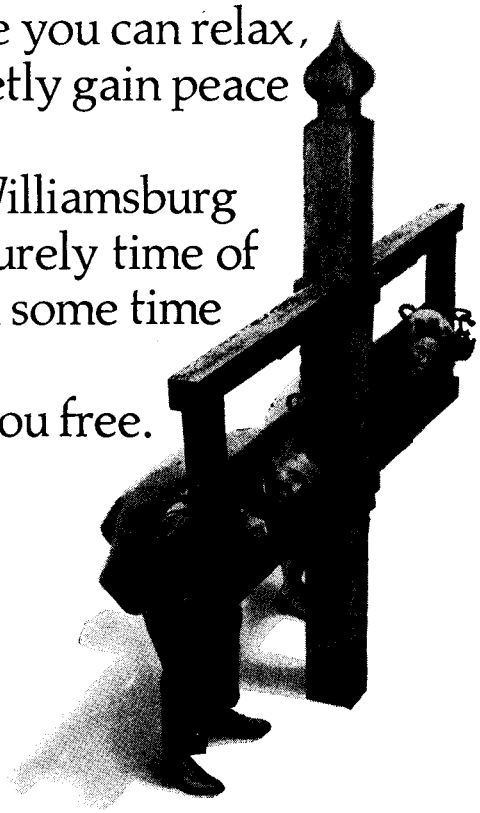
Then Williamsburg will work a subtle magic.

The architecture, the arts and crafts -even the public gaol (jail) with stocks and pillory- will work together to take you back to the eighteenth century.

Back where you can relax, reflect and quietly gain peace of mind.

Come to Williamsburg during this leisurely time of year and spend some time in gaol.

It will set you free.



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don, an epitome of modern life in which love and joy and spontaneity have been replaced by a monolithic vacancy and emotional deadness. Appropriately, his heroes are derelicts and layabouts, clown figures who reveal in their Chaplinesque way some sharp truths about the way we live now. The anti-heroes of the work are the respectables—policemen, middle-class citizens whose parties are constrained and anemic efforts at mirth, the church and its priests who mumble a revelation they do not feel or believe. At the end of *The Scarecrow Man* the misfits and the churchmen meet on Christmas Eve in a disastrous collision that leaves the former wrecked but humanly superior to the clerics, who have no love in their hearts.

Bray's derelicts are two—Gonlag, a toothless friend of one Surzo whose messages he delivers to the world ("Surzo is ready to bust out! Surzo won't take much more! Beware! Surzo is the earth and the spirit of the earth!"), and Mason, who searches through London for the Scarecrow Man. Together they drift about the Marble Arch, sharing cigarette butts and wrapping themselves in newspapers at night. Their quests for Surzo and the Scarecrow Man are really one, bringing them together in a communion of simple souls. The Scarecrow Man dominates the work both in his absence and in his transient, hallucinatory appearances. He is a vision of naïve joy and brotherhood recollected from a scarecrow in a cornfield of Mason's childhood, and somewhat resembling Holden Caulfield's notion of a "catcher in the rye" who saves children from falling off cliffs.

The Scarecrow Man is really an extended short story. Many first novels fail by attempting too much, but Christopher Bray has attempted just enough, and within his own terms has succeeded perfectly. —ROBERT EMMET LONG.

Without Magnolias

Continued from page 83

delineation of feeling. But there are absorbing details of what life was actually like in the Deep South for a black girl. Anne Moody's candor and refusal to overdramatize create an air of verisimilitude that is the book's signal achievement. Her childhood was one of recurrent hunger, little comfort, and much fear. Indeed, fear, whether of snakes, her parents, other blacks, or whites, is a persistent theme in her life, as it is in the lives of the Negroes she knows. Most of her difficulties stemmed not from individual acts of white malice but from the general circumstances of Negro life in Mississippi. This autobiography purveys no horror tales of white mistreatment of a nine-year-old black girl who went to work as a domestic in order to help feed her brothers and sisters. Instead, we are told of a white employer who overpays her, helps her with her school work, promises to help her get to college, and encourages Anne to call her by her first name; of other whites who invite her to join them at the dinner table. On the other hand, one of the earliest incidents in the book is a beating Anne receives at the hands of a Negro boy babysitter, who also tries to set her house on fire. Anne learns early, too, of the distrust and even hostility between dark Negroes and the so-called high yellows. In fact, so strong is her dread of the latter's snobbery that she almost walks out on her first day at Tougaloo College.

Yet, long before the end of the book, Anne Moody tells us that she has always hated whites. She does not elaborate the point, but we are left to conclude that the hatred derives not from any crushing blow or humiliation but from the system as a whole, the weight of which is so overpowering that not even the many acts of individual kindness from whites can lift it.

On one level the book is a kind of success story, for despite all the difficulties Anne Moody achieves her goals, sometimes in the face of her mother's discouragement, not to mention other obstacles. Despite the poverty, incompetence, discrimination, and apathy all around her, her effort and intelligence do win in the end.

THEN comes the final section of the book, dealing with the Movement, where the author's personal triumph is to be transformed into the triumph of the cause. Now, however, hostility, violence, and death are the themes; perseverance, moral superiority, and hard work do not win. The bombing of the Negro church in Birmingham in September 1963, in which four schoolgirls were killed, nearly unhinged a young woman already disheartened by the slowness of progress in the Canton voter registration drive. Angrily she addresses God:

> As long as I live, I'll never be beaten by a white man again. Not like in Woolworth's. Not any more. That's out. You know something else, God? Nonviolence is out. I have a good idea Martin Luther King is talking to you, too. If he is, tell him that nonviolence has served its purpose. Tell him that for me, God, and for a lot of other Negroes who must be thinking it today. If you don't believe that, then I know you must be white, too. And if I ever find out you are white, then I'm through with you. And if I find out you are black, I'll try my best to kill you when I get to heaven.

Unlike Anne's personal story, the story of the Movement has no happy ending. Beset by white violence and hatred on one side and black fear and apathy on the other, the effort to move Mississippi into equality seems fruitless and endless. Near the close of the autobiography is a scene that seems to carry Anne's message. In Canton two of the most active workers on behalf of voter registration were Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Chinn. Nobody in Canton, white or black, trifled with C. O.; he was too big a man, physically and psychically. He was also one of the wealthiest blacks in the town. He started the Movement in Canton. But within a year the whites had destroyed his business and consigned him to the chain gang. There it is that Anne Moody sees him, covered with mud and dirt from a day of digging ditches; he waves cheerily, his spirit undaunted, as she walks by. But her true feeling about him now is expressed by Mrs. Chinn herself, who with unwonted depression sighs: "We ain't big enough to do it by ourselves."

And that is Anne Moody's message to America as she sings for the thousandth time "We shall overcome some day," and adds, "I wonder. I really wonder."

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Race, Jobs, Cities

Continued from page 30

is the largest employer in the area—was not using the influence it could exert to stop discrimination in housing. IBM has a plan under which it guarantees the sale of employees' homes when they transfer to another location. In 1967, it guaranteed the sale of homes worth $4,000,000 in the Lexington area; realtor commissions on these sales amounted to some $240,000. Although this involved only some 200 homes, it affected the entire local real estate market, as each local realtor handled a number of sales.

IN June, IBM's vice president for manufacturing in Lexington sent a short letter to the president of Lexington's First Security National Bank, which acts as the company's agency in listing homes for IBM under the guarantee plan. The letter reiterated a verbal agreement with the banker:

> In the listing of such properties, First Security will communicate to such realtors that IBM's policy is to utilize only those realtors who provide their services to prospective purchasers without discrimination against such individuals because of race, color, religion, or national origin.
>
> If you discover this policy is not being followed, please advise me.

The bank president sent the letter to the Real Estate Board, which sent a copy of it with an accompanying memo to participants in the local Multiple Listing Service stating that IBM Guarantee Plan Properties "will only be assigned to realtors who agree to observe the IBM policy."

Within two days after the IBM letter went out, one black IBM employee who had made no progress in finding housing after two weeks of effort received nine phone calls from real estate dealers. A local realtor stated that IBM's stand would carry more weight than either Kentucky's open-housing law or the recent U.S. Supreme Court decision banning discrimination in all housing. Galen Martin, executive director of the Kentucky Commission on Human Rights, points out: "Real estate people want someone else to give them the lead."

2) In 1964, Armour and Company moved its Kansas City plant operations to all-white Worthington, Minnesota, a town of 10,000 in the heart of rural America. Among the several hundred workers who were planning to transfer with Armour to Worthington were forty-five Negroes and several Puerto Ricans.

To facilitate employee relocation and retraining for the new plant, Armour's management in Kansas City formed a committee with the unions involved. This committee worked with community leaders in Worthington—bankers, realtors, and public officials—and asked their assistance in finding housing for incoming workers "without discrimination against minority members." They received this cooperation, and, in addition, the local churches, press, and business and fraternal clubs developed and carried out a community relations program which was effective in creating a favorable climate. They also established a Housing Information Bureau to help the newcomers secure homes at a fair price and throughout the community. The result was the peaceful and harmonious settlement of Negro and other minority families in Worthington.

3) In labor-tight Dallas, LTV Aerospace Corporation, a major employer in the metropolitan area, found itself unable to fill assembly-line jobs at its aeronautics plant. To overcome this problem, it worked out a program with the State of Texas Employment Commission through which 750 industrially unskilled Mexican-Americans living 500 miles away in the Rio Grande Valley were trained for work in the Dallas plant. The commission paid the trainees' salaries with funds from the U.S. Department of Labor; LTV set up the training center and provided instruction. When the workers were ready to move to their new

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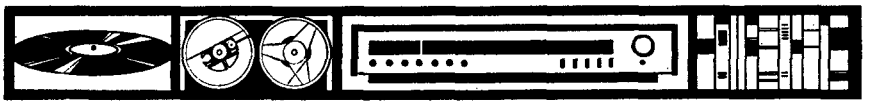

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jobs in Dallas, the commission—working closely with LTV—paid their relocation expenses and acted as liaison in finding them housing. Both the company and the state agency prepared the community to welcome the new workers.

They have fitted well into both jobs and community, have had superior records of staying on the job, and have not encountered the many problems experienced by most unskilled newcomers to the city.

These examples and others make clear that when progressive industry understands the facts and implications of a seemingly insoluble "social" problem, it can do much to bring about necessary changes. Industry can have a major impact in breaking rigid residential patterns—making the real estate market function without discrimination and assuring the peaceful accommodation of minority families in new communities.

But if more working and lower-income families are to be enabled to live outside the central cities and ghettos, industry will also have to use its local community influence to facilitate the necessary construction of more moderate-priced housing in suburbs and new-growth areas. It can get more suburban land rezoned for small lots and multiple dwellings; lend its prestige to the establishment of nonprofit corporations that will develop residential land banks, and use low-interest government housing programs in suburbia; and encourage formation of county-wide public agencies to use the rent-supplement program. Business leaders can urge states to assume a larger share of local education costs, which lead to exclusionist suburban zoning, and can discourage the establishment of new plants in communities that practice residential exclusion.

Such corporate measures do not, of course, preclude business support for other necessary kinds of action by both government and private institutions, within ghetto areas and beyond. But it is urgent for the modern corporation, particularly major industrial concerns, to recognize that their practices in communities where they are located, or plan to locate, can make a major difference in altering the racial divisions and inequities in America.

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State of Affairs

Continued from page 16

not brought into focus—whether it was the fault of the conference's holding only plenary sessions, or that the Old Left was in preponderance and the New Left only haphazardly represented. There was a lot of talk about the surface manifestations of these conflicts, but no real, searching analysis. The fight of the young against the "unbending institutions," as Congressman-elect Allard Lowenstein said, is one of the most striking events of our day. True, youth has rebelled before, but it has never quite unleashed the same shockwaves around the world. This rebellion is not based on any coherent ideology; it is not operating within a party's discipline, as Anthony Hartley, the editor of *Interplay*, remarked regretfully; it is not based on a rebellion of the poor, but on a revulsion mostly among the middle- and upper-middle-class young. It is, in short, a puzzling, fascinating, and thought-provoking phenomenon worth a special conference of its own.

What struck the Europeans most was that the American liberals had lost touch with their own society and the world generally, except perhaps Europe. Some Americans consoled themselves with the conclusion that "nothing fails like success," some condemned the rebels, some were too arrogantly rational to have a real understanding of the depth of the stirrings against the American way of life.

The good old days of conformity in American society are obviously gone, its traditional pillars shaken by the activist youth which is without leadership. Michael Crozier, the French sociologist, blamed the "elite-kind of thinking" of the liberal Establishment and its overextended aims for its loss of influence. There was no impressive evidence that the American liberals present, nostalgic for the past glories, had many answers for the present or a vision of the future. Nor did Sam Brown, the radical student, offer much enlightenment beyond the passionate exasperation with the liberals. It left many of the foreign intellectuals wondering who in the future would inspire American leadership.

When Pierre Emmanuel, the French poet, sought to raise the debate to a more humanistic level, saying that he refuses to surrender to the technological age and to the ability of science to organize the individual, Sam Brown was elated; Emmanuel, he said, had spoken from Brown's heart. Harold Cruse, the Negro writer, dismissed the Frenchman's *cri de coeur* with a shrug of the shoulder. "All it means," he said to me, "is that he is against progress."

"Are you sure this isn't the kind they stomp on with their bare feet?"

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Free Market

Continued from page 42

zation or any other scheme simply added to the present muddle will merely increase the muddle. The system as a whole must be overhauled, and the place of competitive programs carefully arranged within it.

I can do no more here than to sketch an example of what I mean. The following interconnected policies, if adopted together, might appreciably improve the education of children:

1) Drastically decentralize certain educational decisions—curricula, the hiring of teachers, the expenditure of funds—to individual schools or small clusters of schools. The principal of the school would be appointed jointly by a parents' council and the central metropolitan authority and would serve at their pleasure. He would have great power and would receive advice from the parents' council and the central authority. Through this policy, most of the decisions directly affecting a youngster will be made by those who know him as an individual and who are accessible to his parents. Such a plan may make his education more relevant than at present, and certainly more flexible.

2) Centralize to metropolitan authorities responsibilities for: raising local taxes and distributing block operating grants to schools; planning, siting, and building school houses; assigning pupils and arranging for a meaningful open enrollment policy; evaluating individual schools and widely publishing for the general public the results of such studies; operating special schools for the blind and other handicapped groups; providing supporting services, such as instructional television and in-service teacher training.

3) Require that the states license teachers and accredit public and private schools; provide grants to equalize and supplement resources for each metropolitan region; provide incentive grants to particularly deserving individual schools; and serve as an agent for mediation between individual schools and their central districts. In addition, states should set teacher salaries; the unions or teachers' associations should bargain at the state rather than the local level.

THESE three policies are hardly radical: versions of all have worked successfully in the United Kingdom since 1944.

4) Discriminate in favor of poor children with a federal Poor Children's Bill of Rights. Public and private schools for the poor would thereby be given a major and needed boost.

5) Discriminate in favor of racial and class integration with a federal school building program which supports construction *only* of buildings designed to handle diverse student populations within metropolitan authorities.

6) Equalize through federal grants the financial resources available for education in each state.

7) Discriminate in favor of imaginative schools and school districts with federally administered incentive grants, such as those embodied in the original Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965.

8) Radically increase federal support of research and evaluation in education; and develop and support national, but independent, "consumers' unions" for education to evaluate school materials and industrial contractors' plans, and to publicize widely and in popular form the findings of such evaluations.

Within such a plan, several competitive plans have desirable play, and an improved balance of power is approached. There is decentralization of certain educational functions. Open enrollment within the metropolitan region is possible, and poor children, with their vouchers, are mobile and possibly even sought after by wealthy districts. With vouchers, private schools for the poor are financially possible. Evaluation of individual schools, of school materials, and of private contractors' services are provided for at several levels. The narrowness of total decentralization is guarded against through central evaluation, and the political need for new, mass, private school systems is lessened by significant decentralization.

These suggestions are in many respects drastic. Yet today they may be realistic because school systems are, particularly in many large cities, close to collapse. At such times panaceas may evolve into practical possibilities.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Sugar and Spice and Everything

THE CINEMA MARCHES on into untrodden, formerly forbidden areas—and this time into Lesbian territory. The occasion is *The Killing of Sister George*, which did reasonably well as a play in London and New York, and was then seized by producer-director Robert Aldrich, who tends to specialize in well made sensational items. His film does have its moments of interest, but it is more of a curiosity than an accomplishment. Its trick is that it takes the audience a little further than it has yet gone, and in doing so it also takes the Frank Marcus play further than *it* went. The play didn't particularly emphasize its sexual elements. Aldrich, on the other hand, practically throws them in our faces.

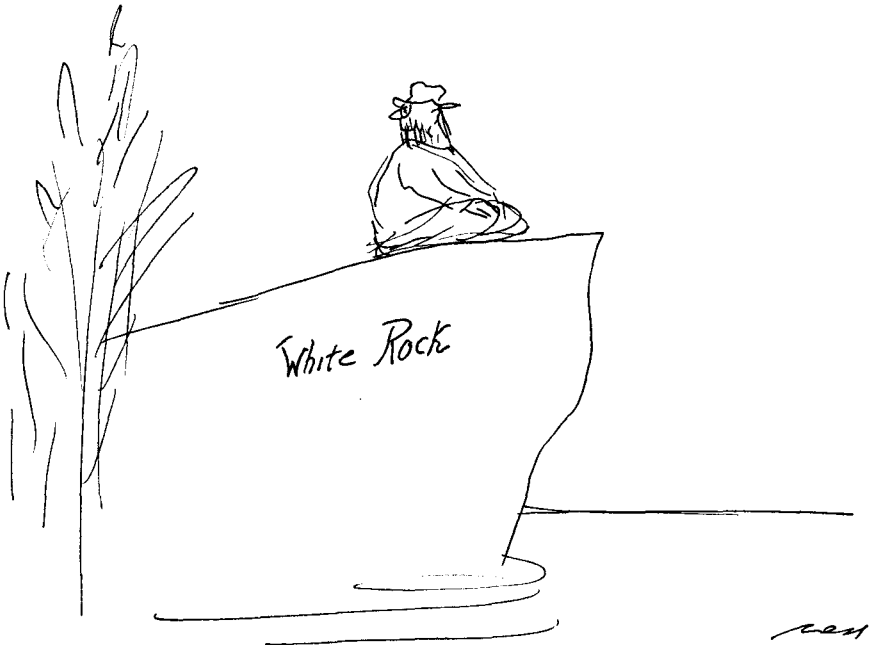
His story has two situations. One—and really the more intriguing—involves a character actress (Beryl Reid) who is about to be killed off in her long-running soap opera. The other has to do with the same lady's relationship with a pretty, wispy apartment mate (Susannah York) who appears to be about to stray from the older lady's bed. She does, finally, in that same bed, and in no uncertain terms. The climax, literally, of the film has Miss York being ministered to sexually by an icy lady TV executive, recently converted to the joys of Lesbianism.

SR's BEST OF 1968 (selected by Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight):

Belle de Jour
Bullitt
The Fifth Horseman Is Fear
The Fixer
Joanna
The Lion in Winter
Rachel, Rachel
Rosemary's Baby
2001: A Space Odyssey
Yellow Submarine

Best Documentary: *Warrendale*

Naturally, Sister George enters upon this tender scene, and is properly shocked. But not, Aldrich hopes, before we are. He zeroes his camera in on Miss York's breast, which then becomes the object of the lady executive's passion. Miss York reacts with the necessary sighs, pants, and spasms. All pretense of seriousness, of artistry, thus flies out the window. This is what the movie was made for, and is really all about. Aldrich obviously couldn't care less about the problems of Lesbian ladies or aging character actresses. He was out to earn his "X" rating, and he has.



His performers try to do well by him. Beryl Reid spits out her words like venom, clomps around in her tweeds, is sweetly sickening as a kindly TV personality. But she seems overtrained. Susannah York, on the other hand, seems a little green in her role. Not much tradition to fall back on, after all. For one of his scenes, Aldrich's camera invaded a London nightclub where female refugees from heterosexuality congregate, so we're told. Pathetic though it is, Aldrich again makes it something out of nightmare alley. It's part of the horror show.

The American Broadcasting Company, through a subsidiary, made the above film; another of its subsidiaries is behind *Candy*. The networks, only recently in the film-making business, presumably are out to demonstrate to us just what they are unable to present to us at home. Yet *Candy*, R rating and all, is on a crazy, childish level well beneath that of *Mad Magazine*. It's hard to imagine grown people seriously engaging themselves for months, spending millions on some garish nonsense that purports to be a "sex spoof." I'm not at all sure what a sex spoof is, or even whether sex ought to be spoofed. It's unspoofable, seems to me. Actually, spoofing sex is a way to make a sex show and get away with it. If *Candy* had been that, it could have been dismissed handily.

But it isn't. It is pretentious. It is participated in by some of the most famous names of the film world. The screenplay was written by Buck Henry, so recently associated with *The Graduate*. And it's being presented as something of a coup, as one more triumph in the battle against puritanism. Taken from the pornographic novel, the story, as nearly everyone must know, deals with the bizarre sexual adventures of a seventeen-year-old girl, whom we now see in the person of the Swedish Ewa Aulin. Miss Aulin has not yet conquered English, but no matter; her legs and buttocks fill the bill. In addition to occasional glimpses of these well rounded parts, we get such celebrities as Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, James Coburn, and Walter Matthau having the times of their lives seducing willing little Candy. They have the times of *their* lives, but I saw very few of the yaks reaching the audience. The material, for the most part, is simply not funny. Now and then there are nice touches—a satirical glint from Burton, sending up Dylan Thomas; a good make-up job for Marlon Brando as Grindl the Guru—but it's all so broad, on such an abysmally low and tasteless level that one wonders not so much why it was made, but how it managed to emerge from relatively respectable sources. And in fact, it's not the sex, or the leering equivalent of it furnished by *Candy*, that in any way disturbs. It's those mentalities behind it.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Dear N: I should have answered your letter long since. I have nothing to plead now but the purity of my selfishness. The more letters a man writes at the edge of his mind, the less he will write at his own center. Even now I am answering selfishly, because I sense in your letter a chance to speak not so much to you as out of myself. I am using you as an occasion for what I myself want to say.

Don't feel upset by editorial fools who tell you what to write. I'm an editor, too, and I'm ready to confess for the trade that any reason given for rejecting a poem is an irrelevancy after the fact. There may be saintly editors unknown to me, but, heaven's margin allowed for, a man rejects a poem because it does nothing to his dendrites. If then, for some reason, he feels obliged to return the piece with something more than a printed rejection slip, he makes up a few hems and haws toward the social graces. If he is also a fool, he pronounces.

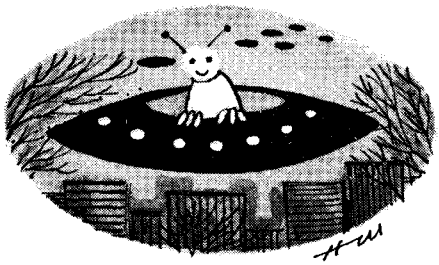
I suppose it's fashionable these days for editorial pronouncers to tell a black poet he should write ANGRY and that he's lost if his poems sound caucasian—that, incidentally, is his lower case "c," not mine, and I'm moved to tell him that if he insists on his capital N, I want my capital C, though I'd a sight rather get together on a capital H for Human.

The problem's not new, though it changes labels and faces. Remember poor Countee Cullen forever trying to decide whether to write N or C, John Henry or John Keats? Remember his poem beginning "What is Africa to me?" I'll take that for a soul's cry in pain. Remember Baldwin in Switzerland playing one Bessie Smith record over and over because it gave him back the rhythm of his own first idiom, back through those Harvard vowels he had tried to swallow as a way to a fake sufferance by what Auden called "a foreign code of conscience"? No one gets to his capital H the easy way, but the time is not yet when a black man can reach for his without some tussle between N and C. (I didn't make the world: I weep for it some in the act of trying to see it, and I try to live in it toward whatever H I can reach for. I do not endorse it. It hasn't asked for my endorsement.)

There will always be poetic pronouncers and programmers but they change nothing. A poet is a poet not in what he writes about but in his act of language. Be angry, be joyous, be urbane, or be primitive, but perform it full to the language itself.

I'm willing enough to sit around while the discussion goes to theory and etherea and the nature of the poetic mind. Let the bourbon be sour mash, and I'll even call the session something for nothing (like listening to Nixon while drinking good corn. Or should I write *good* corn?). But it isn't really my kind of session until the talk gets to specific poems, to specific acts of language, and to the management of that act. (Damn Chopin as idea: what does the pianist have to do *on the keyboard* to equal whatever experience Chopin is?)

Give a man mind and he has no way to avoid some sort of involvement in social causes. "Social cause" is only one of various ways of saying "good and evil." I don't know of any artist who hasn't been moved to his own wrestling match with good and evil, whatever his terms for that match. Poetry stirs the seedbeds and root-deeps of language, and what comes up from language at those depths is the closest I can get to what a man is in his bout with his first questions. That compulsion to language is not art for art's sake: it is language entered as a means of knowledge, and the knowledge is of man for the simple reason that he has spent all his generations to make language, and because the language he makes, makes him. It makes him and it enters him at reaches of himself he could not come to except through art.



I am setting the case high. That case is not lowered a fraction of a degree when the talk of poets turns, as it must, to nouns, to verbs, to adjectives, to stresses, to rhythms, to metaphor, to rhetoric, to forms, to the balances and counterbalances of the elements of specific poems. For, let's face it, the good poet is a manipulator of illusion; nor does it change matters to say he's an illusionist of God, or of the feeling the idea of God used to be before we ran out of right words for the summarizing idea. (No matter that it doesn't exist.) Any cause come to in the fullness of the language is capital H Human, because the language at its full has nothing else it *can* be about.

And even cause is the poet's illusion. I'll grant you—I'll grant any man—wish, self, anguish, name, and all the crossings of his moods. But a poet puts words on paper. If he masters his means, a presence called John Donne is born forever and lives in the reader's mind as surely as any man lives. Or someone called Blake puts the order of words to his illusion and makes a tiger for the jungle of anyman's nervous system. Or a hophead named Coleridge sits to his page and makes a place called Xanadu, and it exists as if language were geography and Xanadu a visited place within it.

High theory or low craft, it is done with words that had so much power till a poet brought them together in a mastered illusion. I am winding up to the nastiness of saying I don't like the poems you sent me. I can't feel that you put words together in any way good enough for the miracle that leaves an artifact. Look at these excerpts: *falling leaves, huge waves, huge entering, shadows stalk, mighty trust, proud congruence, foolish rage, faded cares.*

Yes, they are ripped out of their contexts in eight different poems, and, yes, a genius might set one of these phrases in a context that makes the artifact materialize. And still you could have sat down on the dullest day of your life and made better word-jointures than these just for practice.

"Words alone are certain good." (That's Yeats, isn't it?) These words aren't good enough to be good. Whoever you are outside the poem, I don't see how you can get the illusion of that presence (that H) into the poem till your words coil closer to the root.

So I'm not only being nasty, but compounding offense by taking advantage of you, and turning what should have been a letter for your sake into a column for my sake. If you really mean to write poems, you don't need my mercy, and you had better learn to walk in terror of your own. Damn editors: Go break your head on language, not on publication. I'll be nastier yet: Having myself to track, I don't even care who you are.

But come to yourself in language enough, and I can then come to you in full selfishness, needing you, as I need every man who can awaken language for me.

Should some editorial pronouncer tell you there is any other reason for reading any poet, alive or dead, tell the man he is misted mad in no world. It's mortal time a man spends reading poetry, and no poet bets that time as a kindness: he has to earn it by the mortal rightness of his act of language.

Best to you, and the words for it.

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As Others See Us

BUENOS AIRES:

A Model of Continuity

"JOHNSON speaks for me." This phrase spoken by President-elect Richard Nixon . . . will pass on through history as a model of the continuity that should prevail in the foreign relations of a country going far beyond the partisan passions generated during an election campaign. . . .

The note of confidence given by the President-elect to the functioning President of the next few weeks is based, of course, on little risk. It would make no sense (for Johnson) to initiate long-range commitments at this time. Work in progress will be allowed to continue in its course. . . .

One member of the State Department some ten months ago . . . insinuated that perhaps the time had come to consider the study of a formula for readmitting Castro's Cuba to the Organization of American States. . . . All of this conflicts openly with the critique made by the President-elect . . . "Cuba is today a bulwark of misery, a police state that denies the fundamental rights of the Cuban people. . . . We do not accept," Nixon reaffirmed, "as permanent the existence of Cuba as a colony of Soviet imperialism in the Caribbean." . . .

Johnson hasn't said a thing about Cuba in recent months; Nixon stated his position definitively. Should the State Department contradict Nixon, it cannot be said that the United States speaks with a single voice abroad.

—*Guillermo Martinez Marquez, La Prensa.*

PARIS:

The Technological Gap

UNDER THE HEADING "Europe Faces America," André Piettre, of the Faculty of Law and Economic Sciences in Paris, has addressed to his countrymen some thoughtful words on the causes of the "technological gap":

"The risk of economic and financial subjection has been widely denounced (though it is accepted that economic progress in France benefits from the importation of American techniques).

"On this point views are gaining in clarity. People are beginning to understand that this pacific invasion springs from something more than mere disparity in financial strength: it stems from America's superiority in business management and in scientific technique. The technological gap is first and foremost psychological (or educational); it is a reflection of Europe's intellectual inferiority to the Americans. That is the carefully argued conclusion of a recent gathering at Royaumont on the subject of American investments (in Europe).

"France offers a good example: in 1966 nearly two-thirds of all patents applied for in France were from foreign countries, with the United States (21 per cent) in the lead."

—*Le Monde.*

NEW DELHI:

Changing Roles

HOW ARE RELATIONS between India and the United States going to develop in this fast-changing world? In a large measure the reply to this question depends on what role the United States is destined to play in Asia in the coming years. A view is sometimes expressed that the old enmity between the United States and the Soviet Union has ended and that they are both interested in containing China, which has become a menace to her neighbors and to world peace. An explanation for Russian supply of arms to Pakistan is that, without the supply, Rawalpindi will be reduced to complete dependence on Peking.

There is much wishful thinking in this on the part of India. The world today is very far from the cold war days of John Foster Dulles. The policy of encirclement of the Communist world has failed. The Central and Southeast Asian Treaty Organizations, which came into existence in the 1950s in pursuance of this policy, have lost vitality, and their partners are looking for new friendships. Even the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the centerpiece of the Western world's bulwark against Communism, is in the doldrums. . . .

—*Indian & Foreign Review.*

SYDNEY:

Negotiators' Danger

. . . PRESSURES ARE BUILDING up here for just the sort of political settlement of the war which might well seem eminently reasonable to the outside world and to a considerable section of American opinion, but which the Saigon Government considers to be no less than its own death warrant. . . . The Saigon negotiators' danger is that they will be forced to look like the one obstacle to peace by not agreeing to any such thing. It is conceivable, for example, that while the United States makes progress with Hanoi in its part of the talks on such matters as troop withdrawals and the future of Indo-China after the war, the South Vietnamese, having demanded and been given control of the political side of the talks, will be left behind isolated and obstinate. —*The Bulletin.*

HAMBURG:

Spheres of Influence

THE CHAIN-REACTION THEORY symbolizes the classical concept of spheres of influence which, despite embarrassed American denials, has increasingly determined the relationship between the two superpowers since the Second World War.

The Kremlin does not suffer from such bouts of embarrassment. The Kremlin's ideological weakness in Eastern Europe is matched by America's political weakness, which has far more serious consequences. Washington's anxious passivity over the Prague crisis upsets the international balance of power more permanently than the divisions dispatched to Czechoslovakia by Moscow.

America's policy in its sphere of influence is defensive, the Soviet Union's is aggressive. The policy of strict non-intervention with which American diplomacy accepted the Soviet invasion, indeed indirectly encouraged it, contrasts sharply with the massive pressure simultaneously exerted on Bonn by the Kremlin. . . . —*Die Welt.*

BOMBAY:

America Naked

DR. MUHAMMED YUSUF TOOR, a well-known figure in the medical world of Pakistan, went to America, not with the idea of writing a book about the country and its people but to study medicine. He spent nearly three years there, during which he had opportunities to study the American way of life.

As he puts it, here is a "straight-forward student's attempt to tell about the facts of American life . . . the America puffed with self and power making a bid for world domination and sacrificing all principles and losing all her prestige in the bargain. America is befooling the world and is being befooled by destiny."

—*Blitz.*

TAIPEI:

Swim or Sink Together

SOUTH KOREA is sure to find enthusiastic support in free China for its proposal of a Pacific and Asian Treaty Organization.

Along with Seoul, this country is of the opinion that the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization has outlived its use-

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fulness. The need is for a new organization with military teeth and without a veto on use of those teeth. This PATO would stretch from Korea and Japan in a great arc through East Asia and on to Australia and New Zealand.

Richard Nixon . . . is a long-time advocate of the idea. But he has often said that the initiative should come from Asian capitals, and not Washington.

If the United States undertakes a gradual pullback from the Far East, the countries of our region are going to swim or sink together. If organized into a meaningful military alliance, they will have a much better chance to win American weapons and financial support. . . .

—The China News as reprinted in the Free China Weekly.

ST. JOHN (New Brunswick):

Cumbersome Process

THE MANNER in which Americans elect a President is one of the most cumbersome and complicated processes in any society. . . . The consensus seems to be that before another election comes along four years from now, some changes should be made, especially with respect to the electoral college. . . . The closeness of the vote indicates how deeply the country has become divided since President Johnson was swept to an overwhelming victory just four years ago. . . . This condition in the body politic is not likely to help matters at a crucial time in world affairs, including the latest developments in the Vietnam war. *—St. John Telegram-Journal.*

LONDON:

Good Old Uncle Sam

WE DO NOT forget that Uncle Sam, much as we criticize him for his brashness, chide him for his stubbornness and censure him for his intolerance, is very much on our side. Mr. Nixon, the Republican, takes office with a priceless political bonus: the fighting in Vietnam has shifted from the military to the negotiators. He can thank President Johnson, the Democrat, for that. We have criticized LBJ for his methods in Vietnam. Only bigots and idiots have impugned his motives.

But it was American lives and American dollars which were ungrudgingly used in a cause backed by successive American Administrations—and, for that matter, successive British Governments, too, though not in the hard way, with soldiers and arms. . . . LBJ's record on civil rights legislation alone entitles him to a place in history more honorable than the one suggested by the abuse he endured over Vietnam. *—Daily Mirror.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Britain and Biafra

HOW CAN a cease-fire in Nigeria be speedily effected? As Mr. Legun the mere cessation of British supplies of arms to Nigeria would probably have not the slightest effect, since the Nigerians are receiving increasing supplies from the Soviet Union and elsewhere. But there is one imaginative course of action, so far regarded as "unthinkable," which the Government could adopt if it is not to continue helplessly in its present policy. . . .

Recognition of Biafra might endanger the lives of British subjects working in Nigeria. If so, they must be withdrawn at once. This step would warn Nigeria that recognition of Biafra could be on the way, and might in itself compel the Lagos Government to seek a cease-fire.

—Owen Davies, The Observer, London.

Limited Exposure

I WAS MARRIED in 1925 (I am an Irish Catholic; my wife, who died in 1958, was an English agricultural laborer's daughter without much religion and very little education) and during all those years the only time I saw her without any clothes on was the occasion in 1937 when a hot-water bottle burst and soaked her night-dress.

—C. J. Byrne, New Statesman, London.

What Makes Sammy Eat?

OUR CAT SAM lived happily on scraps until we bought him a cheap tin of catfood. From then on he refused scraps, thriving on sixpenny tins, till he tasted a dearer brand, when the same thing happened. He now lives exclusively on canned liver. My question is: How do I get Sammy back on scraps, on which cats lived for thousands of years?

And how do I get the whole family back to pre-boom standards in order to support the new Budget?

Mrs. S. Alexander, Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Reading the Wrapper

A STUDY MADE in Bydgoszcz has shown that the rapid increase in newspaper buying was caused by the fact that the sales ladies must bring newspapers to work to wrap up purchases. A lady buying a shirt in the men's underwear shop on May First Street was told, when she turned up her nose at a newspaper wrapping, that she can at least read a copy of the newspaper, while wrapping paper is only good for the wastebasket.

U.S.L., Zycie Gospodarcze, Warsaw.

To Work and Fulfill

SEVERAL THOUSAND people work in our plant. For us, their way of thinking after the August events is decisive, and they have adversely judged the entire situation in their minds. They know that they must work and fulfill the plan in order to normalize life in their families and in the entire economic life. They are asking: What now? And immediately, at their party and trade union meetings, they answer this question themselves. They are convinced that under no circumstances can we return to the pre-January development. They do not permit the thought of giving up some of their principles. . . .

—Jaroslav Kouba, Prace, Prague.

U.S.-Japan Cooperation

. . . THERE WAS a time when the United States asked the Japanese people to point the way toward a better world by inserting a "no army"—a "no war"—clause in the Japanese Constitution. The Japanese people willingly accepted the challenge and were (and are) proud to be the first with such a clause in their Constitution. Now, instead of urging its own citizens and the citizens of other nations to adopt such a clause, the U.S. slyly tries to get the Japanese to evade this clause, to sidestep it, suggesting that if this clause is withdrawn, emasculated or ignored, the Japanese will better understand and better be able to cooperate with the U.S. It is not enough to retreat from peace. The United States wants to pull Japan back along with her.

—R. W. R., The Japan Times, Tokyo.

Mao's Menace

WITH THE POSSIBILITY of an American withdrawal from Vietnam, the menace of Mao's thoughts with his horrifying Red manual is beginning to perplex the small countries of Southeast Asia. President Johnson's unilateral decision to de-escalate the Vietnam war should be welcomed warmheartedly. But the absence of U.S. power in this part of the continent certainly implies an enlivenment of China's abhorrent and perfidious tactics.

We have been shouting at the top of our voices against American intervention in Vietnam. But are we mentally prepared and militarily equipped to maintain a balance of power in this area, viewing the nuclear threat and population explosion of China? . . .

—R. P. Garg, The Hindustan Times, New Delhi.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Dance Units of Energy

HUNTINGTON, L.I.

How MANY ERGS does it take to do a pirouette? Students in a physics class worked on the problem as a dancer practiced pirouettes in the school lab. Most dancers wouldn't know that ergs were essential to their dancing, but any crossword-puzzle buff would tell you what to put down for a three-letter word meaning "a unit of energy." Here in Huntington Township, dancers are not only offering up their ergs to science, but, as artists-in-residence, they are being employed as aids to students' better understanding (or appreciation) of poetry, history, or any of a number of subjects. Through dance, an erg is not a theory but a body-fact: poetic images find human substance in gesture and in form; a place and period in history are renewed through a rhythm, a stance, a style, an attitude.

Such artist residencies have been made available to students in Huntington's public and parochial schools through a large grant from PACE (Performing Arts Curriculum Enrichment Project, funded by the United States Office of Education's Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act). These artists are all members of the Huntington Dance Ensemble, founded and directed by Richard Englund.

The Ensemble also receives the support of the Huntington Performing Arts Foundation (chartered in 1966 by the Board of Regents of the State of New York as a non-profit cultural and educational institution). PACE and PAF foster the artist residencies, 45-minute fully costumed and expertly staged dance programs—"Dance Has Many Faces"—for Huntington's school children, and a lecture-demonstration program for those schools which do not have stage facilities. PAF alone sponsors the company's full-length concerts in a growing repertory of ballets, not by Englund alone but masterworks of, say, Petipa and Balanchine, and even pieces in modern-dance style, such as Stuart Hodes's *Akimbo*.

"Dance Has Many Faces" packs into three quarters of an hour a striking cross section of techniques, styles, rhythms, and moods in movement terms. The sixteen dancers of the Ensemble, nine girls and seven men, open the program with *On Stage,* which is actually a staged ballet class. This method of letting an audience in on the training of the dancer has fascinated audiences ever since the Danish August Bournonville created his *Konservatoriet* in 1849. Harald Lander's *Etudes* (popular in many repertories, including that of the American Ballet Theatre), the Bolshoi's *Ballet School,* and other transplantings of classroom technique to stage, even those of very modest scale, have continuing appeal.

Englund's staged ballet lesson is very miniature, of course, but effective. Later in the program, he comes up with *Three Kinetics for Response* as he exposes the children to the movements of modern dance. In contrast to ballet style (done to music of Henry Cowell) and modern (John Cage), he journeys in dance outside the United States as his dancers perform the Moldavian *Zhok* (staged by Yurek Lazowski) and the East Indian *Suryasavitri and Ushas,* performed to music of Ravi Shankar, who is certainly "in" with the young generation. Carlene Carroll, the company's rehearsal coach, told me that the little Hindu dance episode did not pretend to be authentic down to the last *mudra,* but that they had tried to capture the flavors, the gestural style of Hindu dance in the telling of an ancient myth about the Lord of Light and the Goddess of Dawn.

Dance, Eastern style from India —Linda Christianson and Larrio Ekson in Dance Has Many Faces.

The Huntington Dance Ensemble, with Judy Crump and Fred Zwaagstra in a classical ballet lift, Western style.

Very probably the most popular "dance face" on the program is Miss Carroll's *Re-sentments,* set to music of Morton Gould. It is rooted, of course, in jazz, but it isn't hard-core jazz at all. It is somewhat balletic and modern-dance improvisational in spirit, rather like the jazz dances of Ruth Mitchell in Atlanta or Steffi Nossen in Westchester County, just across Long Island Sound. Two of the subtitles, "Indecision" and "Gentle Fun," are indicative of the easy-going quality of the jazz movement. However, the closing section of the suite, "Resentment," uses more speed, greater dynamic thrust, and has the youngsters' attention riveted to the stage. In fact, as we were walking through the crowded

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corridors at the end of the show, I heard one boy say to his chum, "Gee!, I sure liked that *West Side Story* thing." This sentiment was echoed all along the line.

They were attentive, however, for a very elegant, almost stately dance style, that of the classical ballet as projected by a ballerina and a danseur in a *grand pas de deux*, with its accent on refined deportment. Wisely, a complete one was not given, but the segment done, the *adagio* from "Black Swan" (Act III of *Swan Lake*), was just right in length, sufficient to show the grand manner required by such a piece and to introduce the children to the prowess involved in partnering. Gage Bush (Mrs. Englund), the Ensemble's first dancer, did it very well—it has to be smooth or it is disastrous—with Bijan Kalantari letting the girls know how gallant a male can be, and the boys know how strong and athletic he must be. A good lesson.

For a finale, Englund has endeavored to bridge time and relate the "ago" with the "today." He calls it *Courtly Dances for Today*, and its ingredients are "Marche," "Pavane," "Morris," "Galliard," "La Volta"—dances which Elizabeth I could, and did, do. But the composer whose music he uses is Benjamin Britten, subject of Elizabeth II. Englund's scheme has been to restate the old forms in the theatrical dance idioms of today. It works well, although I think it might have benefited from broader, sharper choreographic strokes.

Performing and staging at the program which I attended were exemplary—anything less would be a disservice to dance, to the children, and to the educational intent of the Title III program.

"Dance Has Many Faces," given more than twenty times in Huntington Township alone for thousands of school children; the lecture-demonstrations; the artist residencies, through which dance and dancer go to the classroom as living proof of what the late, great Helen Tamiris said, "I want dancers to be looked upon by the community as citizens and not as freaks"—all of these are manifestations of a new era in which the arts are recognized as natural and national resources and not as suspect luxuries of interest only to the few.

Title III, state councils on the arts, foundations of all sorts are making it possible for the power of dance to serve not the few but the many. These invaluable services, incorporating a new awareness of those crossword-puzzle ergs, of those units of energy upon which we must draw for our space age, into which we must delve for survival and, perhaps, sanity, are being provided across the nation. Huntington, Long Island, is an example of a vital new trend, and a good one.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Fogless Days in Londontown

"WHEN A MAN is tired of London," Boswell once heard Johnson say, "he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Two centuries later, the combined energies of the Luftwaffe, the Beatles, Conrad Hilton, Mary Quant, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have scarcely altered Dr. Johnson's aphorism. "Toid o' London? Toid o' loif," is the way they say it down on the docks and out on Petticoat Lane.

Even the Government's latest pound-pinching tactic—a 10 per cent sales tax on consumer goods, calculated to cut back spending—has failed to darken London or Londoners themselves. "I guess we're ready for anything," a cab-driver told me a few days after the sales tax was announced. "If they tax the air we breathe, I won't be surprised." Instead of moping or rioting, Londoners dashed out to buy up all the cigarettes and petrol they could carry away before the tax measures reached the retailers. One of the few violent outbursts reported in the London press recently was the work of a strong-armed, though slow-footed, housewife. She tossed a paperweight through a window at 10 Downing Street, but bungled her escape plans and wound up before the magistrate. His Honor fined the woman £2—and returned the paperweight.

It has become a cliché to extol England's civilized behavior, but after hearing such a tale how can one refrain? Londoners themselves don't mind perpetuating the cliché. From a half-dozen burghers I heard praise for the spirited but orderly anti-Vietnam war demonstration that surged around the U.S. Embassy last fall, each account pointing up the comparative uses of the Chicago nightstick and London truncheon. Near the Embassy one Sunday afternoon, a fresh-faced young bobby explained how the demonstration had gone. "I tell you," he said, "they made quite a mess 'o that 'olly bush." That night, hefting a pint of bitters in the Chelsea Potter, one of the prevailing pubs on Kings Road, I noticed a telltale hole in the highly polished front windowpane. My inquiry into its origin set off an animated discussion along the bar, each witness advancing his own theory with all the verve of a Hyde Park Sunday philosopher debating the existence of God. It was generally agreed that the shot had been fired from a passing car a week earlier, but what mystified everyone was not only the motive for such a crime but why the bullet hadn't been found. It is obvious that in London, anyway, a bullet hole remains as rare and conjectural as a trampled holly bush.

There was no need to mention the incidence of ventilated windowpanes in America. My companions in the Potter watch the telly. They saw *Bonnie and Clyde*. In fact, that bullet-singing, bush-trampling flick has stirred a minor social revolution in London, mainly in the Chelsea district, home of some of England's and the world's kinkiest pacesetters. Up and down Kings Road, day and night, parade London's brightly plumed birds, their maxi-coats and blockish shoes recalling a less glamorous age they never knew. Beneath the maxi-coats they wear skirts so short that an outlander boggles at the application of a Latin prefix, boggles and boggles.

While Americans are buying up 1958 London taxicabs, which are being retired from service this year, the English are uncovering and revamping every 1930s U.S. auto the pound can buy. I saw only one period roadster, but was assured that Kings Road fairly rumbles with shiny old Buicks and Chevs that were long hibernating in places like Ireland and Morocco. There is a boutique in Chelsea with the minuscule printing GRANNY TAKES A TRIP on the door and the front half of a 1947 Dodge sedan protruding from the front window. Though Chelsea men are slower to adopt the Thirties' look, some venture out in floppy Clyde Barrow hats. Londoners snicker at us for buying the *Queen Mary*, *Queen Elizabeth*, and London Bridge, but I wonder if our turn has come. Perhaps though, we should wait until they've imported an abandoned suburban supermarket.

If the Englishman has lost any of his civility, it is over the controversy of "coloured" immigration. The subject comes up constantly—more so, I think, than the black-white conflict in America, and as yet the white Briton seems at a loss to understand or deal with it. One can hear a free, public airing of the matter every Sunday at Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park across from Marble Arch. Pairs of bobbies are deployed in the milling throngs to keep order, but their service is so unnecessary that they melt into the crowd as curious observers. When I arrived in late afternoon there were groups gathered around four or five speakers, all but one attacking the immigration question. The other was an evangelist whose shrill exhortations were feeding a few of the faithful and some amused hippies. Despite the nationwide gravity attending the race-assimilation problem, Hyde Park debates are buoyed by a touch of levity. I watched a young Indian with a black Ahab beard addressing a crowd of whites, aiming his best shots at a mop-haired London lad who did his level best to match the Indian's high sense of sarcasm. Acidic, arrogant, entertaining, the Indian spat out his defense of free immigration while the whites around me sizzled in the chill dusk. To occasional cries of "Go back where you belong!" the Indian countered with a deprecatory wave of his fore-

—*British Travel Association.*

Carnaby Street—"Below the surface of sartorial change . . . London manages to preserve the best of the past."

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finger, as an adult would caution a child to keep out of the street.

Even more commanding was a handsome Jamaican in a three-piece brown suit and topcoat who chose to direct most of his fire at a bush-haired young man up front, himself partly colored. The Jamaican, dealing primarily with the mores of such exotic peoples as Trinidadians and Eskimos, sought to impress his audience with the superiority of a man (such as himself) who holds up no bars to race or in romance. Each declaration and dirty story he punctuated with a high-pitched laugh or a long snort into a silk handkerchief. From the back of the crowd a Negro answered each giggle and snort in counterpoint with, "That's right, brother." The Indian and Jamaican still had control when the immense orange sun had dropped behind Hyde Park; the evangelist was leading a half-dozen followers in a closing hymn.

I found the Londoner at his civilized best in, of all places, the tube. He may not queue up to get aboard as he does for a double-deck red bus, but neither does he resort to the head-down ram style displayed by U.S. straphangers. A fencing-like flick of the bumbershoot will get you on the tube straightaway. Where the civility shows is on the long ride up and down the steeply inclined wood-slat escalators which carried Londoners to and from the ideally situated bomb shelters in a like fashion nearly three decades ago. Rising out of the Piccadilly Station one day, I found myself standing on the left side of the escalator when I felt a slight nudge at my back. I stepped to the right and a whole line of eager commuters danced up the left lane. On each succeeding journey to the deep, I marveled at the even, unhurried pace on the right, the equally even but accelerated pace on the left.

If Dr. Johnson's London had "all that life can afford," so it does today. Only the style has changed. No matter how often he visits London, an American marvels each time at the unchecked swing toward an up-to-the-minute beat. Carnaby Street and Kings Road have all but sent the bowler hat and other grizzled customs hieing to the history books. Below the surface of sartorial change, at least three events caused England to break with the hallowed past—or so a wellborn young lady informed me one night as we stood side by side with greasy-knuckled workingmen in a dockside pub: the Great Train Robbery, the Profumo Scandal, and the advent of the Beatles. Since then, crime, sex, and noise have been elevated from the depths of mustn't-do.

By a less spectacular route even such a venerated institution as St. Paul's Cathedral has sought to emerge from the long-echoing past. St. Paul's new rector, the Very Reverend Martin Sullivan, a New Zealander, has signed pop groups to sing in the chapel, staged ballet and jazz performances under the great dome, and planned a light-and-sound show outdoors next summer. These extra-parochial activities have succeeded in bringing Britain's youth into the fold (Sullivan's main purpose), but also have miffed the Bishop of Suffolk. When the moment moves him, Sullivan can jump right into the action himself. At a parachuting demonstration he set up on the Cathedral grounds not long ago, he was so taken by the spectacle he strapped on the gear and had a go himself.

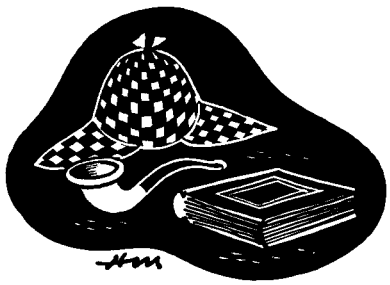
London tradition has taken such a beating that even the fog is vanishing. That condition, which threatens to meddle with the Muse, is mostly due to the Clear Air Act passed in 1956 forbidding the burning of smoke-causing fuel, i.e., wood and coal. It's somehow hard to picture a wintry night beside the hearth with a smokeless, odorless fire of synthetic coal or tar.

What else is new? A visitor need only turn over the change in his hand to realize that the creaking old pound sterling system is giving way, slowly, to the decimal method—cheering news for coin-fumbling foreigners. On Sundays, the Mall has been closed to motor traffic so pedestrians can have their day, an idea inspired by the no-car weekends in New York's Central Park.

Somehow, London manages to preserve the best of the past—buildings, memorials, churches, the theaters (only the Mermaid has been added in recent history, and it was built in an old warehouse). The high-stepping Redcoats still do their thing at Buckingham Palace, and in The City, where the fate of the pound is being weighed, bankers and brokers wear trousers which, as a London friend puts it, "touch one only at the waist." Many stores and shops continue to favor customers of that ilk, a fact I learned browsing through Dunhill's, an elegant pipe and tobacco dispenser on Jermyn Street near Piccadilly Circus. I stopped before a glass case containing a collection of gleaming white fanglike objects in graduated sizes. "Excuse me," I asked a gentleman in black, "but what are these?"

"They are," he sniffed, "cigar cutters of white walrus tusk. . . . Now you must excuse me. We're terribly busy, Christmas and all." I looked around the room to see at least four clerks unengaged, others chatting in pairs.

Was it my brown shoes? My bag from Marks and Spencer? —D. B.



Answer to Wit Twister, page 89: ropes, prose, spore, pores, Repos.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Violence: TV's Crowd-Catcher

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION on the Causes and Prevention of Violence continues to hold hearings and to conduct studies on the subject of violence in TV programs. The commission's activities have energized the press to make surveys of its own. The editors of *McCall's* recently urged its readers to write letters to television executives to protest against the outpouring of TV violence. *The Christian Science Monitor* has reported the results of a six-week survey that shows that video violence "still rides high on the airwaves," in spite of assurances by network chiefs that they are doing all they can to minimize the incidence of shootings, stabbings, killings, and beatings.

Social scientists discuss for the commission members the subtleties of defining violence, calculating its effects in terms of aggression, catharsis, and impact on social norms. Some witnesses have urged regulation and control even though research has as yet established no clear, causal relationship between violence in the media and in real life. Nobody, however, seems willing to talk about the true options that are available to the public, as it tries to decide what ought to be done about the problem of violence on TV. The implicit assumptions are that networks could cut down violence if they really wanted to do it; that corporations and advertising agencies have the power to reform the networks if they wished.

Thus, Dr. Leo Bogart, general manager of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, told the Commission on Violence that "it must appeal to top managers of corporations . . . in order to induce change in TV programing, and other advertiser-supported media. There is still among them an overwhelming acceptance of the need to do what is right." Perhaps so, but the question is not one of regulation by the industry, Government, or any other constituted authority of "them" (people in TV). The real question is whether we—all of us—wish to regulate the American way of life, which is inextricably interwoven with violence on TV.

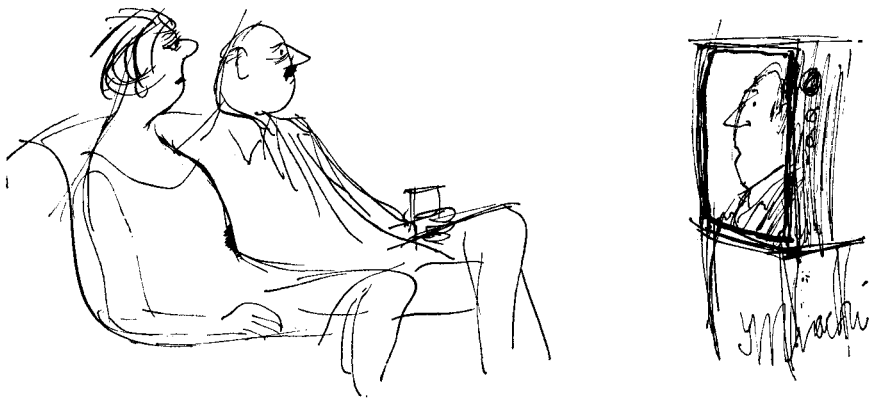
To understand what the game is all about, one has to get rid of the notion that television is in the program business; nothing could be further from the truth. Television is in the crowd-catching business. The networks and stations are instant crowd-catchers who deliver their catch to the advertisers who inoculate them with consumer messages. Proof of this is at hand in any broadcasting or advertising trade journal, where broadcasters, addressing their real clients, boast of what great crowd-catchers they are at how cheap a cost.

The catching of instant crowds is necessary for the sale of instant tea, coffee, headache relief, spot remover, and other assorted goods and services—not for profit maximization, as John Kenneth Galbraith has argued, but for the instant managing of demand. Planned growth, in his theory, is the driving rod of our industrial state; growth depends on assured flow of capital for long-term projections. Corporations cannot depend on the whims of the old "free market"—where the consumer was sovereign—for steady, reliable demand. Therefore, demand has to be "managed." Advertising is the manager, and broadcasting is the crowd-catcher.

Now, the essence of the art of catching crowds is conflict—the most contagious of all human experiences, the universal language. Of conflict there are many varieties, ranging from parliamentary debates and elections to strikes, games, and fights. Television could, and occasionally does, present conflicts of ideas, but you can't run a crowd-catching business at this level. Instant crowds require simple phenomena, quickly grasped. Furthermore, ideas are controversial, dangerous; people have convictions, they take sides, are easily offended. Crowd-catchers want only happy consumers.

The type of conflict that will deliver instant crowds most efficiently is physical violence. Consider what would happen if a crowd had three viewing choices on a street: watching a clown, a nude woman, or a no-holds-barred fight—which do you think would attract the biggest crowd? Physical violence grows in mesmeric power, while sex and humor diminish relatively. Violence, internal and external, is the young generation's hang-up, not sex. This is the way our world is; TV tells us so—TV is the true curriculum of our society. We fear violence and enjoy it with guilt, because it calls to our own deeply latent potential for violence in response to a violent world. With such a sure-fire, instant crowd-catcher providing the essential energy which runs our industries, our networks, our advertising agencies—in short, our style of life, to call for the voluntary or involuntary regulation of violence on TV is to call for instant self-destruction of the system. By "system," I mean TV based on advertiser-support. Television can run on a different system, of course; it does so in other countries. Public funds can support TV directly; license-fees on sets, along with marginal income from controlled advertising can provide another basis. But to choose another system is to opt for another style of life, one where corporate and consumer acquisitions are not the dominant values.

If the American citizen is to be addressed maturely on the subject of violence in TV, he ought, at least, to be accorded the dignity of being told what his real choices are. Anything less—any talk of regulating and minimizing physical violence on TV, while retaining the present advertiser-supported crowd-catching system—is to contribute to instant self-delusion.



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Mending a Sidewalk . . . . Making a Poem

By Ted Olson

IT'S simple in theory. Just three ingredients:
something solid, something fluid, some sort of binder.
The mix, though, must be right. The formulas
never quite fit. You keep experimenting:
a cupful, a fistful, a sprinkle. But look out:
a slosh too much and it's ruined.
Now to work.
They're refractory. They sulk. They don't want to marry.
You thwack, pummel, flail, churn, larrup,
and cuss. You're tempted to say the hell with it.
But somehow finally they cohere, into an ugly
coarse gray sludge.
And that's just the beginning.
The stuff doesn't like being caged. It clots, clogs,
spills over, goes wherever it isn't supposed to.
Matter's contrary. You've got to show it you're boss.
And slowly, ever so slowly, it dociles. You think
By golly, I've got it! But you haven't. Not yet.
It has to jell. Don't try to hurry it. But don't
wait too long. Catch it while it's malleable.

Now to groom and polish. Carefully . . . carefully . . .
until at last the coarse gray-burlap surface
takes on grain and lustre.
Stop, now, quick!
Don't let it get too slick.

Conversation with Stevens

By Winfield Townley Scott

IS the question Yes? or No?
To love Paris and all things French
Yet never go there. To learn the maps
Of streets you've no intent to walk,
Content with imported books and pictures;
Eager to send friends on errands in China.
So you lived Huysman's answered question,
"Why stir when one can travel so magnificently
In a chair?" You said—I heard you say it—
To the world-traveler incredulous over your work,
"It goes to show what an old faker can do."
You wanted—then?—mites of reality,
A jar, a leather binding, carved teakwood,
All the rest up to you. Also—firmly—you
Kept the insurance office over here and
Poems over there. Double indemnity.
In a way—I must say—your safety
Strikes me as danger. What's missed is mist.
No? You were sure the strongest streets,
The livelier, longer-lasting, were imagined?
Any pebble would do—if it had been sculpt.
The defiant importance of not visiting
Insures significance of the foreign—no?
On the whole—perhaps—Yes, Mr Stevens.

Audit

By Horace E. Hamilton

IN early June—before the season—
I rowed the old skiff across the bay
To the earlier house, a weathered
Cottage we'd rented that first year.

We've built our own place now,
With ample room, a sort of show-place
Where we pass summers lapped by
Long days of sky and woods and water.

I peered through the little mullions
Past drapes whose plaid was faded
To near white, and thought of hot nights
After she and the boy had gone to bed.

The rocker in the corner by the lamp,
The narrow cot with paisley spread—
Even the book I'd read with the gnats
Flat on each page—they took their place

As they had when those long days
Would crumble gently into sleep. It was
Dusky now, but through a farther window
The sun still lay along a spray of hemlock.

I waited by the scaling lintel
Barely aware of a single cricket,
Taking in that smell of old clapboards
And damp stones and thicket.

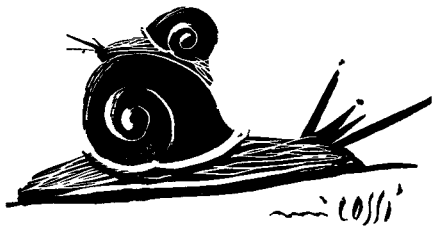
Good God—
What had I wanted—standing there—
That I hadn't got? or would go back
To get, or do all again, hour by hour?

Love? the words we used hanging there
In air? its old taunts too, bursting
In a later quiet? And poor as mice, just
Our sweat, and the eye fixed far ahead?

I started back to my well-caulked boat. . . .
Oh I knew all right. It came out even,
Or just about. I stopped. I knew the solid
Comfort across the bay. I'd gone to gloat,

To feel I had it made; and had caught
Sight of that bill, a goodly one—
The sum I'd been paying like hidden taxes,
And so long forgotten. I still waited

As though our ghost would let me in;
And all the time this veery fluted
Back in the pines, one whose sire
We had probably listened to together.



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What this country needs are fewer bargains like this.

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Reissues and Reconsiderations

THE days of Columbia's boxed sets of jazz reissues, each containing three or four LPs and a booklet, are apparently over. However, the company's subsidiary, Epic, has now happily joined Decca and RCA Victor Vintage as one of the major company labels actively re-pressing jazz of the past. Epic's first release of six separate LPs, each offering sixteen titles, is already out, and, as I write this, a second group of six LPs is imminent.

The albums which collect recordings by The Duke's Men (which have already been covered in these pages by Stanley Dance), Johnny Hodges, Red Norvo, Bobby Hackett, and "Chu" Berry are actually somewhat modified and expanded versions of LPs that have previously appeared on Epic, and they are, therefore, apt to be a bit frustrating to avid collectors of fifteen-plus years.

The Hodges set, which has sextet titles from 1938-39, is called *Hodge Podge* (Epic reprocessed stereo, EE 22002) and is perhaps the most consistently revealing of all these albums. Indeed, it is always revealing to hear Duke Ellington working with a smaller and somewhat less formal gathering of his own musicians, and it was Ellington himself who participated in and guided these sessions. But the outstanding feature on these titles are the solos, particularly those by alto saxophonist Hodges himself, with that unique combination of ballad lyricism and blues feeling he had developed so fully by this period, and by trumpeter Cootie Williams, whose flexible and tastefully expressive range with muted and growl effects is a wonder of wonders. Try particularly "Krum Elbow Blues," "Good Gal Blues," "Skunk Hollow Blues," "Dooji Wooji" (a sort of extension of boogie woogie), and the ironically named title piece, "Hodge Podge."

The *Red Norvo and His All Stars* set (EE 22010) goes back to 1933 and starts with a quintet, builds to an octet, then goes to a 1936-38 big band, which also featured singer Mildred Bailey. Norvo is here on xylophone, with one excursion on the marimba; these were made before the time he took up his own vibrato-less version of the vibraphone. There is never any question of the able, dexterous musicianship in Norvo's cleanly arpeggiated style, nor of the communicated pleasure he takes in playing. His solo on "Remember" is primary evidence, and a gem. He does have some stiff, early problems with swing here and there.

A few of the pieces, particularly some of the early ones, are tricky, lightweight, and even pretentious trifles. There are some well known sidemen involved in the studio-assembled small groups, but what really stand out here are Teddy Wilson's truly imaginative solos on "I Surrender Dear" and "Blues in E Flat."

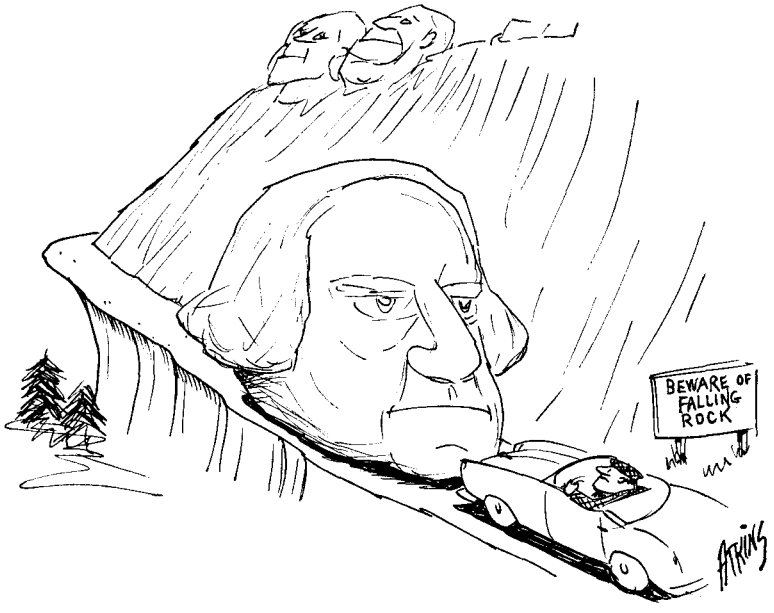
THE 1938-40 Bobby Hackett *Hackett Horn* (EE 22004) similarly carries us from small ensemble through a big band. I suppose Hackett's work might be said to show how personal a voice an exceptional cornetist-trumpeter can find within a Louis Armstrong-derived style —that is, if that cornetist-trumpeter is as musically and emotionally gifted as Hackett. Hackett's frequent tributes to Bix Beiderbecke, two of which are included here, are a bit misleading and have more to do with his cool, *legato* sound than with the basics of his style. Some of the earlier Dixieland titles aren't the best, but Hackett is, for me, always better at ballads and medium tempos than at swingers. He is usually admirable and is especially so on "Ghost of a Chance," "Poor Butterfly," and "Sunrise Serenade." However, his 1939 version of "Embraceable You" is his masterpiece. Hackett has recorded this piece at least twice since, and a very good later reading can be heard on the recent Decca album *Eddie Condon and Co., Vol. 1, Gershwin Program,* (reprocessed stereo 79243). It is interesting, however, that the first version is the most boldly inventive of them all.

I suppose that if a reviewer has a blind spot he does better to confess it than try to rationalize it. So I will confess that the work of the late tenor saxophonist Leon "Chu" Berry doesn't really get to me. Not that I don't have anything to say about him: his tasteful alternation of simple and complex phrases in his solo on the Norvo "Blues in E Flat" is obviously praiseworthy, and must have made many saxophonists envious. "*Chu*" (Epic EE 22008) collects Berry with small groups and with Cab Calloway's big band, and includes his celebrated "Ghost of a Chance." Do not overlook trumpeter "Lips" Page on "Limehouse Blues," or a full chorus by the young Dizzy Gillespie on "Topsy Turvy," or the superb, powerful yet relaxed contrapuntal riffing that climaxes "At the Clambake Carnival" (a "King Porter Stomp" variant), for it is perhaps a lost art. The liner notes feature an appreciation of Berry by guitarist-writer Danny Barker. (More!)

These Epic sets, by the way, are generally available in reprocessed stereo. Some are reportedly issued also in mono versions, but just try to find copies of them. There is nothing quite like having 1937 surface noise coming at you from two speakers at once. What's worse, an echo has been introduced which, for the Ellington sidemen particularly, grossly distorts the original sound of the music. Switching off the stereo button helps, but it tends to make the music sound distant.

It has been announced that future Epic jazz reissues will be released in mono only. (Hooray!)

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.



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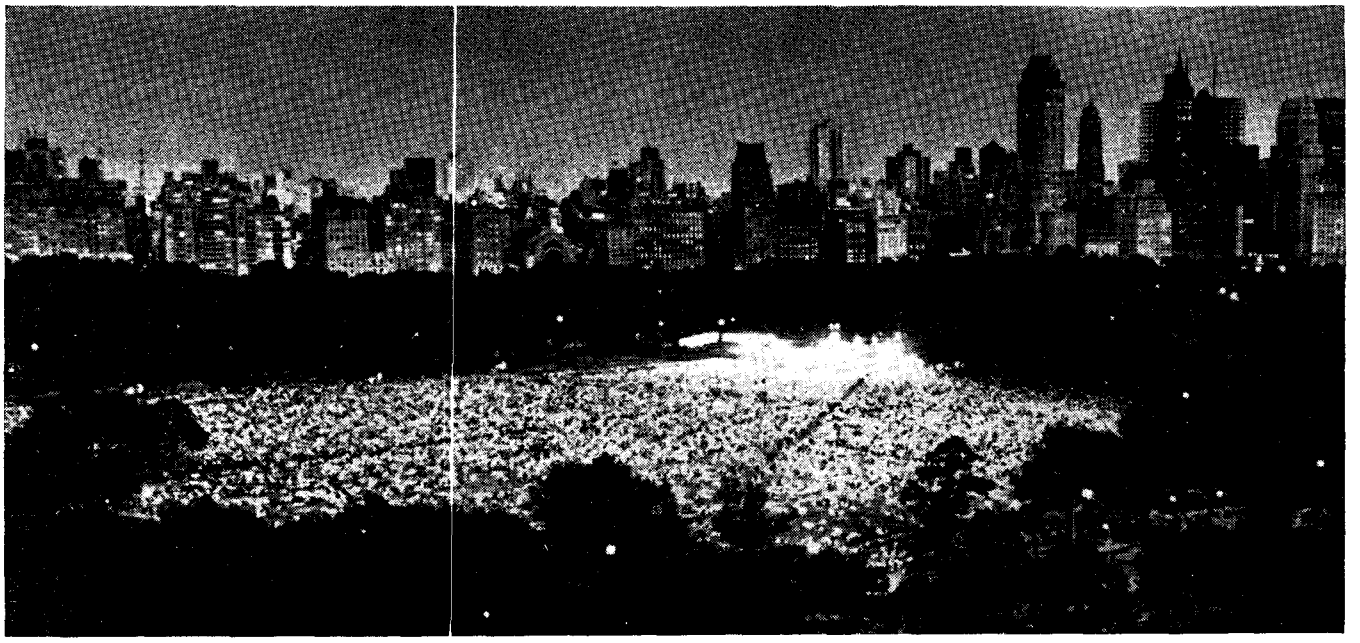

—*Photos by Columbia Records.*

View of the Sheep Meadow, Central Park, on June 16, 1967—"New York and Barbra Streisand are bound one to the other."

HER NAME IS BARBRA

BARBRA STREISAND is living a technicolor fantasy. With startling rapidity she has ascended to a rarefied pinnacle of success as a recording artist and as a musical-comedy and film actress. All proceeds forward, the progression touching on inevitability. Setbacks are not part of her pattern. The twenty-six-year-old Brooklynite is adored, sought out, closely scrutinized, and widely discussed. She can do little wrong. Only with defeat do blemishes come into bold relief in show business.

Because she's a winner (and what is more desperately coveted in our country than a carefully stacked set of victories?), hullabaloo merchants remain hard at work. We are told *so many* things. It becomes difficult to differentiate fact from fiction. Only delving deeply into her background and work establishes a sense of equilibrium, a perspective. Within them lies the truth.

New York and Barbra Streisand are bound one to the other. She is the product of the city's multiple currents, accents, and intransigence. The city has helped shape her identity and developed and nourished a sense of life's multipossibilities. She *had* to be something, because anything less in the big town is nothing. Emerging out of the middle-class Jewish milieu, in which movement upward is a primary impulse—and much esteemed—Miss Streisand could not help being caught in a flood tide of ambition. That she was not beautiful in either the hip-swinging or prom-queen sense also undoubtedly contributed to a need to accomplish—to be conspicuous in a manner that would emphasize her strengths.

Following her first trip to a Broadway theater, at fourteen, to attend a performance of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, the feeling took hold that acting might well be her medium, the *source* of realization. The theater, after all, does feed and yield to fantasy. While an honor student at Erasmus Hall High School, she sought "professional" situations, leaving student dramatic activities to others. She nurtured her sleeping talent by studying acting, visiting workshops, and by doing summer stock. Her goal—to be a *serious* actress. A basic instinct for comedy was set aside, thankfully only for a brief period.

Miss Streisand cut a "kooky" swath in the opening phases of her career. Her thrift-shop clothes, worn in striking combinations, and off-beat attitudes and make-up caught people by surprise. She was remembered. Not burning to be a singer, she turned vocalist for a Greenwich Village amateur contest in 1960 with an appealing cash prize—and won. Then, it began. A booking at the Bon Soir in the Village. A stay at the Blue Angel uptown. A series of TV appearances on the *PM East* show, hosted by Mike Wallace. She cultivated her "way-out" stance, providing comic relief to the "straight" people on the program.

Her songs filled out her image. She unearthed children's novelties such as "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf." Several standards underwent Streisand revision. "Happy Days Are Here Again" is a good example. By bringing the tempo down from the usual jolly vaudeville gallop, and investing her interpretation with a reservoir of feeling, she changed the song's face to one of pathos—in the process giving it a new life. She uncovered "undiscovered" or discarded oldies—but goodies—by veteran writers, and introduced material by promising young talents. Crazy? Like a fox. A contemporary artist yet a throwback, Barbra Streisand was camp even before "camp" became fashionable, even to the craftily misspelled name.

FOR all that, Miss Streisand was a paradox. One felt she hoped to be discovered but not seen. Underneath the strange clothing, clever patter, and poses was a young girl from the "neighborhood," trying to make it in the only way she knew. There was a sense of loneliness and wonder about her. That she would be discovered *and* seen was inevitable. People cotton to the softer feelings, no matter what they say, and reach out a hand to those in whom they can see themselves.

Following a triumph in the minor but meaty role of Miss Marmelstein, the timid, bespectacled secretary in the 1962 Broadway musical, *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, she began to spread her

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wings. In the years separating *Wholesale* and her *Funny Girl* virtuoso film performance, Miss Streisand blossomed and moved decisively, imprinting herself on the mass consciousness. Her mark has been so deeply embedded, particularly on the urban level, where styles are made and destroyed, that emulation—the definitive form of flattery—has been the result.

Singers—e.g., Lainie Kazan, Lana Cantrell, Barbara Minkus—have taken root in her emotional, all-stops-out style. Her taste in clothing, often a bit avant-garde but always inventive, is copied. Press agents bandy the joke around that women are getting their noses broken so they can look like her. No longer does it seem necessary for Miss Streisand to be other than herself. The comedy of masks is becoming a thing of the past; the instinctive comedienne, actress, and singer come through bravely, sometimes brazenly, secure in the knowledge that to win on your own terms is a delectable feeling.

As a recording artist, Miss Streisand best defines herself. Through a continuing series of Columbia albums—the most recent, *Barbra Streisand: A Happening in Central Park* (CS 9710)—she reveals an untrained, instantly identifiable voice, brimming with feeling. Her songs, carefully selected and most often distinguished, whether widely known or obscure, are elegantly and cleverly arranged and come across larger than life. The album concepts, cover art, packaging, and sound firm up the impression of extra effort and thought, organization, and taste. Streisand LPs, like all her projects, serve her well. Little is left to chance.

"It's a matter of trusting herself."

When one hears her, the planning is all the more apparent. Seemingly, she evolves an interpretation that will work for *her*. Once it crystallizes, she seldom experiments. Not a singer who is *musically* motivated—who is inspired by the melodic line, who improvises and changes its contour or finds some basis for interpretation in melody—she shapes songs by heeding the guidelines established in the lyrics. She works as an actress would.

IF anything, Miss Streisand brings to material an overabundance of emotion, a tendency to overstatement. Her feelings *can* run untrammeled, nailing the listener while simultaneously wearying him. When hitting out strongly, she occasionally brings into play stylistic devices, bordering on pretension; emotional intensity, born in the head rather than the heart; high-level volume, without logical basis. At these times, she fights for her artistic life, doing battle with the material. The song story is buried in a mass of primary colors. The effect reminds one of an expensively but overdressed woman who, in her desire to make a sharply positive impression, goes down in defeat, all clutter and pretension.

Fortunately, however, Miss Streisand often allows songs and experiences to speak to her. In turn she responds naturally to the emotions and thoughts elicited. Moving inward, alone with her feelings, she unfolds them in a touching, well shaded, progressive way, as if savoring close contact with them. The show business flashiness recedes and the sensitive, warm person emerges.

The singer's rendering of "Silent Night" on the Central Park album is an excellent case in point. Her top-grade instincts take hold. She sings simply, allowing the components of the song to mingle lovingly. One realizes the intrinsic beauty of the song—out of the Christmas context—and this woman's capacity to project beauty and extend it as a gift.

There are numerous statements in the Streisand recorded literature that can be relished. The songs about children, such as Carol Hall's "Jenny Rebecca" on *My Name Is Barbra*, (CS 9136). The subtle and broadly humorous titles, such as "Second-Hand Rose" on *A Happening in Central Park*. The love songs—Oscar Brown, Jr.'s "Love Is a Newborn Child" on *A Happening in Central Park;* "The Music That Makes Me Dance," the most touching song in the stage version of *Funny Girl*, inexplicably left out of the film (Capitol STAO 2059); and her version of "If You Were the Only Boy in the World" on *My Name Is Barbra.*

Other exemplary Streisand performances leap to mind. But four songs by a relatively unheralded but enormously talented team, Mickey Leonard and Herb Martin, from the short-lived 1965 Broadway production *The Yearling*, obviously touched her deeply. With inventive and beautiful melodies and fine lyrics to work with, she speaks to all of us in a tongue no one can misunderstand. Open and direct, yet curiously muted, the singer proves the cry from the innards has no substitute. The songs: "I'm All Smiles" (*People*, CS 9015); "The Kind of Man a Woman Needs" (*My Name Is Barbra, Two*, CS 9209); "My Pa" and "Why Did I Choose You?" (*My Name Is Barbra*).

At this juncture, the future looks bright in the extreme for Barbra Streisand. Upcoming are movie assignments, TV spectaculars, more recordings—all the accouterments of the top drawer. The dilemma for an artist on this level remains *how* to delay or permanently table any loss of ground. In Miss Streisand's case, an important part of the answer lies near the surface. Curbing an inclination for the big, empty gesture might be a good start. She needn't press—just allow natural impulses to break through. It's a matter of trusting herself.

"A human being is only interesting if he's in contact with himself," Miss Streisand once said to the Los Angeles *Times*' Charles Champlin. "I learned you have to trust yourself, be what you are, and do what you ought to do the way you should do it. . . . You have to discover you, what you do, and trust it."

It's excellent advice—she would be well advised to take it.

—BURT KORALL.

Discography

The Barbra Streisand Album, CS 8807
The Second Barbra Streisand Album, CS 8854
Barbra Streisand/The Third Album, CS 8954
Simply Streisand, CS 9482
People, CS 9015
Funny Girl (stage version), Capitol STAO 2059
My Name Is Barbra, CS 9136
Je m'appelle Barbra, CS 9347
My Name Is Barbra, Two, CS 9209
Color Me Barbra, CS 9278
Barbra Streisand/A Christmas Album, CS 9557
A Happening in Central Park, CS 9710
Funny Girl (film version), BOS 3220
Harold Sings Arlen (with friend), CS 6520

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Louis Armstrong: *V.S.O.P. (Very Special Old Phonography).* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; with nine-piece band. Epic Encore stereo, EE-22019, $5.79. *Disney Songs the Satchmo Way.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; with orchestra and voices. Buena Vista stereo, 4044, $5.79. *What a Wonderful World.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; with orchestra and voices. ABC stereo, ABCS-650, $4.79.	The Epic collection was recorded between November 1931 and March 1932, a period when Armstrong, backed by a mediocre but comfortable band, shone as the brightest star in the jazz firmament. The other two recently made albums were clearly designed for the mass pop audience he has since attracted. Strings ooze, choirs well, and banjos plunk on some of the sorriest songs imaginable, yet the good cheer in his voice and the infallible phrasing continue to make irresistible magic. There is more and better trumpet on the Vista than on the ABC, but the Epic is the album for the connoisseur. Armstrong was recording popular songs even then, but they were of better quality, and he was, as annotator Dan Morgenstern points out, "in the process of flowering and self-discovery." As the two takes of "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" show so well, his imagination was as phenomenal as his instrumental command. Probably made within minutes of each other, they are a striking example of jazz improvisation.
Count Basie: *Straight Ahead.* Basie, piano and organ; with sixteen-piece band; Sammy Nestico, arranger and conductor. Dot stereo, DLP-25902, $4.79.	This is the best Basie album since 1967 and *Basie's Beat* (Verve V6-8659). It contains nine originals by Sammy Nestico, who writes very sympathetically for the band, "Basie—Straight Ahead," "Switch in Time," and "Hay Burner" being especially successful. Basie himself, Eric Dixon (tenor saxophone and flute), Grover Mitchell (trombone), Marshall Royal (alto saxophone), Lockjaw Davis (tenor saxophone), and Al Aarons (trumpet) are the featured soloists, but in recording his drums throughout with admirable clarity, the producers justly emphasize the invaluable contribution young Harold Jones is currently making to the band.
Aretha Franklin: *Aretha in Paris.* Aretha Franklin, vocal; with orchestra and vocal trio. Atlantic stereo, SD-8207, $4.79.	Unlike the originals, the versions of Aretha Franklin's biggest hits heard here were recorded live (in Paris). They are the better for it from a jazz viewpoint, because the accompaniments are given less prominence. Although she was performing in the huge Olympia, the singer sounds happier and more relaxed than on the studio recordings, the balance between voice and band even resulting in a feeling of greater intimacy. This is more than a documentary of Miss Franklin's first European tour; it can be recommended as the collection that best testifies to her artistry.
Frank Foster: *Manhattan Fever.* Foster, tenor saxophone; Marvin Stamm, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Richard Wyands, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Blue Note stereo, BST-84278, $5.79.	Foster made his name with Count Basie as soloist, arranger, and composer (of "Shiny Stockings"). His skill in all three areas is adequately demonstrated here. As a soloist, he is fast, resourceful, and eclectically up to date. The sketches for the small group are spare and neat, his five original compositions of diverse and interesting character. "Manhattan Fever," the third movement of a recently written suite, repays repeated hearing. Excellent in the ensemble, Stamm and Brown display more virtuosity than feeling as soloists. Bob Cranshaw impresses, as always, in the rhythm section.
Jelly Roll Morton: *I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say.* Morton, piano and vocal; in solo, trio, quintet, octet, and nonet. RCA Victor mono, LPV-559, $4.79.	With this record, RCA Victor virtually completes the reissue of everything of value by Morton to which it has rights, including a solo version of "King Porter Stomp" taken from a broadcast. Subject for congratulation though this is, one cannot but have reservations about the illogical manner in which the material has been presented. In this case, band sides from 1939 are mixed with trio sides from 1929 and quintet performances made under Wilton Crawley's name in 1930. No artistic virtue attaches to this "method," whereas a chronological approach would have been lastingly satisfying. Musically, however, it is a superior set with marvelous playing by Sidney Bechet (soprano saxophone), Zutty Singleton (drums), Sidney De Paris (trumpet), and clarinetists Barney Bigard and Albert Nicholas, not to mention Mr. Jelly Roll himself, the most enlightened catalyst New Orleans jazz ever had.
Oliver Nelson and Steve Allen: *Soulful Brass.* Allen, piano and Rock-si-chord; Nelson, arranger and conductor; with orchestra. Impulse stereo, AS-9168, $5.79. The Three Sounds: *Coldwater Flat.* Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Donald Bailey, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger and conductor: with orchestra. Blue Note stereo, BST-84285, $5.79.	Allen's innocuous playing does little to enhance a "compromise" album in which jazz is required to genuflect once more before Rock Culture. The Rock-si-chord used on most tracks is "funkier than the piano," according to Allen, but it sounds like a harpsichord with an electronic twang added. The album by the Three Sounds is less boring, although Harris is a pianist who likes the comfort of his clichés. The material is not so infantile, and Oliver Nelson, getting Tijuana out of his ears, sounds more like himself. In fact, the arranger, the trio, and the good unidentified band together achieve some enjoyably stirring moments.
Buddy Rich: *Mercy, Mercy.* Rich, drums; with fifteen-piece band. World Pacific Jazz stereo, ST-20133, $5.79.	The leader's drive and authority are the biggest asset of a band whose arrangements and brass-dominated ensemble compel comparison with latter-day editions of Woody Herman's Herd. The fact that the band as yet lacks a true tonal personality (cf., the Basie set reviewed above) is unfortunately stressed by the monochromatic quality of the live recording. Too little attention is paid shading and dynamic contrast, so that the emphasis on "excitement" becomes first tiresome and then spurious. Guitarist Walt Namuth, the most rewarding of the soloists, provides refreshing relief.
Stanley Turrentine: *The Look of Love.* Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Thad Jones, arranger and conductor; with orchestra. Blue Note stereo, BST-84286, $5.79.	The accompanying orchestra consists of brass, rhythm, and an anonymous string section. Although Turrentine is capable of more lyricism than most tenor saxophonists of his generation, he is not seduced by the strings. Indeed, they sometimes seem to provoke him into an intriguingly bitter commentary on the contemporary pop songs with which he is obliged to cope. Thad Jones's writing for the two flugelhorns, bass trombone, and French horn is most convincing on an original blues and "I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco," while Turrentine seems most at ease on "Emily" and "Cabin in the Sky."
Dickey Wells: *In Paris, 1937.* Wells, trombone; Bill Dillard, Bill Coleman, Shad Collins, trumpets; Howard Johnson, alto saxophone; Sam Allen, piano; Django Reinhardt or Roger Chaput, guitar; Richard Fullbright, bass; Bill Beason, drums. Prestige stereo, 7593, $4.79.	The twelve performances Wells recorded in Paris thirty-one years ago have long been available in Europe in LP form, and Prestige is to be commended for now making the classic set available here. The great reputation Wells enjoyed in Europe largely rested on these recordings, but when André Hodeir devoted a chapter to him in the overrated book *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence,* he damaged the trombonist's career by writing him off as a spent force. Luckily, Wells was able to return to France last November and prove Hodeir conclusively wrong during a triumphant tour. The enduring masterpieces here are "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" and "Dicky Wells Blues," but the album as a whole should help secure Wells the recognition he has so long deserved in his own country. —Stanley Dance.

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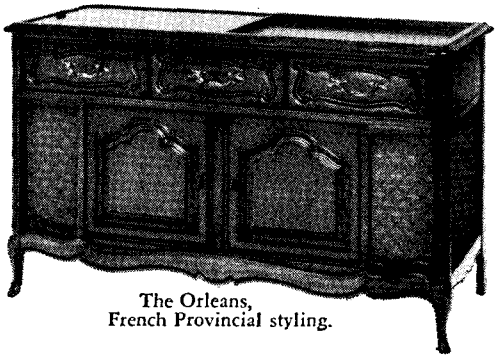

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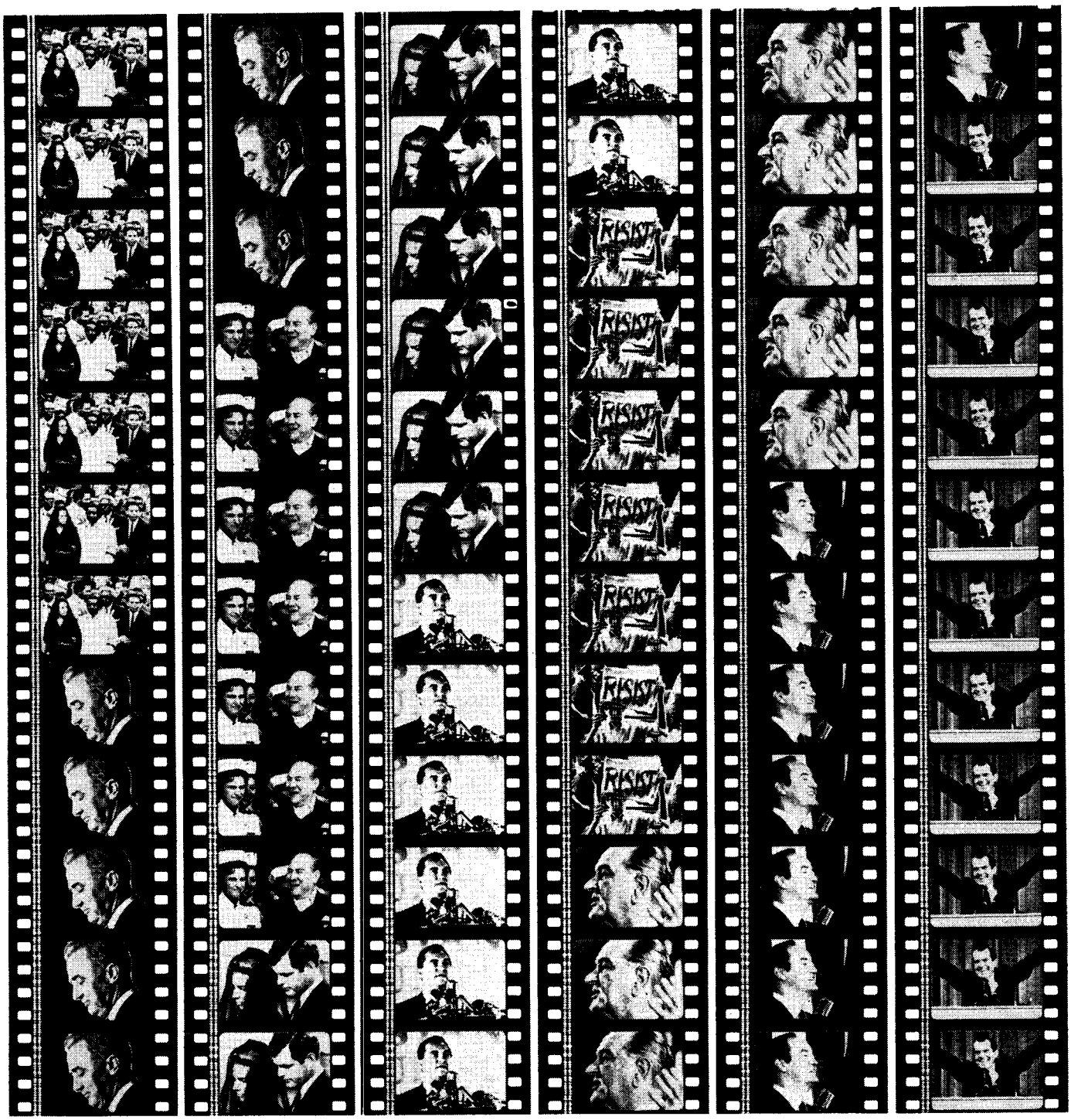

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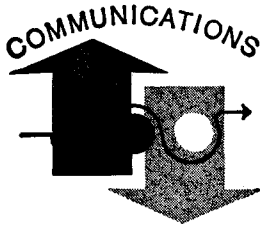

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How Far Does Free Speech Go?

JUSTICE Hugo L. Black of the United States Supreme Court could by no stretch of the imagination be called a conservative right-winger. He has in thirty-one years at the nation's highest legal level invariably placed himself on the side of the underdog, to the left of the legal center, and what has come to be a consistent majority of progressive decisions under Chief Justice Earl Warren. We remind our readers of Justice Black's background and court record because we want to quote him during a recent notable television interview with Martin Agronsky and Eric Sevareid, to us one of the most provocative TV moments in many a year.

The question issue was: How far does free speech go? How far are demonstrators protected, by the constitutional rights of freedom of speech and assembly, in their conduct during demonstrations? In Justice Black's opinion, not very far. "I've never said," he told his interviewers, "that freedom of speech gives people the right to tramp up and down the streets by the thousands, either saying things that threaten others, with real literal language, or that threatened them because of the circumstances under which they do it."

The First Amendment to the Constitution protects speech, protects writing, and protects assembly, but, in Justice Black's words, "It doesn't contain anything that protects a man's right to walk around and around and around my house if he wants to; fasten my family up into the house and make them afraid to go out of doors." Does this limitation on the rights of the First Amendment truly circumscribe certain methods of assembly and public protest? Justice Black says it is not true that the only way to protest anything is to go out and do it on the streets. He cites the possibilities of protest through elections, through political parties, and through various forms of non-violent assembly as acceptable means of protesting and dissenting. Moreover, since some demonstrators at the college and school level seem to believe that there is no limit at all on the right of public protest, up to and including assault and bodily harm inflicted upon their opponents, it is probably time that we seriously look at what limitations and freedoms the Founding Fathers had in mind when they wrote the Bill of Rights. As Mayor Lindsay of New York told a dozen radical hecklers at Columbia University the other day, winning the applause of 1,500 other students, obscene names and shouting down the speakers will stop the social revolution that the hecklers say they want. Lindsay added: "If the forces of modernization are driven from the battlefield by these tactics and only the extremists are left, there will be no social change. You will defeat your own purpose."

Many provisions of the U.S. Constitution oblige the federal government to observe and respect certain basic rights of man—free assembly, free speech, free press among them. But it should be quickly pointed out that none of the great freedoms of the Constitution are absolute in character, however vital to a democratic society. For instance, freedom of speech "does not extend to the seditious utterances of a conspiracy which, in the

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considered opinion of Congress, poses a clear and present danger to the safety of the republic." This quotation is from the famous 1951 law case of *Dennis vs. United States* in which the advocacy of Communism was considered to be one of those clear and present dangers. Again, in the case of *Chaplinsky vs. New Hampshire* in 1942, the commonwealth may punish an utterance of "fighting words" that may lead to breaches of the peace. In other words, one of the answers to "How far does free speech go?" is something like this: only so far as it does not destroy the fabric of the commonwealth. As Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote it best, freedom of speech does not include the right to cry "Fire!" in a crowded theater.

In 1907, Justice Holmes also wrote in an opinion that the purpose of the guarantee of freedom of the press was only to prevent all restraints previous to publication, but not to prevent subsequent punishment—which was, of course, freedom of the press as Blackstone understood it. The First Amendment was no bar against prohibiting or punishing acts "that may be deemed contrary to the public welfare." This perfectly matches the view in *Dennis vs. United States* that not all speech is constitutionally protected, that there are other social values to which the value of speech must at times give way; and since this is so, each case must be tested for the gravity of the evil and whether the "clear and present danger" justifies in a particular case such invasion of free speech as is necessary to avoid the danger.

Justice Black has, apparently, altered his view of the Bill of Rights because, not too many years ago, he wrote that its guarantees were "absolutes" which allowed no opposing considerations. His recent TV interview disclosed modifications all along the line of the "absolutes" to which he once held. Tom Wicker, writing in *The New York Times*, feels that the Supreme Court would do well to use the Chicago demonstrations last summer as a signal opportunity for the Court to explore more fully and conclusively the extent of the rights of the First Amendment—to "mark out a reasonable ground between Justice Black's new, restrictive views, which surely would have hampered if not obstructed some of the social gains of recent years, and the full license being claimed by some blacks and some white radicals which could lead, in the end, to a strong reaction against the First Amendment itself." This is a sound, sensible suggestion welcomed by all of us, professional and lay alike, and for which the Chicago disturbances at convention time would form a perfect base since they were at the top of the public's attention through TV for the better part of a violent week that somehow identified 1968. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Postal Rates and "Junk"

MRS. GUY WARREN HULL expressed indignation at the advertising "junk" mail being handled by the postal system, and Raymond D. Smith pointed out that the advertising content of commercial publications approximately doubles the postal and some other handling costs of such publications [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Nov. 9 and Dec. 14, respectively]. I agree with Mrs. Hull that unsolicited advertising is an encroachment on the freedom and privacy of the home. Neither the postal service nor the postal customer should have to pay the advertising costs of business.

Eliminating the low postal rates should reduce postal costs and "junk" mail volume. Why cannot all mail be handled as parcel post or at first-class postage rates? Would the extra postage add substantially to the subscription price of periodicals? Would the subscription price then be comparable to the newsstand price? Would the convenience advantages of subscription purchase over newsstand purchase be worth a higher subscription price to the purchaser? Would there be a significant change in the total volume (subscription plus newsstand) of periodical distribution? Or could the increased postage be added to the price of advertising space in the periodicals?

RICHARD P. NEVILLE,
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Even the Poor Have TV

RLT'S EDITORIAL [*SR*, Nov. 9] refers to the testimony of a witness who reported that adults in low-income homes watch TV for more than five hours every day, and for low-income black Americans this figure is closer to six hours every day. What a wonderful country we live in! None so poor that they cannot afford TV sets.

WM. K. MUNN,
Oakland, Calif.

Czechoslovakia and Censors

IN MY OPINION, the reproduction of the "censored" front page of the *Pottstown Mercury* and commentary from the Associated Press "Log" ["It Can't Happen Here (?)," *SR*, Nov. 9] was well timed in respect to the recent Czechoslovakian crisis. It brought home to me and to many others the horrors of living in a country strictly controlled by the government.

LISE MOORE,
Newark, Del.

Facsimile in 1939

WITH ALL due respects to the honorable editor from Japan, facsimile transmission of newspapers did not originate at Columbia University in 1950, as one might be led to believe from reading John Hohenberg's article, "Teaching and the Journalism Revolution" [*SR*, Dec. 14].

"Whitey" Reid, Johnny Bogart, and I can testify that facsimile newspapers existed in 1939, when the three of us edited *The Radio Press* at the New York World's Fair. The experiment was a joint venture of Radio Corporation of America, Varitype Corporation, and the New York *Herald Tribune*. In addition to the New York daily issues, I also edited a weekly edition which was mailed to California where it was scanned and broadcast at the San Francisco Fair. The New York edition could be considered a pioneer in the use of cold type and paste-ups for newspapers. The San Francisco edition, however, was Linotype-set with reproduction proofs for paste-ups.

Varitypers have come a long way in the intervening thirty years. The New York *Herald Tribune* is no more, and I've often

wondered what became of facsimile, of which we were told in 1939, held great promise "for the world of tomorrow."

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER,
Hingham, Mass.

Journalism, Serious Work

JOHN HOHENBERG'S book, *The News Media*, is full of facts and ideas. The fact is, journalism today is a profession full of ironies, humor, and problems. The non-journalists often believe a newspaperman is a combination of many individuals and professions. Others have the funny idea that journalists are troublemakers.

Journalism is a serious profession. It is a profession which merits careful attention. A true journalist cares for what is called "primary source material." That is why a journalist looks for facts about political events, social affairs, sports, education, religion, and the unknown. A true journalist should be a researcher and often a detective. That is why Hohenberg's book is good, quite.

MIGUEL A. QUIROS LUGO,
Mauco, Puerto Rico.

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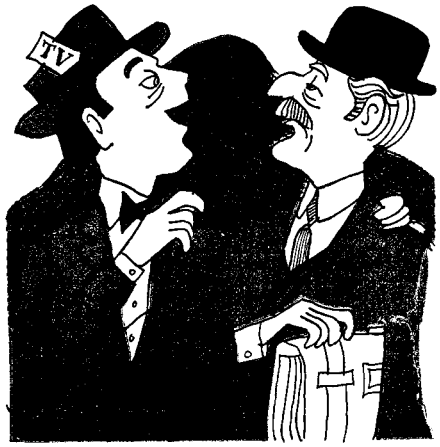
The New Foreign Correspondence



By JOHN HOHENBERG

IN a rare moment of doubt and anguish during his long career as a China specialist for the Los Angeles *Times,* Robert S. Elegant once remarked, "Marconi ruined foreign correspondence." He thought a moment, then added, "I think Morse may have helped."

It was a perfectly natural reaction from a hard-working correspondent whose assignment seldom enabled him to run for the wire. Yet, even in Hong Kong, he could see that all the glamour of dramatic news bulletin coverage was going to radio and television, while he was obliged to depend on days, perhaps weeks, of patient study of papers and documents and hours of analysis with other specialists for results. His was not a story that could be told in bulletins, for the most part.

Yet, without his painstaking research, Elegant could never have been the first to report in depth on the appalling outbreak of Mao Tse-tung's cultural revolution in China. Moreover, if he and other well prepared correspondents had not persisted, the world today would have little appreciation of the extent of the convulsions that almost prostrated China.

The kind of specialized reporting that has taken shape of necessity in Hong Kong and other strategic centers about the periphery of China is typical of a more sophisticated and realistic approach to foreign correspondence in the latter part of the twentieth century. In the midst of a world-wide social upheaval without parallel in history, it is not often an easy matter to run for the wire with a bulletin and a few overheated paragraphs for a news agency or a newspaper. Nor can thirty seconds on a national television news program, plus two minutes of confusing and unexplained action on film, cope with the story of a world that is overpopulated and underfed, that smarts over unequal distribution of wealth and inequality of opportunity, that knows too much of war and too little of peace.

Instant journalism has always had its built-in weaknesses, but it has never been less adequate in the dissemination of complicated foreign news than it is today. By what magical processes of the mind do editors expect a general assignment reporter to give bulletin coverage to disarmament, the world monetary crisis, the Vietnam peace talks, the ever dangerous Arab-Israeli confrontation, and the difficult twists and turns of Soviet foreign policy? It is hazardous enough for career diplomats with years of experience to make calculated estimates of such affairs, and journalists with specialized knowledge in each area are lamentably few. But the bulletins are needed and, all too often, unnecessary chances are taken with them.

William E. Giles, the editor of the weekly *National Observer,* was so dubious of the ordinary journalistic processes when the crisis of the franc first became big news that he despaired of making sense out of the story for the average reader. He was not alone. On another complicated subject, disarmament, the story is still told of a bumptious television reporter, microphone in hand, who approached Sir Gladwyn Jebb at a Geneva meeting and asked:

"Sir Jebb, why are you here?"

"Why," was the surprised reply, "this is a disarmament meeting. I thought all the reporters knew that."

"Well, just sum up in thirty seconds what's going on here," the reporter demanded loftily.

Sir Gladwyn politely asked to be excused.

There will always be a place in the daily journalistic routine for the flashy lead, the quick quote, the curbstone interview, and all the other reportorial devices that have helped develop the news, but it is evident that something far better is needed in the handling of foreign affairs and its extension into national policy. The revolutionary world change that is now so discernible will not end in this century and is likely to go on well into the next. And this, surely, places a special burden on the foreign correspondent and his news organization to deal fairly, truthfully, and dispassionately with complicated matters about which an open society must be well informed.

In a memorandum to his forty-five foreign correspondents and their scores of local full-time and part-time assistants, Seymour Topping, foreign editor of *The New York Times,* recently made the crucial statement that the function of much of the daily newspaper foreign correspondence had changed. He wrote that, with the exception of major news, the correspondent could scarcely expect that his work would be widely read if he used the conventional hard news approach. For one, news broadcast in New York at 8 a.m. will not be in the *Times* for more than twelve hours and may not be read until breakfast the next morning. Then too, within five years it may be possible to provide printed news bulletins in the home through the use of small devices attached to television sets.

Topping asked his correspondents, therefore, to stress analysis, interpretation, and background in their reporting, to go out of their way to search for the social, cultural, and economic developments that are so often subordinated to political coverage, to seek a broader dimension in news reporting. In this manner, he made a virtue out of the necessity that confronts newspapers to change both their approach and their method in the coverage of significant foreign news. Of course, it was self-evident in his memorandum that major news coverage would always take precedence over all else. But, as another keen editor once observed, "There isn't all that much original news breaking every day. We would do better to explain what already has happened and try to make it more interesting."

Robert Gibson, the foreign editor of the Los Angeles *Times,* has asked his eighteen foreign correspondents to take a different approach as well. While the Los Angeles paper's policy is not so clearly defined as that of *The New York Times,* Gibson's fundamental purpose is to avoid a lot of duplication of hard news sent by wire services. Since radio and television subscribe to United Press International or are members of Associated Press, it is obvious that they skim the bulletin coverage from the agency file as soon as it is received. If newspapers restrict themselves to using or duplicating wire service copy, they are merely repeating in substance what already has been broadcast.

For many years, this rather sensitive competitive point was loftily ignored by newspaper editors who thought somehow that people would still read the news in the paper even though they'd heard the same thing over radio or television hours before. Here and there, the

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wiser heads in the newsroom saw to it that newscasts were monitored and tried to present the reader with something different—a local feature, an interpretive dispatch, a commentary by a "name" writer. By and large, however, newspapers took an ostrich-like attitude toward their broadcast competitors and pretended that they didn't exist.

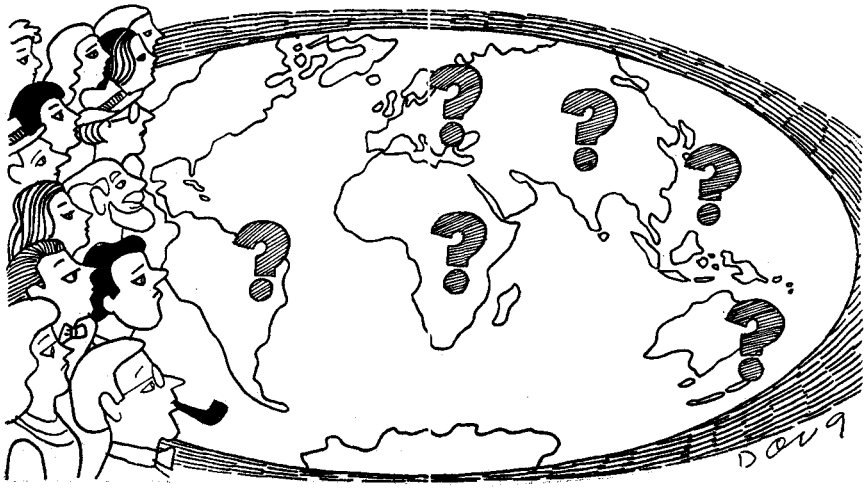
The Miami *Herald* was one of the few that took up the challenge, using its popular and widely read sports section as the basis of a different approach to intermedia rivalry. Any major football game on television was monitored, and the newspaper's correspondent was told by telephone, before he began writing, the points on television that were obscure, the explanations that should be made, the personalities about whom more detail should be presented. These telephone conferences were extensive, and often over long distances, but the results usually produced a fresh approach that interested people who had seen the game on television.

Admittedly, this tactic has limitations for more general use. It could scarcely be applied to television's presentation of national and international affairs because, with the exception of the main national news programs, little except bulletin coverage is given and most of the bulletins are from the wire services. But where the television networks do give extensive coverage, such as the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Vietnam war, the Israeli-Arab border incidents, and the French general strike last spring, it would be the better part of wisdom for newspapers to recognize the gravity of the competition and do something about it.

Time and *Newsweek* are well ahead of the daily press in this respect. Long ago, both realized that their weekly products would have to deal with the grist of daily events in a fresh, novel, and appealing way. Their clip desks saw to it that all writers had pertinent newspaper material; their radio and television departments, as well, tried to keep abreast of developments in broadcast journalism in addition to the more popular show business. Their circulations—4,000,000 for *Time* and 2,000,000 for *Newsweek*—are sufficient testimony to their success in treating the news in a weekly dimension.

And yet, even the fabulously successful *Time* is not standing still. The stern, almost authoritarian March-of-Time tone and all-knowing air that distinguished so much of the magazine's text are relatively muted now. A calmer, more reasoned, and often a more sophisticated presentation of the news is being made, particularly in trying to untangle complicated national and international events. Of course, it is difficult to say whether this is a matter of growth and maturity or a nagging concern over new problems of advertising and circulation. But whatever the cause, the change in *Time* is apparent—and for the better.

THERE is progress, too, in the training of correspondents for all the media. While it is still possible for a young man to go directly to Tokyo, Saigon, or Tel Aviv and catch on with a hard-pressed news organization that needs a correspondent or a stringer, that adventurous route to foreign correspondence is slowly being narrowed and one day may close altogether. The promising mid-career programs at Harvard, Columbia, Stanford, and elsewhere are attracting younger men who want to study languages and foreign politics, history and sociology. At the graduate level, there is a drawing together of instruction in both journalism and international affairs, as is evidenced by a pilot training program at Columbia; if successful, the idea is bound to spread. And finally, some of the great newspapers themselves are taking on a few talented young men and training them for future work as foreign correspondents in specific areas of the world. This is also true, but to a lesser extent, in the news magazines, broadcast media, and wire services; usually, the old progression through the local newsroom is still the rule and it is slow going.



If there is evidence of greater interest among newspapers in foreign news generally, as is indicated by the rapid growth of *The New York Times*, Los Angeles *Times*-Washington *Post*, and other syndicates, there is little to show that the American public itself is any better informed—aside from the Vietnam war—on international affairs. Those who have faith in sheer quantity would enlarge the volume of foreign correspondence if they could. They argue that what we need are more correspondents, more time on radio, more news films and documentaries on television, more space and pictures in newspapers and news magazines, and more detail on wire service files. Articles on Africa and Latin America, the two most neglected world areas, would be forced on an indifferent public if these advocates had their way.

It just won't work, however. Today the public in the mass is being battered by daily landslides of information that tend to bury thought and deaden comprehension. Large and well edited wire service files are available that give excellent coverage to hard news highlights and provide a surprising amount of interpretive material, but little dealing with foreign events is used outside main population centers. The editors contend that the public simply isn't interested.

Obviously, therefore, people must be willing to read and watch and listen to more foreign news if the level of interest in international affairs is to rise. That is the prime reason for the current attempt to modify the hard news approach that has been dominant in foreign correspondence for nearly two centuries. Nobody seems to be thrilled anymore by the "Bang-Bang-You're-Dead" lead; events on the nearest street corner may be a lot more shocking.

Consequently, the new foreign correspondence attempts to raise questions that are deeply related to public self-interest: "How do other people solve their problems? Are they like ours? How can we learn from them? What do they have that will help us? What do they do that is better than what we do? Can we use it to help ourselves?"

This, of course, is just a beginning. But if it stimulates even to a mild degree the long-dormant American interest in international affairs, there is no discernible limit to the experimentation that will be possible in a field that has been preempted too long by politics and war. Certainly the saturation theory of presenting foreign news has been tried and, except for the coverage of the towering news event, it has generally failed to arouse major public interest. The time has come for a more selective approach that stresses the value of quality in foreign correspondence to a public that will, hopefully, be somewhat more receptive. It just could work.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO HERBERT KLEIN

DEAR HERBERT KLEIN:

I hear that you are going to coordinate all the information that comes out of the Executive branch of the federal government after President-elect Nixon's inaugural. Most of the press people seem unwilling to believe you when you say you intend to expedite the news. They think you plan to conduct an airtight exercise in censorship. But I believe you, and I will tell you why I do. I coordinated all the official news of the Insular Government of Puerto Rico a quarter-century ago. FDR brain-truster Rexford Guy Tugwell was governor of the island then—a Presidential appointee—and I worked for him. Our purpose was to tell the people the truth instead of the distortions they had been hearing for years from the sugar barons who ruled the island like a feudal fief.

Human nature being what it is, you may endure some of the same experiences that I encountered. On the off-chance that it may help you, I will tell you about my operation.

Although the Puerto Rican newspapers screamed in anguish at my appointment, they did not remain a serious problem for very long. They soon saw that because of the work of my office they were getting more information from the Government than they had ever got before. Of course they complained. Newsmen always complain about something. But my problem was the petty politicos who wanted to grab credit for everything that was being done.

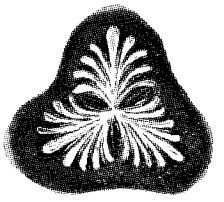
Whoever landed in the headlines first got the lion's share of the laurels, no matter how little he deserved it. Since there is no such thing as catching up with a published mistake, I had to put out the news before the publicity-hungry officeholders knew enough to say anything. When they protested my efficiency to the Governor, he paid no heed. So they carried their complaints to the insular legislature, which cut a ludicrously minuscule nick in my pay and sent word to me privately that I was to accept this action as a symbol of popular scorn.

Because we were giving the news to mainland wire services as well as to newspapers and radio stations on the island, our press releases were written first in sparse English and translated from that into Spanish, minus the usual curlicues. The result intrigued local linguists enough to bring me an invitation to lecture on language transition at the University of Puerto Rico. Looking back on it now, I think it just as well that I couldn't find time to write the lectures.

For one day we slipped in translating from English into Spanish. The phraseology that came out was uncomplimentary to the sugar barons. We corrected the mistake as soon as we saw it. But the Governor and I were nonetheless sued for criminal libel. The Governor thought it would be a lark to go to jail. I wasn't so sure, but I agreed to go to keep him company. The Attorney General of Puerto Rico ordered us to obtain bail, however, because he said the islanders expected us to know the difference between dignified and undignified behavior. We were convicted of criminal libel in a lower court, but the verdict was reversed on appeal.

OUR news-coordinating system worked incredibly well until the biggest story in Puerto Rico's modern history came along. This was FDR's decision to accept Tugwell's proposal to allow the Puerto Ricans to elect a governor from among themselves. I first learned of it in talking to Tugwell about a Washington news dispatch that said he was about to be removed from the governorship. He told me the White House had instructed him to remain silent until an announcement time was found that would be politically opportune to FDR.

That wasn't my conception of the candor I was supposed to guarantee. I thought about it overnight and then hopped a plane from San Juan to Washington. In Washington, I offered the story of the elective governorship to Scotty Reston for the July 4 edition of *The New York Times*. When FDR awoke on the morning of the Fourth and saw the *Times* front page on the coverlet of his bed, he called his press secretary, Steve Early, on the telephone and bellowed: "Who was the s.o.b. who let this out?" When Tugwell relayed the question to me, I identified the s.o.b. and recommended my own dismissal on grounds of insubordination. The Governor had too much respect for truth to do that. He simply admonished me to avert my face from the portico whenever I passed the White House because the President "might be looking for you."



FDR himself did not have the time to look for me. But others did. And they made his continuing displeasure evident. A few months later, I felt I owed it to the Governor to resign. I returned to New York while he was vacationing in the Virgin Islands. Learning of my departure, he telephoned from San Juan to ask me to represent the governor's office in Washington. But by that time I was back in journalism, where I belong.

I was awfully young in those days, Mr. Klein. I believed that anything was possible for those who wished for it hard enough. I still believe that anything ought to be possible. But I have come to wonder whether it actually is possible to orchestrate information about the government of a democracy.

—JOHN LEAR.

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THE CURRENT LOW LEVEL OF PUBLIC INSULTS

By HILLIER KRIEGHBAUM

PUBLIC insults, like so many things, are not up to former standards. From the recent spate of reports on political confrontations and student disturbances, it appears that present-day invective—if that word can be applied to phrases often used on campuses, in the streets, and sometimes on speakers' platforms—is of pretty small semantic caliber, unimaginatively repetitive, and in a sense Victorian, because it rests on the conviction that hearers will react violently to "dirty" words. One need only cite, for example, that favorite student chant which has been translated into print by *The New York Times* as "Up against the wall, mother-blank."

On the political front, the 1968 Presidential campaign was relatively mild and devoid of much colorful denunciation. During the closing days, when candidates were exhausted and tempers were short, Hubert H. Humphrey called his Republican rival "the No. 1 double-talk man of all time" and "Richard the Silent." During his efforts to force a debate, initially on television and eventually anywhere, Humphrey vowed "to put a blowtorch to his [Nixon's] political tail and run him out into the open." Richard M. Nixon claimed his rival owned "the fastest, loosest tongue in the nation" and called the Democrats "that scruffy bunch" and "a disorganized rabble not to be trusted with the new leadership."

(Incidentally, when Nixon called *The New York Times'* editorial condemnation of his Vice Presidential running mate, Spiro T. Agnew, the "lowest kind of gutter journalism," the paper answered by printing its original editorial all over again, thus giving the charges much wider publicity than they received on the Saturday they first appeared.)

Compare today's pedestrian debasements of a long-standing language art with some of the rapier-sharp commentary of decades past. Where could we find such a classic demolition of an individual's whole career as William Allen White's single-paragraph obituary for Frank Munsey in the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette*?

> Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead. Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the great talent of a meat packer, the morals of a money changer and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an eight per-cent security. May he rest in trust!

From an earlier era, there is John Randolph's remark about his contemporary, Edward Livingston: "He is a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. He shines and stinks like rotten mackerel by moonlight."

MOST of our modern invective—such as "Up against the wall," "Burn, baby, burn," "Fascist," "Oink, oink, pig, pig," and "LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?"—undoubtedly had some semantic impact when they were first used as slogans, but now they have become monotonous chants for an impersonal chorus. Repeated usage has worn them down to low-value linguistic currency. They are somewhat below the name-calling that John L. Lewis of the Congress of Industrial Organizations used when he denounced Vice President John Nance Garner as "a labor-bating, poker-playing, whisky-drinking, evil old man." At least, Lewis was the originator, not the thousandth or millionth repeater.

Television has played a role in the watering-down of public insults. Most politicians do not want to risk even an outside chance that anything they say in a speech or an informal exchange before cameras will be deleted from public showing. Every potential minute on a news show is hoarded and guarded. The reverse is true, too. According to news reports, one of the Chicago demonstrators who did not want to appear on television neatly painted a four-letter word on his forehead. His face never showed on any newscast.

Historically, political candidates have made the greatest contributions, either as originators or targets for barbs. For instance, Harold L. Ickes, the sharp-tongued curmudgeon who became Secretary of Interior under President Franklin D. Roosevelt and later retired to write

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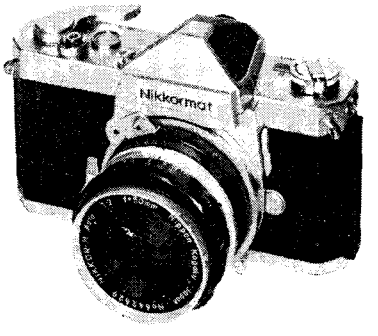

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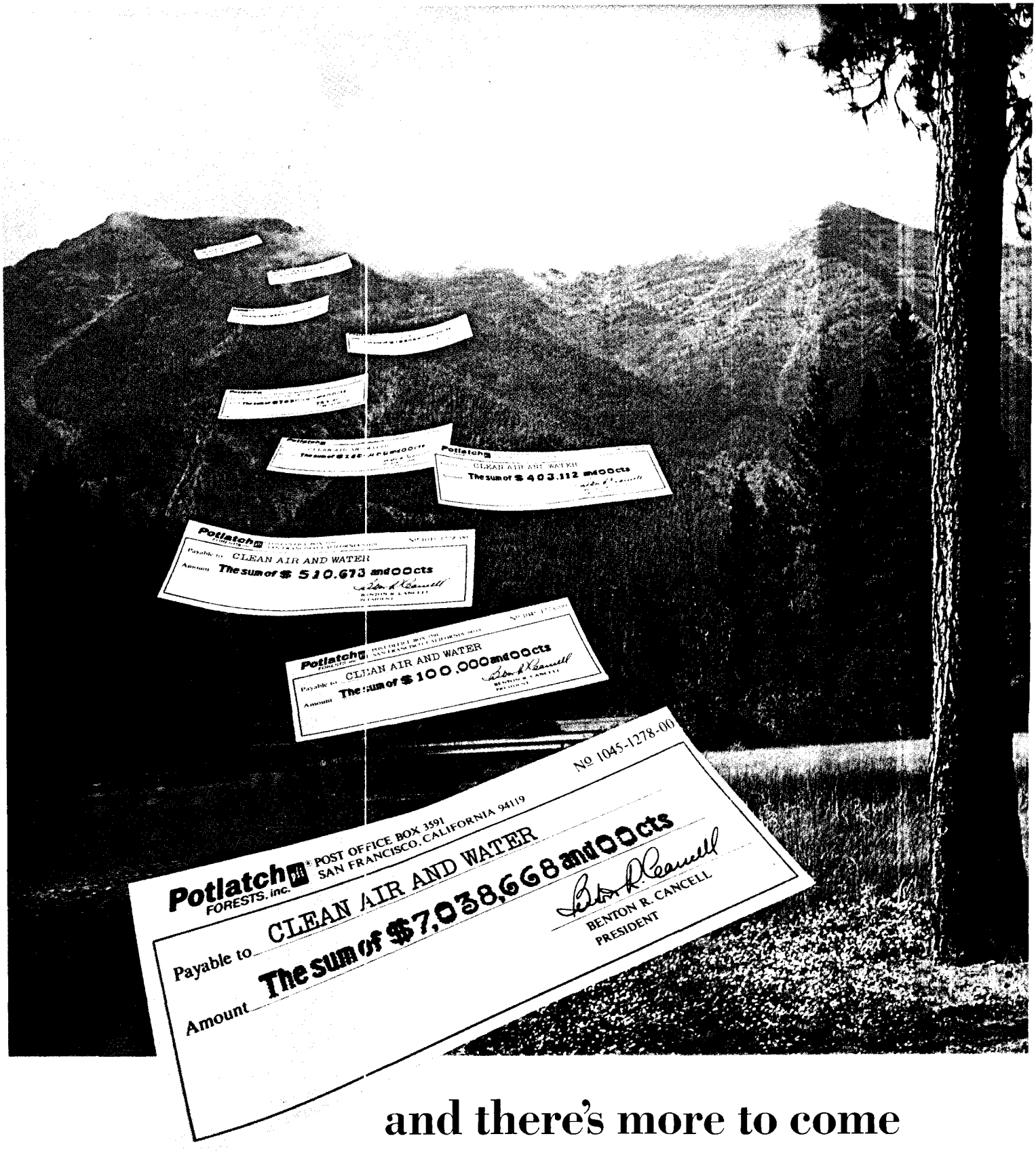

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a syndicated political column, contributed a series of abrasive phrases that were used during campaigns against the Republicans. He called Alfred M. Landon, FDR's opponent in 1936, "the poor man's Hoover." (In that campaign Roosevelt himself cited his opponents as "economic royalists.") Ickes christened Wendell Willkie, his boss's rival in 1940, "the Barefoot Boy from Wall Street." Four years later, Ickes commented, "Tom Dewey has thrown his diapers into the ring." (During one Dewey campaign, another writer likened the New York governor to the groom on a wedding cake.)

When Adlai Stevenson ran for the Presidency, a whole batch of words, including "egghead," was used to belittle his campaign efforts to "talk sense" to the American public. In 1952, the Democratic candidate said: "If the Republicans stop telling lies about us, we will stop telling the truth about them."

During the 1968 campaign, the Republican candidates had to confront such labels as the revived "Tricky Dickie" and "Spiro T. Who?" President Johnson was one of the few campaigners to refer indirectly to Nixon's "last press conference" remark made after the latter's defeat in the 1962 California gubernatorial contest. With both Nixon and Humphrey on the dais with him at the Alfred E. Smith Memorial dinner, the President said, parodying the Republican's earlier comment to reporters: "Pretty soon you won't have Lyndon Johnson to kick around any more." At an earlier Smith Memorial dinner, candidate John F. Kennedy got applause and laughter from the listeners when he took this sly jab at his Republican rival's campaign claim to great experience for Presidential office: "But I think the worst news for the Republicans this week was that Casey Stengel had been fired. It must show that perhaps experience does not count."

EVEN on official tours, chief executives sometimes encounter lively exchanges. Theodore Roosevelt once asked a Maine audience if there were any Democrats present. A bewhiskered old man rose and replied, "I'm a Democrat."

TR asked, "Why?"

The elderly man answered, "I've always been a Democrat; my father was a Democrat; and my grandfather was a Democrat."

Roosevelt replied: "Then if your father had been a horsethief and your grandfather a horsethief, you would be a horsethief?"

"Oh, no. In that case I'd be a Republican," was the response.

TR was involved in another remark which Mark Hanna made in deep emotion and frustration after his political protégé, President William McKinley, had been shot and killed in Buffalo. Riding the funeral train back to Washington, Hanna, who never had gotten along well with Vice President Roosevelt, exclaimed: "I told William McKinley it was a mistake to nominate that wild man at Philadelphia. . . . Now look, that damned cowboy is President of the United States."

It is not surprising that some of the sharpest barbs in all political commentary have been hurled in the British House of Commons. Infuriated during a debate, William Gladstone denounced Benjamin Disraeli: "You, sir, will die of a foul disease or on the gallows." Purred Disraeli from the opposition bench, "That depends on whether I embrace your mistress or your principles."

SATIRE can demolish just as effectively as name-calling of the most earthy sort, sometimes almost completely. In a speech to the Teamsters Union in September 1944, Franklin Roosevelt answered partisan criticisms with the following remarks that brought convulsive response from a sympathetic audience and many others in later years:

> These Republican leaders have not been content with attacks on me, or my wife, or on my sons. No, not content with that, they now include my little dog, Fala. Well, of course, I don't resent attacks, and my family doesn't resent attacks, but Fala *does* resent them. You know, Fala is Scotch, and being a Scottie, as soon as he learned that the Republican fiction writers in Congress and out had concocted a story that I had left him behind on the Aleutian Islands and had sent a destroyer back to find him—at a cost to the taxpayers of two or three, or eight or twenty million dollars—his Scotch soul was furious. He has not been the same dog since. I am accustomed to hearing malicious falsehoods about myself—such as that old wormeaten chestnut that I have represented myself as indispensable. But I think I have a right . . . to object to libelous statements about my dog.

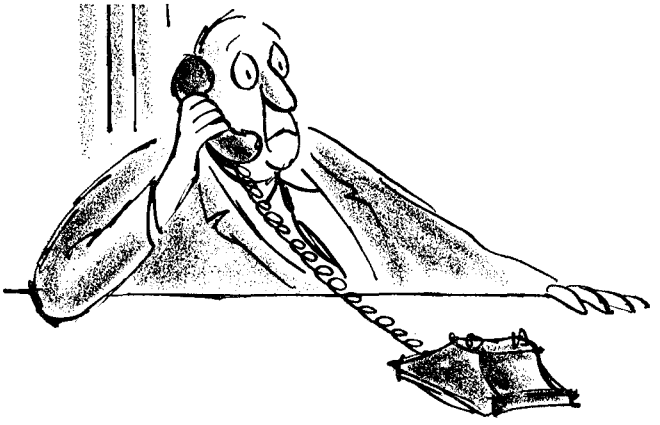
In a less widely known bit of satire, President Harry S Truman wrote this in a 1947 mock memorandum:

> I have appointed a Secretary of Semantics—a most important post. He is to furnish me with 40 and 50 dollar words. Tell me how to say yes and no in the same sentence without a contradiction. He is to tell me the combination of words that will put me against inflation in San Francisco and for it in New York. He is to show me how to keep silent—and say everything. You can very well see how he can save me an immense amount of worry.

Actors, actresses, and their critics, too, have contributed more than their quota of barbs. Beatrice Lillie, whose husband was a British lord, visited a popular hairdresser while playing in Chicago some years ago. The socially prominent wife of a wealthy meat packer was kept waiting until Miss Lillie's appointment was finished but not without widely audible complaints that she should not have to wait for an actress. Her hair in order, Miss Lillie told the hairdresser in a loud, carrying voice: "Tell the butcher's wife that Lady Peel is finished."

When he was reviewing plays for the old New York *World*, the late Heywood Broun criticized an actor's performance as the worst he had ever seen. A lawyer threatened legal action but nothing happened after the *World* editors apologized. When the same individual returned to Broadway the following season, Broun's colleagues and acquaintances keenly awaited publication of his review of the new play. The columnist wrote that the performance was not up to the actor's usual standard.

In another oft-quoted review, John Steinbeck disposed of a Hollywood motion picture based on the Bible with the following six words: "Saw the movie. Loved the book."



"This is the Computer Data Bank. Leave $100,000 in small bills in locker 287 at the Port Authority Bus Terminal or I'll print your complete dossier and send it to your wife."

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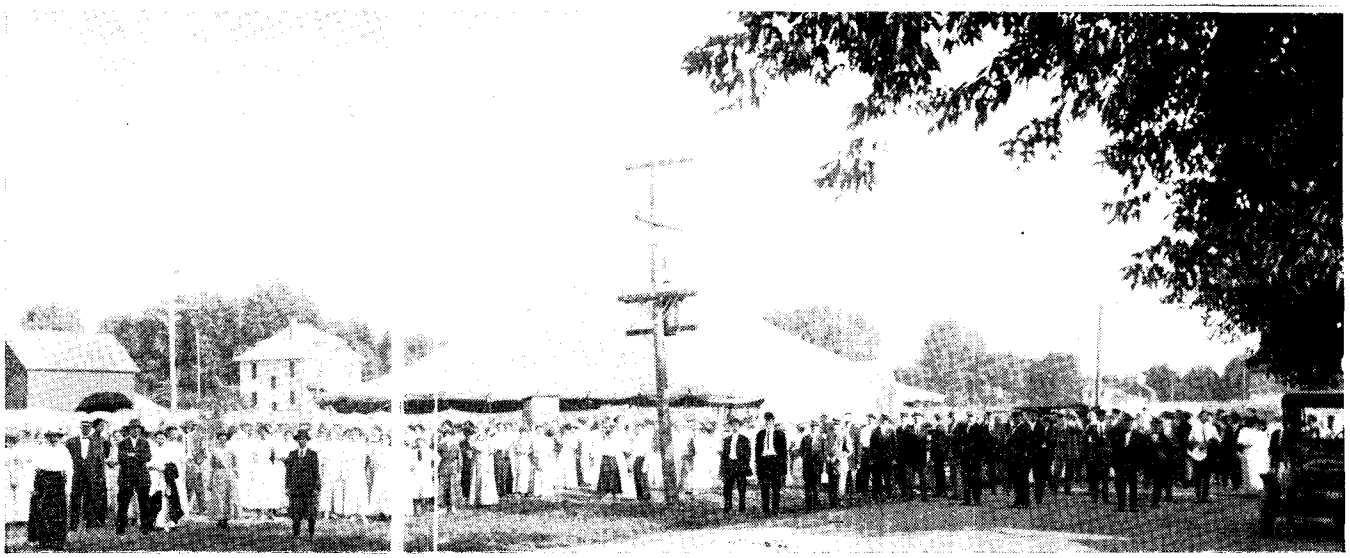

—Culver.

CHAUTAUQUA: A NOSTALGIC SALUTE

By JOHN TEBBEL

READERS under forty are inv ted to turn off and tune out. They won't understand. In the p ra-graphs that follow there will be n th-ing about involvement or commitm nt, about revolution or the sick society. This article definitely does not make a st te-ment. It is not even relevant. Any one who can find any significance in is misreading.

Turn away gratefully from today's op and take a backward look at yesterd y's pop, that almost forgotten institu ion known as Chautauqua, whose trave ling shows once brought instant cultur to an audience estimated, at its pea in the early Twenties, to be more han 40,000,000. For those who were ery young in those days and living in the cultural wastelands of mid-Ame ica, Chautauqua opened a world of s eer delight—the drama, serious music, ales of far-off lands and other times, iew intellectual horizons stretching in e ery direction. Pure corn may have wa ved more often than not under the hot sh lter of those big brown tents, but for mil ons of Americans the shows sent out by Chautauqua companies were their i tro-duction to culture.

The origin of Chautauqua is in s me dispute. Certainly it is an Indian w rd as the lake and community of that n me in upper New York State testify, and there, in 1874, occurred the his oric first session of the annual camp m eet-ing courses for Sunday-school tea hers which began the whole idea—althou h it was a decade later, on the authori y of H. L. Mencken, before the word was first used to describe a "lyceum o "lecture course."

Out of that Lake Chautauqua c urse came not only the tent shows, but the American system of adult education, now a growing academic industry in its own right. For it was perceived at once that what was good for the Sunday-school teachers was good for America, and that group instruction for adults need not be religious or confined to summer meetings. Within a few years the country was well supplied with lecture series held in schools and opera houses during the winter, and reading groups known as Literary and Scientific Circles operating the year around.

The concept of shows traveling under the Chautauqua banner, however, was really the brainchild of a peripatetic Scotsman named James Redpath, to whom it was no more than a by-blow tossed off in the course of an incredible career. Born in 1833 at Berwick-on-Tweed, Scotland, Redpath was a co-author at sixteen, having collaborated with his father on a small book titled *Tales and Traditions of the Border*. The family emigrated to Michigan in 1850, and while his father farmed, young James went off to nearby Kalamazoo and became a printer briefly before he went on to Detroit and into journalism. Horace Greeley found him there and gave him a job on his New York *Tribune*.

LIKE Greeley, Redpath was a born reformer, an enthusiastic, brilliant advocate of causes, and Uncle Horace's Great Moral Organ was an ideal springboard for his ardent abolitionism. As an investigative reporter in Kansas and the South before the Civil War, he ripped the hide off slavery in *Tribune* articles and in five books—the last about Haiti (Redpath, like some other abolitionists, believed Negroes ought to have their own homeland, and his personal choice was Haiti). Moreover, he did something about it, acting as commissioner of emigration in the United States by appointment from the Haitian President. Redpath founded Haitian emigrant bureaus in Boston and New York, published a newspaper devoted to the subject, and actually was responsible for sending several thousand ex-slaves to the island.

Redpath shot off in all directions, like a devil among the tailors. He was a superb war correspondent during the Civil War, traveling with the Union armies, but when it was over he became superintendent of education in Charleston, South Carolina, where he reorganized the state's school system, paying special attention to the Negro schools and founding a Negro orphan asylum. It was Redpath's idea to decorate soldiers' graves during May—Memorial Day was the result.

After these varied careers, it was almost incidental that in 1868 he began to organize the lecture-booking business, then beginning to burgeon, establishing the Boston Lyceum Bureau, soon renamed for himself. It would be hard to imagine a more celebrated list of clients for a lecture manager to book: Emerson, Greeley, Beecher, Thoreau, Bayard Taylor, Wendell Phillips, and Julia Ward Howe, among others. In time he added a stable of humorists—Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby—then a sprinkling of poets, reading from their own work; then a pair of famous magicians, Kellar and Herrmann; then musical recitalists, string quartets, miniature opera companies, and other entertainment groups. He was, in truth, ultimately the Ed Sullivan of his day—jugglers were not neglected.

While these road shows were mak-

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ing him rich, Redpath blazed off in an entirely different direction, visiting Ireland and taking up cudgels on its behalf against English landlords and Parliamentary rule. In 1886, he began still another career as an editor of the distinguished literary monthly, the *North American Review*, but a paralytic stroke forced his retirement within a year, and four years later he lay dead under the wheels of a New York streetcar. Characteristically, he had finally gotten around to marriage—only two years before.

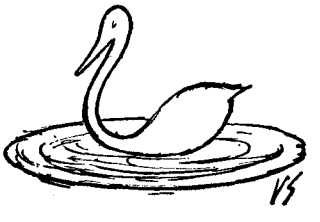
Even Redpath, a perennial optimist, would have been astonished to see the enormous tree which sprang from his Boston Lyceum Bureau. He was scarcely in his grave when shows associated with Chautauqua began to bloom until there were more than seventy of them by the turn of the century. In the next two decades they proliferated like a hutch of rabbits until they numbered about 10,000 by 1920. Lecture courses had become lecture-entertainment programs. There was a bewildering variety of Chautauqua shows, some of them in tents, some inside. Usually they ran for a week, and as Foster Rhea Dulles has put it in his survey of the phenomenon, the talking was now supplemented by "xylophone orchestras, Swiss yodelers, jugglers and magicians, college-girl octettes, boy whistlers, dramatic monologists and jubilee singers," along with croquet for the ladies and baseball for the men during the afternoon.

In a small Midwestern village of the Twenties, for example, the advent of the great show was heralded not only by the usual broadsides and posters, but by the arrival of the Chautauqua Girl, who in retrospect seems always to have been a lady of enchanting beauty. Many a young boy found love for the first time in her seductive smile. Seduction, in fact, was her business. She was part of a shrewd promotional plan, and her job was to organize the young a week before the show's arrival and turn them all into little salesmen for the event. There were morning story hours under the trees in the village park, picnics, games, and the learning of Chautauqua songs and Chautauqua yells. A cheerleader was appointed and, this lucky boy or girl led the assembled youth of the community, who were seated near the front in a special cheering section in the yells they had learned, as though it were a football game.

By this time, of course, Chautauqua fever had permeated the atmosphere for miles around. The entire town turned out to watch the big brown tent erected, with its theater stage at one end and the ranks of "funeral chairs" stretching away from it. For many people, it would be the nearest they would ever get to a legitimate theater or opera house. Patrons drove in from as far as 30 or 40 miles away, leaving the hired man to milk the cows and feed the stock. There were matinees every day and performances every night. Naturally, the stars appeared at night, and in the case of these lesser traveling units, they were somewhat faded luminaries. Occasionally there might have been broken-down secondary members of the Metropolitan Opera itself, who were reduced to these road shows in their old age. But unless they were hopelessly out of voice, they could always be sure of applause from culture-hungry audiences.

THERE wasn't a breath of real talent for these small towns—talent such as that enjoyed by Redpath patrons when the noted British actor, Ben Greet, brought over a troupe of actors who performed Shakespeare in the Elizabethan style for Chautauqua audiences who had never seen a performance of the Bard's work. But then, those on the village circuit were content enough with *Scenes from Shakespeare*, redolent of ham though they were, and they were entertained by such staples as Jerome K. Jerome's *The Passing of the Third-Floor Back*, a slice of English rooming-house life which seemed delightfully foreign. Then there were the lecturers, divided largely between the inspirational "Acres of Diamonds" types and those travelers who came back with lantern slides and tales of distant countries. Here was Carveth Wells, the famous author of travel books, back from Malaya to tell of treacherous natives and exotic natural beauty. It was, one must remember, the era of Richard Halliburton, and for a time every traveler seemed to have trod the "Royal Road to Romance" which Halliburton's best-selling travel book had celebrated.

It was, all in all, an enchanted week when Chautauqua came to town. And a highly moral one, it may be added. While the latter days of the Chautauqua circuits were spun out under the blight of Prohibition, temptation hardly existed in any case. By tradition, and from the beginning, Chautauqua was always drinkless and, in the big tent, smokeless, only partly through fear of fire. In earlier days, if Chautauqua was in town on Sunday, religious services were held in the tent. Often the Methodists served chicken and potato salad in an adjoining Dining Tent, while the Christian Endeavor or the Epworth League supplied an Ice Cream Tent for dessert.



In the early days, Chautauqua drew much of its support from the churches, but after the turn of the century it became much more secular, and in the Twenties even dared to discuss such controversies as Judge Ben Lindsay's proposal for "companionate marriage." That was a far cry from the early days, when productions of *Carmen* disclosed the heroine at work in a dairy. Nice girls didn't work in cigarette factories, and it was only dimly realized that Carmen was not a nice girl.

All in all, Chautauqua was innocent merriment for everyone and a gateway to riches hardly dreamed of by those who crowded into the tent. Many spectators with sunburned necks had been plowing in fields only hours before. Their wives sat beside them in Sunday-best dresses, relieved momentarily from the endless drudgery of farm life. And the children, decades removed from the "enrichment" programs of modern schools, were simply carried away. They, perhaps, were saddest of all on the morning after Chautauqua had departed, leaving behind a dusty vacant lot, memories, and a sense of deep loss. The Chautauqua Girl, the bright lights, the drama, the music—all gone, leaving a void that home talent and cheap movies on Friday and Saturday nights could not begin to fill.

Radio killed Chautauqua by slow strangulation stretched over the Twenties, and the arrival of talking pictures finished the job. It was sad to see an institution which had meant so much to American life disappear, but no one could deny that something better had replaced it. Now the great stars of stage and screen could be heard, and performances by orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic filled the air. For the first time the small towns were joined to the urban centers.

In the end, all that was left of Chautauqua was Chautauqua itself, the summer resort town by the lovely upstate New York lake, with its music shed where lectures and concerts could still be heard, and earnest study groups gathered every day for classes which were an extension of New York University. It was much as it had been in the beginning, and even elements of the religious inspiration were retained, with Sunday services and other observances.

In our era of frantic competition for attention by print and electronic media, survivors of this century may justifiably look back to the days before surfeit set in and see Chautauqua as a quiet oasis of delight in a cultural desert. It was certainly a powerful influence on American culture for three decades or more and today a green memory in the minds of those lucky enough to have entered the world through its tent flaps.

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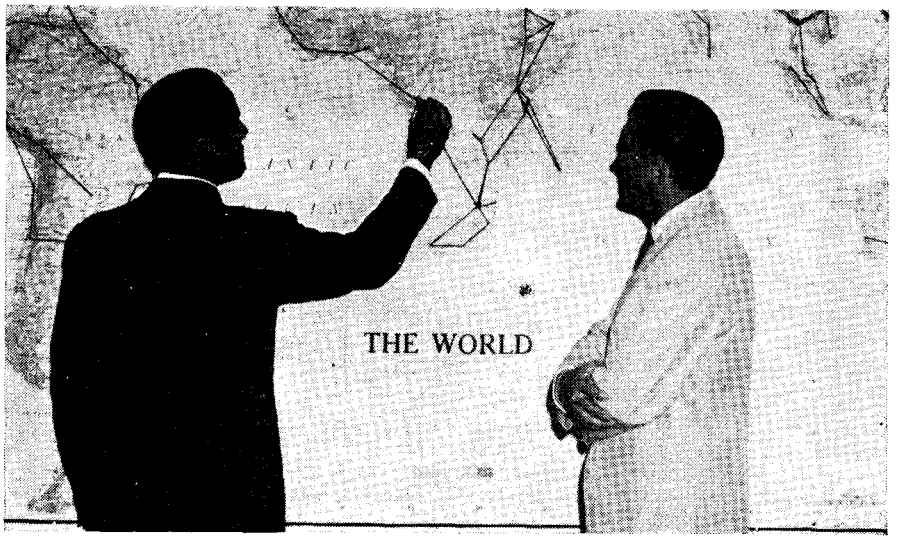
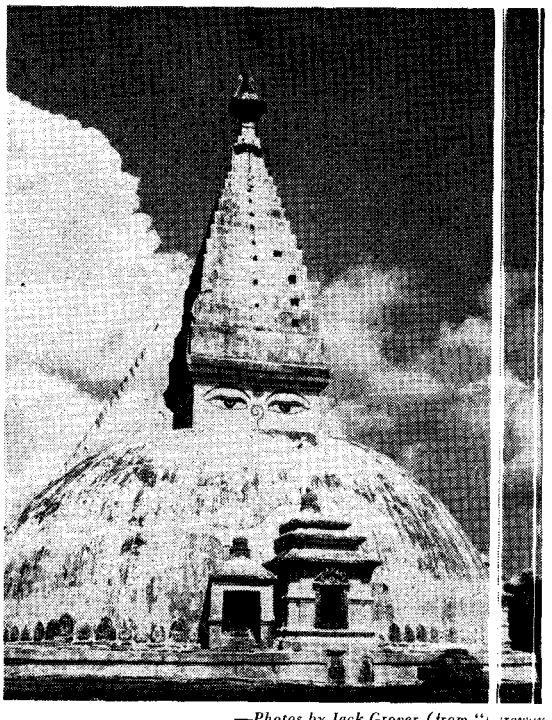
COURIER'S CALENDAR



—U.S. Diplomatic Courier Service photo.

Diplomatic courier Grover briefing a colleague before a trip.



—Photos by Jack Grover (from "Faraway Wonders," published by Hallmark Cards).

A building with eyes at Katmandu, Nepal—pre-Buddhist god Matsendranatha's magic eyes watch all.

INURED as we are to gift calendars that feature kids, cats, and canines, or old masters and new nudes, we never expected to find a communications story lurking within the pages of *Faraway Wonders,* a wall calendar that ushers in the ensuing twelve months with camerawork by Jack Grover.

Even a hasty scanning of Grover's career record easily establishes him as a communications specialist, for he has spent the last twenty-two years as a diplomatic courier transporting classified U.S. Government mail to the nation's foreign service outposts around the globe. Official State Department statistics (the Diplomatic Courier Service is an arm of the State Department's Division of Communications and Records) credit him with more than 3,500,000 miles "in the safe, speedy delivery of diplomatic pouches to 164 countries and polities."

Since his flight luggage invariably includes a pair of cameras, Grover has managed to amass—in addition to a collection of exotic curios and a fluency in Spanish, French, Russian, and Arabic—a bulging picture file of the "faraway wonders" he has visited in transit. The calendar is only one of the by-products of his workaday travels; a syndicated column under the same title ran in some fifty newspapers for a number of years, and two books, *Wonders of the World* and *A History of the Courier Service,* are currently in preparation.

A nomadic native of Kansas City whose World War II years were spent in the Navy, Grover has since traveled every route emanating from the Courier Service's three regional offices: in Panama serving the Western hemisphere; in Frankfurt covering Europe, Africa, and the Near East; in Manila servicing Australia, New Zealand, the Far East, and the Middle East. Midway in his career, he was deskbound as chief of the service in Washington—and could not wait for the day when he would be back on his "special delivery" circuit.

At the moment, too, he is off his regular run and once more grounded in Washington on special assignment to the State Department. As we talked, it became clear that "the lot of a diplomatic courier is not all foam-rubber airline cushions." Crash landings, accidents, riots, revolutions, ack-ack fire are par for the course—and the course may be negotiated in any manner of conveyance from gondola to jet. According to Grover, "the most colorful vehicle of all is the tonga—a horse-drawn carriage. You fly from New Delhi to Lahore, and then take the Khyber night mail train to Peshawar. There you are taken by tonga to Dean's Hotel, where a jeep from the U.S. Embassy in Afghanistan waits to transport you back to Kabul over the Khyber Pass."

In a historical monograph Grover has written, the courier tradition is traced back to King Sargon of ancient Babylon, about 3000 B.C. But the Diplomatic Courier Service itself is a mere fifty years old, born of the necessity of speedier liaison between Europe and Washington during World War I. Since then, the seven-man unit has grown to a staff of

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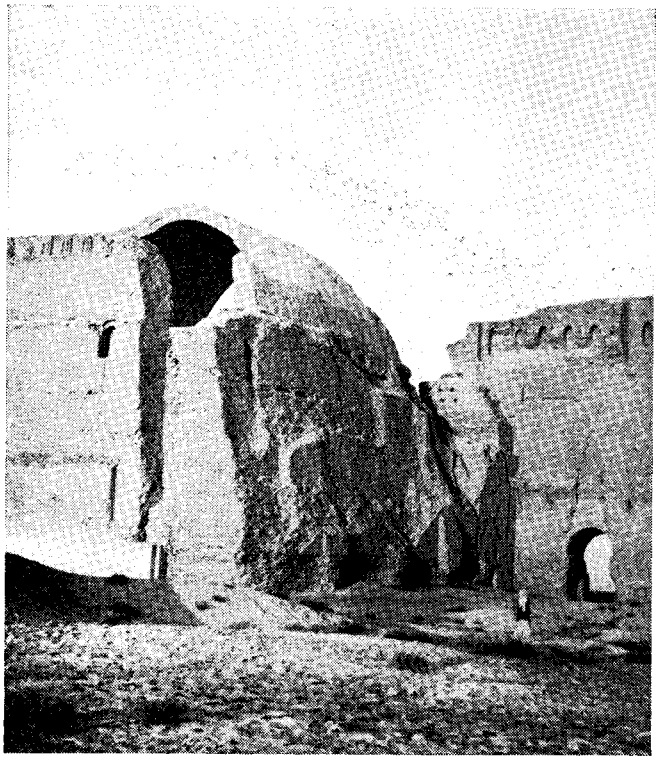


The Great Vault of Ctesiphon in Iraq—world's largest unsupported brick arch, built in 550 A.D.

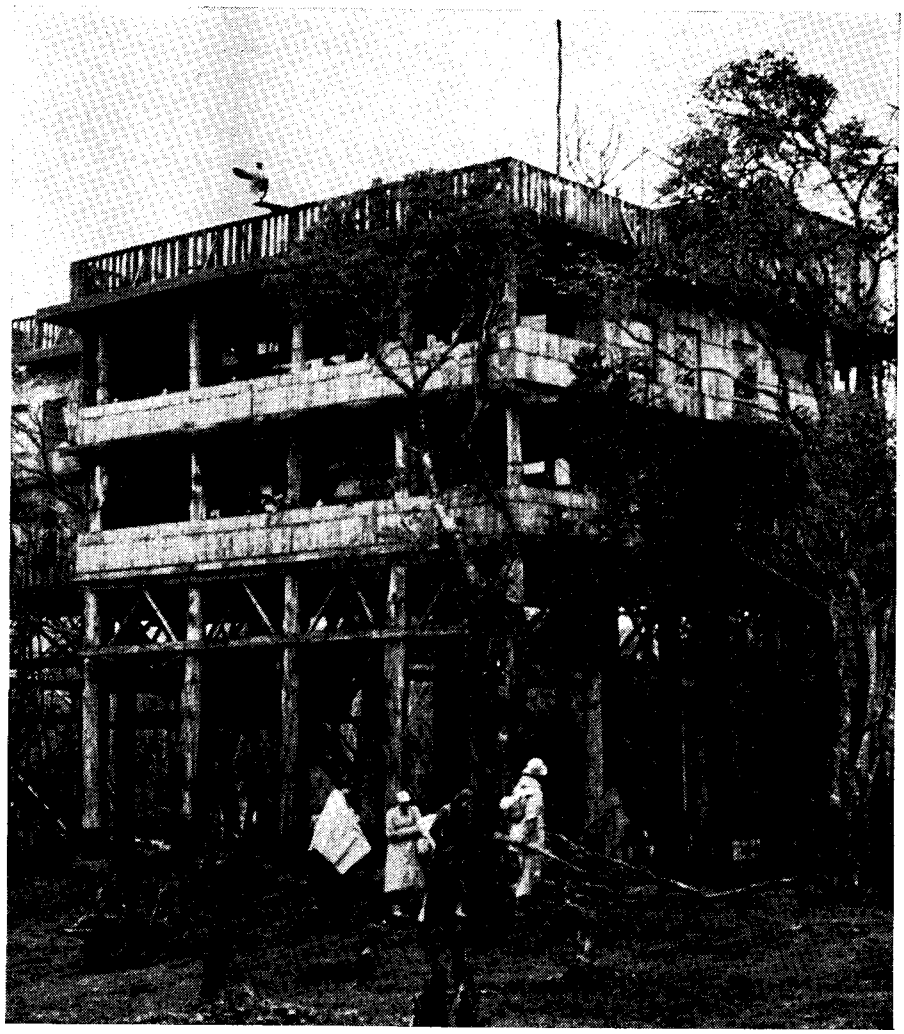
Pagoda guard at sacred Shwe Dagon, Rangoon—"Beware the dog" statue outside largest Buddhist shrine.

eighty-three, responsible in the aggregate for an annual mileage equivalent to twenty round trips to the moon—the measure of what is now needed to maintain a rapid, world-wide web of courier communications.

"The Service has never had a pouch or piece of mail stolen," Grover remarked, dispelling all our TV indoctrination into trench-coat intrigue and chained-to-the-wrist pouches. "We travel as inconspicuously as possible. . . . Couriers are always under observation, but the world governments let us pass through their borders without any difficulty. We all have our bad moments, but most of them are connected with the normal hazards of travel—delays, missed connections, crash landings, and the like."

Briefings, tight flight schedules, waiting at airports, filing reports—this is the daily pattern that he likes to punctuate with intervals of picturetaking whenever time permits. "Even though I've made a trip a hundred times, I can still get excited about setting forth again. One reason is that I'm always hopeful of getting pictures of new places to bring back with me."

Though his Phillips Exeter classmates cheered his nimble quarterbacking on the football team, and Stanford University's class of '40 recognized him as its middleweight boxing champion and judo expert, neither school yearbook voted Jack Grover the man most likely to go far in this world. He has—with both diplomatic pouch and documentary camera well in hand. —MARGARET R. WEISS.



Treetops Hotel in Kenya, Central East Africa—Guests hike over roadless terrain to reach it.

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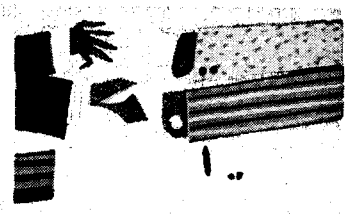
Public Relations



Riding the Tiger

A SHORT time ago, the president of a leading chemical company said that his firm would not take the conglomerate road because of the great difficulty of managing unrelated business enterprises. To him, managing a conglomerate was like "riding a tiger." And among the many problems was the complexity of gathering the necessary information for decision-making.

Large corporations have always had enormous difficulties in developing effective internal communications among division managers. The lack of clear understanding of goals and the paucity of accurate information and facts on which to base judgments—all can lead to grave trouble. This is problem enough in one field corporations, but a communications gap in a conglomerate corporation can bring disaster. Not many conglomerates have been able to develop proper communications, and some have already shown signs of serious loss as a result of this failure.

When something goes wrong in conglomerates where growth has been so fast that there is little effective internal communication, the telephone is often the only way central management can learn what is happening in a division far distant from headquarters. In other cases, there is almost no formal communication structure; the bottom profit line is the only measure of performance and when the black turns to red, it is then often too late to make the corrections which might have prevented major loss.

One of the most successful of the new breed of corporations with its scores of unrelated businesses is International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. This multi-national, multi-product corporation is made up of some 200 companies in sixty-seven countries, with 241,000 employees world-wide. Since Harold S. Geneen became president and chief executive in June 1959, he has directed fifty-nine major acquisitions, thirty-five of them in the United States and the rest in various parts of the globe. Today, ITT consists of such diverse companies as car rental (Avis, Inc.); hotels here and abroad (Sheraton Corporation of America); publishing (Howard Sams & Company, including Bobbs Merrill); housing (Levitt & Sons); chemical cellulose and lumber (Rayonier, Inc.); silica for glass, chemical, metallurgical, and building industries (Pennsylvania Glass Sand); as well as its old basic field of manufacturing communications equipment.

When Mr. Geneen took over ITT it was virtually a one-product company, with 119,000 of its 132,000 employees overseas. And with 75 per cent of the operations abroad, it was run almost entirely by mail by one man with a small staff in New York. Since ITT's present chief believes decisions cannot be made without the relevant facts obtained at the source, the company now has a carefully structured internal communications program, which is certainly one of the best of any multi-product, multinational company. To Geneen, "there can be no efficient modern management worthy of the name without a good, smooth-working internal communications system geared to produce facts rapidly and regularly." To him, "good management is really the gathering of timely, factual information from which necessary decisions are made."

ITT's communications function for management falls into two general areas: regularly scheduled meetings and travel; regularly scheduled written reports backed by a world-wide telex system plus extensive use of the telephone. Nor are these meetings and reports and travel curtailed because of cost or effort. They are so vital in ITT's scheme that more than $3,000,000 is spent annually in executive travel alone to make certain that communication is as complete and firsthand as it is possible to make it.

The meetings include monthly sessions of the board of directors held at New York headquarters every second Wednesday of the month. Here Geneen reports to his board. Of the sixteen board members, seven are officers of the company. Next in line is the general management meeting. It is held every month and is attended by ITT's top New York executives, about fifty, which is the entire top management including area staffs. They are responsible for the management of ITT.

Beneath this comes the management policy committee meeting. It is held on a regular monthly basis to discuss overall company policy. Present are nine of the senior company executives, and the group is chaired, as is the general management meeting, by the president of the company. The business plan objectives and budget reviews meetings are also chaired by the president in New York. Here the top-level executives and their staffs meet with company managements to review plans. A similar meeting is held in Brussels to review Europe, Africa, and Middle East plans. These are attended by top New York-based executives. All other areas are reviewed in New York. After plans are approved, they become the basis for the following year's performance.

Then come the area meetings. In the area headquarters abroad, the management of each of the involved companies meets on a regular basis at sessions chaired by the area chief executive. Top New York executives attend. In addition, at ITT Europe headquarters in Brussels, two special groups made up of area staff and company representatives meet monthly to plan future moves. These are attended by top New York-based executives and are called the European Advisory Committee and the Strategy Action Board.

There are also area monthly staff meetings. ITT Europe meets in Brussels; ITT North America, Latin America, Far East, and Pacific meet in New York, Buenos Aires, or Hong Kong; ITT Africa and Middle East meet in London headquarters. There are also department

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he Winstons aren't trying to save the world. st a little piece of it.

There are Apaches on the reser-
n in Clear Fork, Arizona, who
remember the last, hopeless
he uprising in 1900. But for
a Alakay, a seven-year-old
he, the enemy is not the U.S.
lry.

She and her people are fighting
her kind of war. This time the
nies are poverty, disease and
air. And for the first time in gen-
ons, there's a chance that the
hes might win: thanks to the
ageous efforts of her own people
other Americans like the
tons.

Anne and Stan Winston and
two daughters live in a New
suburb 2,000 miles from the
vation. But it's another world.
Winstons live in a big, old house
complain about a big, new mort-
Their girls have a closetful of
es and "nothing to wear." They
bikes, skates, games, books, rec-
and "nothing to do."

Della and her seven brothers
sisters have none of these prob-
Her father spends as much

time looking for work as he does working. Sanitary facilities are almost non-existent. Electricity has yet to reach them. Water is hauled by hand. Even the
st necessities are hard to come by.
Through Save The Children Fed-
on, the Winstons are helping
a. The cost is $15.00 a month.
ot a lot of money, but certainly
Winstons could have thought of
of other things to do with it.
unately they thought of Della

To her, these funds make a re-
kable difference. She no longer
feel embarrassed about not hav-
shoes, a decent school dress,
ol supplies, or pocket money.
Some of the pressure, too, is off
parents, who can now begin
king about making their home a
more livable. Also, and perhaps
important, part of the money
t into a fund from which the
ge can borrow to start self-help
ects, including better housing and a water system.

Already there is a new feeling of hope among the villagers and confidence in their ability to help themselves. Even little Della has volunteered to give some time each week to keep her school playground clean.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children as well as children in Appalachia, Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo and history of the child, progress reports and a chance to correspond.

The Winstons know they can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people who care. How about you?

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and is a member of the International Union of Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports available on request.

National Sponsors (partial list):
Claude Arpels, Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Andy Griffith, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Norman Rockwell, Frank Sinatra

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD.
☐ WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST ☐ LATIN AMERICA
☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
☐ VIETNAM ☐ AFRICA

ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT
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☐ $90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY ☐ $180.00 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $_____.

☐ PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE SR 1/11/9

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meetings. The various departments, at world headquarters as well as in the area headquarters, and companies in this country and abroad, meet at least once a month to review and act on its own particular contributions to overall corporate activities.

Assignments which come from these meetings are sent not only to those directly involved, but also to those key employees who have an overall involvement in company plans and activities. The corporate relations department, responsible for public relations and advertising, has representatives at all these meetings and receives copies of all reports. It is its way of knowing what is happening in the company, so that its functions can be carried out effectively.

As vital as the meetings is the corollary of reports. The basic document around which all strategies and plans move is ITT's five-year plan, which is reviewed by each headquarters annually and revised as world markets change. The monthly managers' letters are sent by the chief executives of each area headquarters, operating group, and company to central headquarters. These are in great detail and show how closely every responsible executive is following the five-year plan for the current year. This report also covers all economic and political factors of his operations as well as current figures which are matched with those in the operating budget so that trouble is quickly spotted.

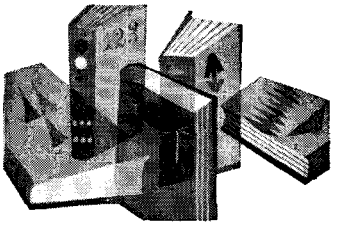
Then there is the monthly financial report which consists of financial information on current sales and revenues and their relation to those forecast in the five-year plan. These are telexed to the comptroller at world headquarters. There are also departmental monthly activity reports based on field-office reports. These are circulated throughout the company and become, with the general management-meeting assignment results, part of the basis of discussion at the monthly general management meetings. On top of these reports are weekly managers' letters filed by key areas and companies to the responsible New York headquarters executives.

Added to the general flow of memoranda is the jet. Now, jets take executives anywhere in ITT's empire within a day. Face-to-face meetings are, of course, an essential part of the entire internal management communications program.

This is the structure that enables ITT's managers to keep on top of what is going on within the company as well as with the environmental information on market activities, competitors, politics, and conditions of the local economies throughout the world. And the system certainly works if the profit statements of the company year after year are the measuring rod.

—L.L.L. Golden.

Books in Communications



Radio Days

ON radio he was known as "a real pro." FDR delivered the first of his "fireside chats" in March 1933. By July he was so much at ease that he was pausing in mid-broadcast to ask an unseen technician for a glass of water, then taking an audible sip, and explaining in a confidential aside on the national hook-up, "My friends, it's very hot here in Washington tonight."

Some of his companions of the airwaves, as the era of network broadcasting opened, were Eddie Cantor singing "I love to spend/this hour with you/as friend to friend/I'm sorry it's through," Kate Smith, Ed Wynne, and Jack Pearl ("Vas you dere, Sharlie?"). The sounds and studied simplicities of the Depression years are easily summoned up again, but seem as antique as the old Atwater Kent table model or the vectoring green tuning eye on the RCA stand-up model in the library. And yet they are the historic first stirrings of the great age of communications in whose myriad complications we are now engulfed.

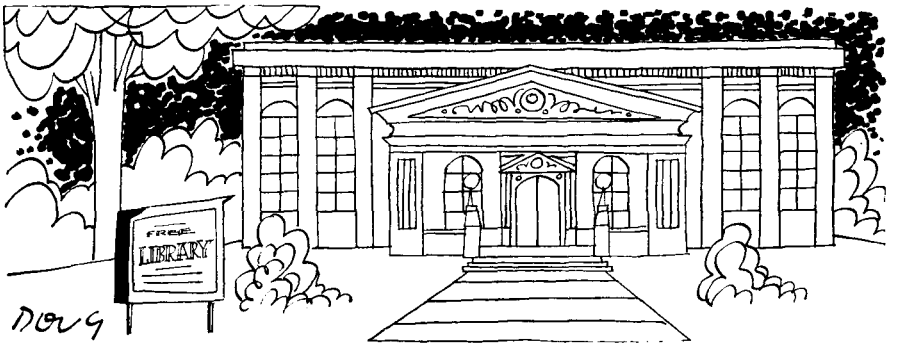
The fireside chats and Cantor's folksy sign-off are the starting points of Erik Barnouw's greatly entertaining, often dramatic, and always politically and socially astute story of radio *The Golden Web* (Oxford, $9). This is the second volume of a three-volume work on the history of broadcasting. The first volume, *A Tower in Babel*, described the beginnings of radio. The present volume covers the two decades 1933-1953, from the formation of the networks to the intrusion of television. It is a big work and an enormously useful one.

Barnouw deals first with the makings of an advertising culture. Albert D. Lasker is the dominant figure, confident, unfaltering, unstoppable, taking home a million dollars a year in his thirties, throwing up an enormous French château for a home in Lake Forest, Illinois. Lord & Thomas was his agency; household products such as Pepsodent and Lucky Strike were what he pushed. Does anyone remember "Irium"? Does anyone over forty not remember Irium?—a wholly concocted "mystery ingredient" in Pepsodent that derived its name not from its ingredients but from Lasker, who instructed his men to create a new word possessing three vowels and two consonants—Irium.

Radio grew robust on commercial jingles and made-up words selling soap and cigarettes. Radio's expansion into the field of news brought about the retaliation of the press, and there followed that short-lived but surprising period in which the press tried to cut radio off at the source by denying wire service news to the broadcaster. Radio showed that it could generate its own news supply, and newspapers relented. Lasker in those days was indignant at the unseemly interest stirred up by Mussolini and Hitler; such interruptions distracted people from the advertising message. Radio now began to draw into its widening net the many strands of world politics, and Barnouw's story expands to encompass the agitated world of the late 1930s.

Radio was responding with the University of Chicago Roundtable, the Town Meeting of the Air, and Father Coughlin, who once drew a million and a quarter letters when he complained that CBS was trying to muzzle him. The FCC was established and public guidelines set: the airwaves were to be used for "the public interest, convenience, or necessity."

Radio developed its specialists—Bradley Barker and Donald Bain in animal noises, Sally Belle Cox and Madeleine Pierce in baby crying. Radio also had



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its early geniuses, Norman Corwin and Archibald MacLeish, who found at hand a powerful new instrument to give wing to words and create a new kind of eloquence, an ennobling sound ringing with affirmation. Creating radio, created by radio, Corwin was a talent perfectly matched to his medium.

Under war pressures, the great tradition of radio reporting sprang up: Edward R. Murrow, H. V. Kaltenborn, Eric Sevareid, and Raymond Swing. Barnouw's book is resonant with more than the sounds of radio; it echoes the disquieting noises of a world preparing for war.

By now, Lasker has liquidated Lord & Thomas (it became Foote, Cone & Belding) and has got out of advertising. Edward J. Noble, the Lifesaver king, has bought up the NBC-Blue Network and established ABC. Corwin created an election-eve program for Roosevelt's last stand, and it is he who is called to write radio's celebrations of the end of the Second World War. Moving into the post-war era, the author deals with the disgraceful period of blacklisting performers for suspected Communist interests—a course pursued with the sorry support of American business.

At the end, as television encroaches and the era of radio begins to fade, some questions occur to author and reader. Who has been in charge of radio? The FCC? The stations? The networks? The newsmen? The advertising agencies? The sponsors? Today, we face a more complicated communications mix, with cable and pay television coming up fast to take places alongside of network television and radio. But the same questions hold good. The test will be the same Barnouw has been asking us to apply to radio: How sensitively attuned was it to the needs of the time?

Also Noted: Penetrating the consciousness of the average American consumer are an average of seventy-six ads a day. How he regards this uninvited exposure, whether he finds it informative, intrusive, enjoyable, or offensive is the subject of a comprehensive, scholarly survey in which the likes and dislikes of 1,846 consumers are meticulously tabulated, *Advertising in America: The Consumer View*, by Raymond A. Bauer and Stephen A. Greyser (Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, $9). Also published in a forty-two-page digest edition . . . A scholarly view of the uses of language is expressed with wit and spirit by Max Black, professor of philosophy at Cornell, in *The Labyrinth of Language* (Praeger, $5.95).

—Stuart W. Little.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1l, 2h, 3j, 4k, 5f, 6a, 7d, 8c, 9e, 10g, 11i, 12b.

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(Continued on page 130)

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(Continued from page 129)

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(Continued on page 132)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 131)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1814

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Irish statesman (1872-1922), founder of Sinn Fein.	56 61 74 90 107 136 143 146
B. Informal.	171 11 16 31 47 103 116
C. Short end of the stick (2 wds.)	129 158 177 59 64 66 75
D. One of three Graces.	79 92 140 144 156 179 183 37 46 55
E. One of the three supreme gods of Hinduism.	63 81 109 181 188 101
F. Watery, thin.	104 12 39 57 67 91 128 134
G. Shires and Suffolks, for instance (2 wds.)	167 175 7 22 30 54 94 102 110 147 148
H. Capable of being affirmed.	13 33 69 89 113 149 165 100 130 161
I. Aftermath of many a countdown (comp.)	197 1 73 77 96 99 135
J. Mrs. ———, leading lady of Congreve's *The Way of the World.*	44 62 112 137 173 194 21 35 38
K. Man-like creatures ruled by the Houyhnhnms in *Gulliver's Travels.*	121 125 192 17 23 68
L. Bad time for the ochlophobist (2 wds.)	82 131 164 70 86 108 150 8
M. Satan spoke, "Vaunting ———, but racked with deep despair"; (Milton, *Paradise Lost,* Bk. 1).	50 14 27 174 95
N. American navigator and mathematician (1773-1838), author of *The New American Practical Navigator.*	122 153 49 119 142 159 41 88
O. Stew of squash, tomato, and aubergine.	28 71 85 114 180 34 139 169 48 51 157
P. Once; of old.	185 162 117 191 83 78 3 24 40
Q. Wavy; rustling.	65 184 15 105 25 36 126
R. Most puzzling or intricate.	52 132 58 9 145 20 187 200 2
S. Labored.	193 151 154 10 18 87 160 182 26
T. Wicked.	170 199 152 5 4 53
U. The part of a bridge used by vehicles.	42 118 32 168 141 80 123
V. Complex.	84 19 186 98 76 198 29 60
W. Fish and mammals of the same name and general environment.	124 127 93 6 178 43 115 176
X. Shines brightly.	106 138 45 172 72 190 97 195
Y. Attractive.	196 163 155 120 189 111 166 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes— one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 I	2 R		3 P	4 T		5 T		6 W	7 G	8 L	9 R		10 S	11 B								
12 F	13 H	14 M	15 Q	16 B	17 K	18 S	19 V	20 R	21 J		22 G	23 K	24 P	25 Q	26 S	27 M	28 O							
29 V		30 G	31 B	32 U	33 H		34 O	35 J	36 Q	37 D		38 J	39 F	40 P		41 N	42 U							
43 W	44 J	45 X	46 D	47 B	48 O		49 N	50 M	51 O	52 R		53 T	54 G	55 D		56 A	57 F							
58 R	59 C		60 V	61 A	62 J	63 E	64 C		65 Q	66 C	67 F	68 K		69 H	70 L	71 O	72 X							
	73 I	74 A	75 C	76 V		77 I	78 P	79 D		80 U	81 E	82 L		83 P	84 V	85 O	86 L							
	87 S	88 N	89 H		90 A	91 F	92 D	93 W		94 G	95 M	96 I	97 X		98 V	99 I								
100 H	101 E	102 G	103 B	104 F	105 Q	106 X		107 A	108 L	109 E	110 G	111 Y	112 J	113 H		114 O	115 W							
116 B		117 P	118 U		119 N	120 Y	121 K		122 N	123 U		124 W	125 K	126 Q		127 W	128 F							
129 C		130 H	131 L	132 R	133 Y	134 F		135 I	136 A	137 J	138 X		139 O	140 D		141 U	142 N							
143 A	144 D		145 R	146 A	147 G		148 G	149 H	150 L	151 S	152 T		153 N	154 S		155 Y	156 D							
157 O	158 C	159 N		160 S	161 H	162 P	163 Y	164 L		165 H	166 Y	167 G		168 U	169 O	170 T	171 B							
172 X	173 J	174 M	175 G	176 W		177 C	178 W	179 D		180 O	181 E	182 S	183 D		184 Q	185 P	186 V							
187 R	188 E	189 Y	190 X		191 P	192 K	193 S	194 J	195 X	196 Y	197 I	198 V	199 T	200 R										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 21 of this issue.

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